"Well, Blow Me Down!"

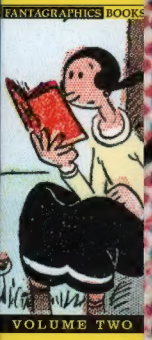
POPEYE

E.C. Segar's

POPEYE

"Well, Blow Me Down!"

E. C. SEGAR



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

VOLUME TWO

0

E.C. Segar's

POPEYE

"WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!"



E.C. Segar's POPEYE

"Well, Blow Me Down!"



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Me Fren POPEYE



by MORT WALKER

ACCIDENTS MAKE HISTORY sometimes. Like the scientist who spills some chemicals on the floor and scrapes up a new plastic miracle, so did Segar stumble onto Popeye one day. I doubt if he gave the creation much thought. His strip, *Thimble Theatre*, wasn't doing that well when Popeye stepped forward to perk up the scene. His first feisty comment, "D'ja think I was a cowboy?," won everyone's attention, and he continued to delight his audience for many years to come.

Popeye, to me, was the first super-hero. Not only did he possess super strength but he exhibited super honesty. He was as basic and down to earth as mud. "I yam what I yam and that's all I yam" is a piece of philosophy that stands besides Aristotle's "Know thyself."

I loved Popeye. He was good, he was powerful, and he was funny. But most important, he was alive. He sprang from the comic pages into my imagination with his cast of fantasy friends like Eugene the Jeep, Toar, The Sea Hag, and Alice the Goon, to create a fabulous other world for me.

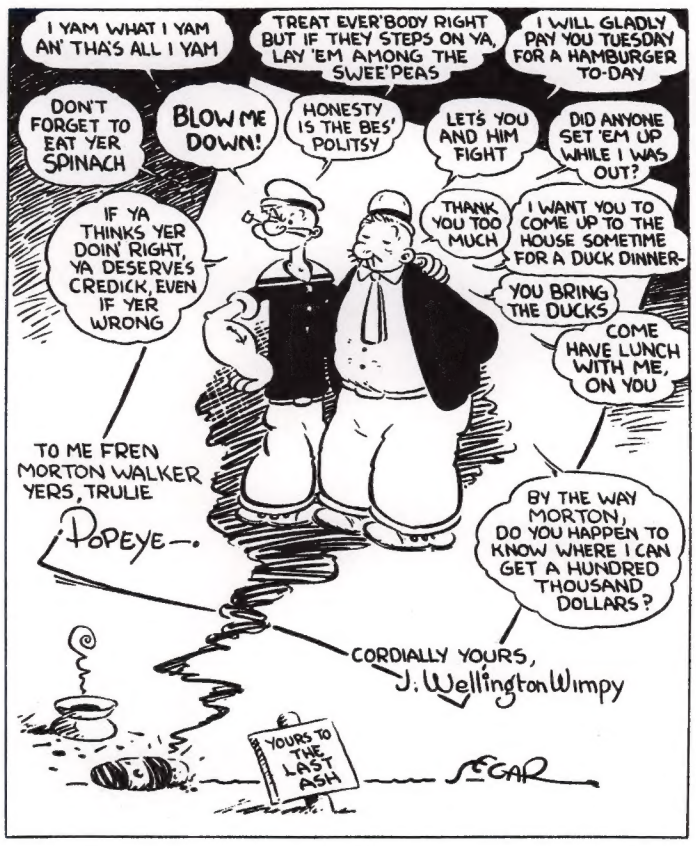
I wrote Segar a fan letter in 1934 and received a reply. It was a drawing of Popeye and Wimpy with the inscription, "To me fren, Morton Walker." It has hung on my wall for over 70 years filling the room with its friendly glow. Its words echoed in my mind when I stepped up to receive the Segar Award in 1979 in New York. It made everything fit somehow.

Something in the strip died when Segar died. The magic was done. Subsequent creators have tried valiantly to keep the old sailor afloat but he seems waterlogged. Maybe Segar himself wouldn't have been able to keep up the marvelous pace. But I would have loved to see him try.

All I know is that Popeye meant a lot to me when I was a young boy in the '30s. He meant that if I had the spunk and fought for what was right (and ate my spinach) I could conquer any beastie that came in sight. He was such an ideal to me that I was eight before I found out my arms hadn't grown in upside down.

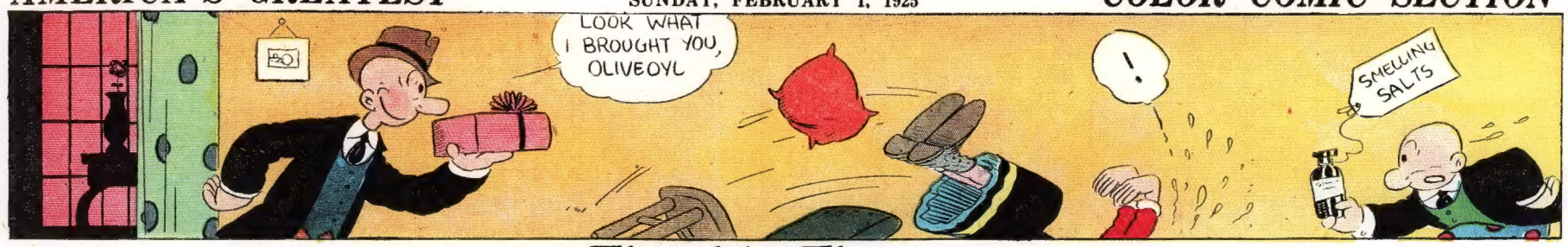
Who knows what influences take a part in making a man what he is? I like to think that Popeye had a positive effect on my upbringing. At leat I preferred him as a role model over Dillinger and other prominent citizens of the Depression.

Now all he is to me is a decal on a lunch box. All the good things about him are gone… except in these wonderful books where he's being resuscitated by Bill Blackbeard and Fantagraphics Books. Thanks, fellows.



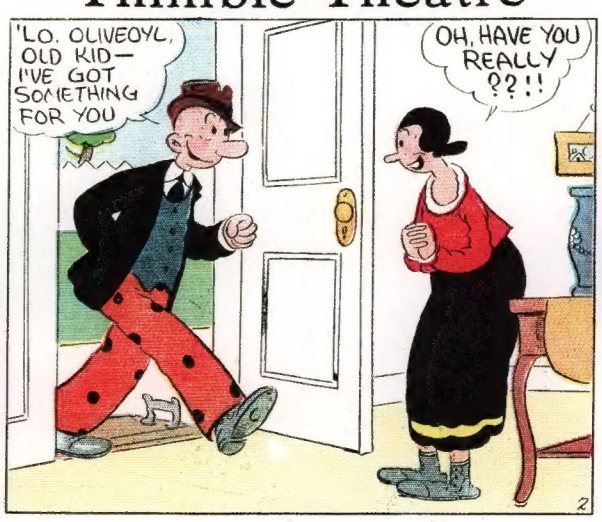


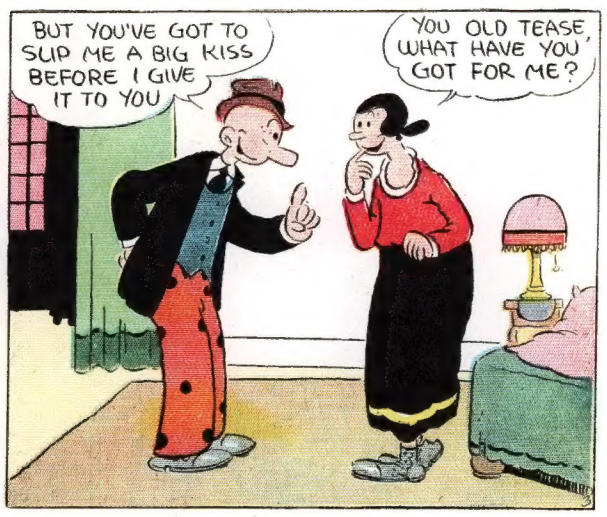
Facing Page: E.C. Segar at his drawing board; promotional photo, date unknown (collection of Angelo Nobile). Above, right: Segar's 1934 response to a youthful Mort Walker's fan letter (collection of Mort Walker). Above: In this installment of the short-lived 1960s "meta-comic" SAM'S STRIP, Jerry Dumas and Mort Walker pay tribute to Popeye (collection of Mort Walker).

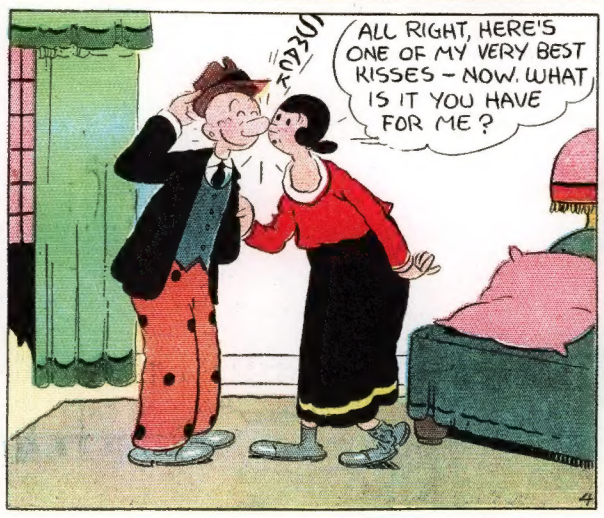


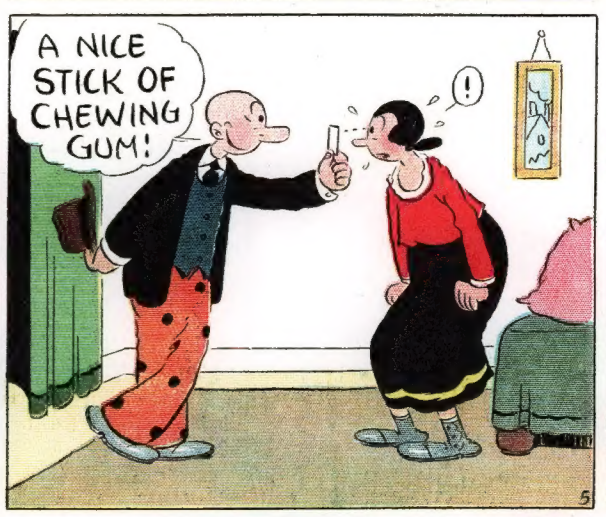
Thimble Theatre



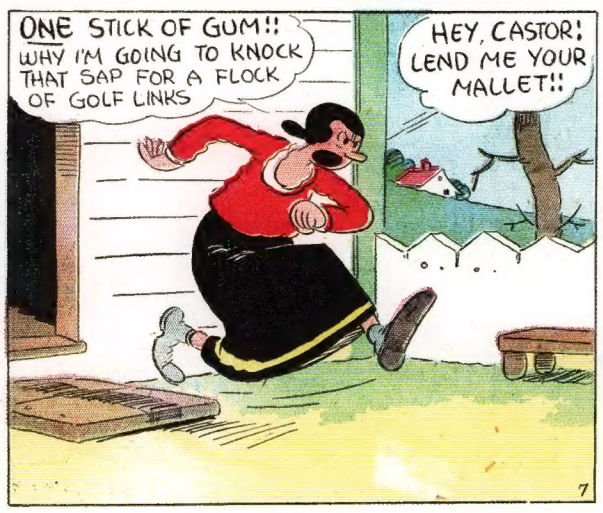


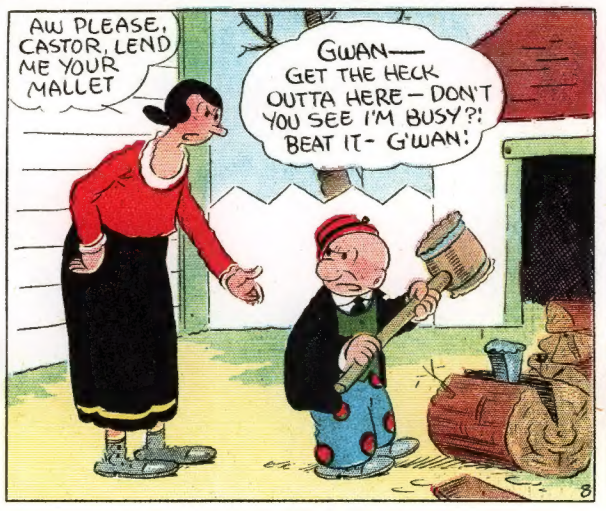


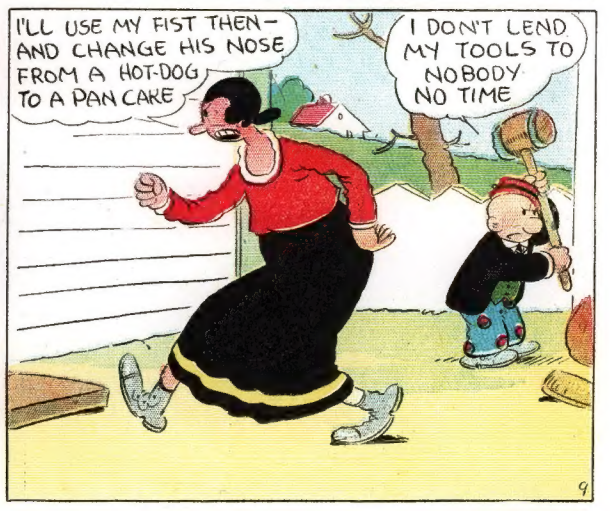


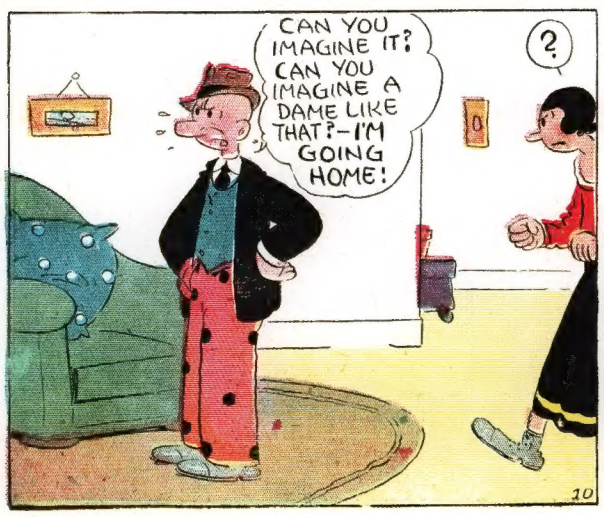


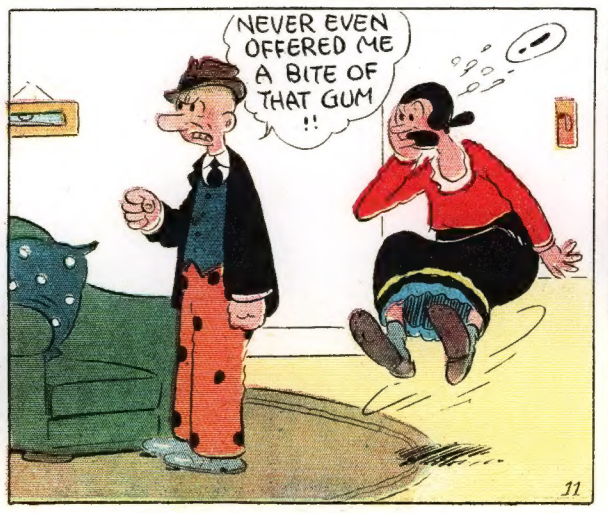


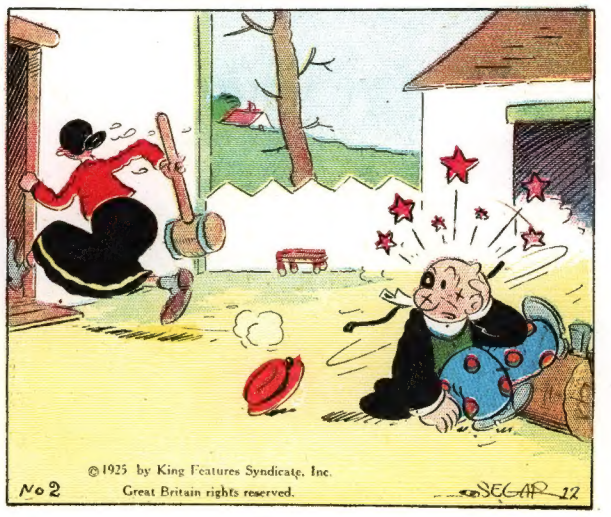




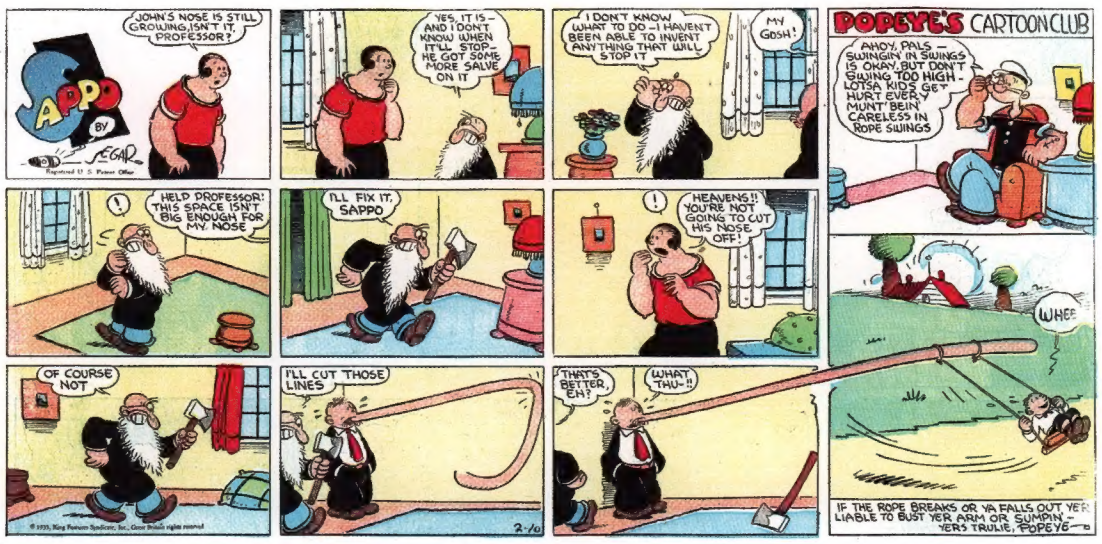








Above: A 1925 pre-Popeye THIMBLE THEATRE, *end tables and all. Facing Page, Top: A nasally panel-busting 1933 Sappo "top strip."*
Following Pages: Excerpts from THIMBLE THEATRE, *plus a selection of* SAPPO *dailies from 1924.*





REAL PEOPLE, REAL THEATRE



Introduction by Donald Phelps

A sailor's life is supposed to be
A hell of a lot of fun.
— Cole Porter, *Anything Goes*

FROM ITS INCEPTION in the mid-1910s, Elzie Crisler Segar's *Thimble Theatre* kept in mind that it was a theater indeed; and the outstanding result, and wondrous paradox, of this belief was that even the original cast — Olive Oyl; her ferrety brother Castor; her staid, forbearing parents Nana Oyl and Cole Oyl; and her fiercely disconsolate suitor Ham Gravy — occupied the foreground of the strip in physical presences, and, a fortiori, as it continued, and their proper demons entered them, their personalities. In the manner of the one-night-stand theaters after which they were patterned — with who knows what rich reinforcement from Segar's memories of his boyhood in Chester, IL where he worked at the opera house — they seemed to have acquired their background on-the-run, from the leavings of previous troupes and stage houses — the Oyls' meagerly furnished little house, with the tiny end-tables draped in floor-length, black-bordered cloth; a Segar Furnishings touch, which he may have appropriated from the comparable décor of his revered neighbor in the New York Journal, George (*Krazy Kat*) Herriman; the barrenness of the open countryside, which is obviously present only to usher them toward their adventures; all these set off the ever-more-foxy, willful, casually cruel, explosively gallant presences; which never have any apology to offer for their seediness, nor will yield an inch of their right to parade their funny, barnstorming wares.

Theirs was, from the first, an overbearing earnestness which was unlike any comparable parody (so *Thimble Theatre* initially professed to be) among Segar's fellows that can easily be recalled. Not the ponderously inventive lampoons of Kahles's Hairbreadth Harry; nor the spluttery, jovial, boyish *Minute Movies* of Ed Wheelan; nor the scornful, bleakly mechanical *Fillum Fables* of the pre-*Dick Tracy* Chester Gould; nor Harry Hershfield's haphazardly whimsical, decorously drawn escapades of Dauntless Durham of the U.S.A., or his more wanton, and more popular, Desperate Desmond; none of those display the sort of identification with play-acting, the farcical-melodramatic imagination taking hold and assuming sway as an élan vital, rather than as the tatty merchandise of parody. I think that Segar never had the taste for parody, any more than his close-by colleague and cousin germane of the '20s and '30s, Billy DeBeck; who initiated Bunky, the superannuated baby, as a parody of Little Orphan Annie; but whose own anarchic theatrical zest soon became impatient with the downscaling, the confinement, the cunning self-subordination which parody tends to involve; and delivered instead a wayward epic as volatile and shaggy and boisterous as *Barney Google* itself. There figured originally in *Thimble Theatre* a certain Willie Wormwood, a stage villain of the high-silk-hatted, mustachio-twirling variety; but he was dispensed with within the first year suggesting, perhaps, that Segar felt the villain-stereotype to be bolting into a place too securely the burlesque formula, already a cliché in itself; and, too, selling too cheaply his secret (then) infatuation with villainy.

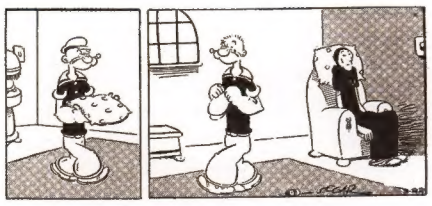
Segar was affected, not with parody, but with camp as a viable comic tone. Involved in this feeling was his awareness of farce and melodrama, not as "effects" to be siphoned as lubricants into the hiccoughing mechanism of some formula, but as vigorous imaginative currents, as the natural prerogatives and powers of the comic-strip medium, which meant its terrain, to be expanded, exploited, and gloried in; and, also, the comic strip's points of contact with the actual world; even as believed some of the most redoubtable of the silent-film makers: D.W. Griffith, Abel Gance, Erich von Stroheim, Thomas Ince. Above all, Segar perceived melodrama and farce, I believe, as the properties of an artist like himself, to be transcribed into his own terms and rediscovered in his own graphic language. This was shown in the vocabulary of his cast, which bestrode the landscapes of theater and actuality — meaning, here, imaginative validity and authority. In following this perception, he was to create new standards of actuality, which is the sovereign concern of all art. His only respectably close competitors, and collaborators, in this achievement of whom I know, were Sidney Smith of *Old Doc Yak* and *The Gumps*; Roy Crane of *Captain Easy*; and Billy DeBeck, especially in *Barney Google* of the mid-'30s. Of course, on January 17, 1929, the great catalytic wind blew off the ocean, blowing down, with twister-sock impact, not a few accustomed attitudes toward the comics-strip.



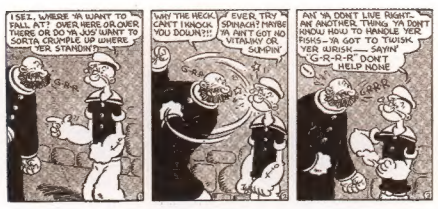
From the mid-1910s until the beginning of the '20s, the drawing remains hesitant and gawkish; timidly arranging and directing the doodle-ruled forms of the characters, who seem always on the threshold of reverting to the linked jellybeans, or semi-collapsed balloons, of their basic shape. Even during and after 1920, by which time the drawing's execution has become much more crisp and assured, the sense never comes across of a summarizing style which makes all else cohere, and infuses posture and composition with sparkling, or somber, or flashy energumen. Such style as can be seen coalescing in

the earliest *Bringing Up Father* strips, or *The Five Fifteen* — the declaration of vision as authority — does not show in so much as an occasional stroke, or odd felicity of gesture. It is extraordinary to reflect that in this comic strip, which calls to mind Gilbert Seldes's dour reflection on *The Katzenjammer Kids* — they looked the way people who never read comic strips thought they all looked — what appear to be drawing conventions, and the most rudimentary at that, turn out, on close and serial scrutiny, not to be conventions in the generally acknowledged sense at all; nor the "style" to be any acknowledgeable style, even a bad one; least of all, the sense of any authority, any fanfaring of the strip's personality, its worthiness and beaming future intentions, in terms of a visual plumage, such as the daft elegance of *Bringing Up Father*, the jaunty scurry of *Jerry on the Job*, and the slapstick swank of *Polly and Her Pals* alike convey.

What *Thimble Theatre* yields up, through most of its stages, is a feeling of fugitive desperation, of these figures fighting their way, determinedly and recurrently, out of some abstract limbo, like spooks trying to regain — or retain — their hold on the real. Such space — their space, as allotted them in panel after panel — often seems opaque, even tangible, and underscores their appearance of listlessness when standing at ease; underscores, too, the power of stillness, of passivity within the non-reality of the drawing, which Segar worked with startling evocative power in numerous of his pantomime sequences, like the first entrances of the monsters, Toar and Limbo; or, a beautifully weighted little gesture, like Popeye slipping a pillow behind the head of the recumbent, supposedly dead Sea Hag.



When standing, they resemble crane-assembled golem; they give animation, by contrast, to the wharves and shanties down along the seaside, when Popeye and Popeye's own ambience finally assume command. At other times, they seem to convey an all-but-inexpressible frustration, which propels a manic obdurateness: the frustration of laboring with the jagged, unpliable, pitiably raw fragments of an alphabet inherited from long, long before. The unarguable life, the histrionic vigor, jubilant or wrathful, which engineers the jokes and the frissons of its extravaganzas and its dark, rumbling fairy tales in years to come, will seem the more wondrous and mysterious because of the stolid, dissolution-threatened look of the drawing from which it arises; the style not as the inscription of imagination, but as imagination's vehicle, the conductor of its convulsion. The vivacious litheness of Floyd Gottfredson's line, the seething busyness of his action, gave every gesture of the newspaper Mickey Mouse the inventive verve and the downright expressiveness of a single frame from the most magically explicit silent films. Segar's characters express anger or joy with the heavy limbs of the Midwest. Anger means fist swinging and teeth bared, with "Grrr!" popping from all sides of the figure, as from concealed vents.



"Sayin' G-R-R-R don't help none," Popeye admonishes a soon-to-be-prostrate opponent, late in 1934; to no avail, of course, since this belated student comes from the same Actor's Studio as Popeye's other contenders.

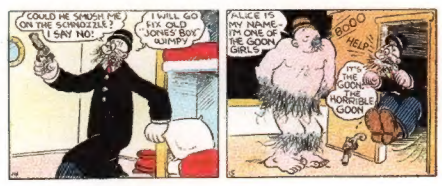
Yet, in examples like this, it is the imagination and the will urging each other on which achieves much of the comedy and power of the best Popeye sequences: the rudimentary drawing turned away, at the last moment, from abstraction. The "actors" continue to act with the remnants of their burlesque tradition juggling and flopping around them; but they also retain, in heady force, that awareness of the artist's own power, and rejoicing in it, which furnish the éclat of burlesque Segar is constantly invoking, especially under the mystery-touched reign of Popeye.

One by-product of Segar's contention with space is that the sense of time is more alert and suggestively right than in most of his "serious" contemporaries. He evidently acquired early on in the Popeye sequences not only the grand operatic gravity which he imparted to the lovely little businesses, like the one with the pillow described above, or Olive Oyl's kittenish-wistful tilting of Popeye's sailor hat in the Skullyville adventure; but of Segar's apprehension and general deployment (at once "primitive," i.e., in its literalness, and sophisticated beyond most of his contemporaries) of "actual" time-space, his use of both attenuation (the longueurs, the off-stage sequences of action, chronicled in the characters' reactions); the use of pause and double-take (in which I do not believe he was matched until the advent of intimate-toned comic strips like Johnny Hart's *B.C.*, Charles Schulz's Peanuts, and Mell Lazarus's *Miss Peach*, and later, *Momma*); and, on the other hand, the excited jamming of conversations, interjected comments, hasty summaries of relevant information, or the conveyance of which he advanced the use of dialogue balloons in alternating tier or stair-steps. Techniques which are backed by, and counterpointed with, the lingering, dominating near-abstraction of Segar's work. "Near-abstraction" is, of course, of cardinal importance, because the holding back from abstraction in toto, the skin of probability and mobility, is what supplies the extraordinary energy to *Thimble Theatre*, and its magical mutability. Being so far infatuated by space, Segar was a wary enough artist to be extra mindful of its laws.

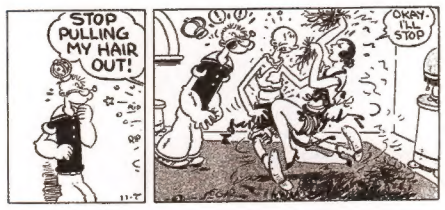
Once Popeye takes charge, Segar's pas de deux with abstraction serves increasingly the boyish cruelty — the playful wantonness as of young children with modeling clay, or some of their most "cherished" toys — which he visits upon his actors' anatomies, going in for grotesquely manipulative sport, which he uses both the skin of physical probability, and the core of abstraction; grading the freedom play of the drawings' doodle-principle against the, as they must have been in the early '30s, still-fresh memories of Mack Sennett, and the cartoon-like travails of Laurel and Hardy. These are always laced with cruelty, often with figures of castration (Segar feverishly intent, as it seems, on divesting his figures of their makeshift-looking plausibility, reducing them to what they were; but in terms of their physical "humanity"). Wimpy, in a 1933 adventure (and one of Segar's most horrendous buffo



episodes) shears off handfuls of the oblivious George W. Geezil's whiskers, in order to fashion himself a Goon disguise, complete with a wilderness of phony pubic hair. Olive Oyl



is snatched literally bald-headed by a female adversary, a Mata Hari from the Brutonian Empire, during a no-hold-barred skirmish over Popeye. Segar's self-deriding sport with

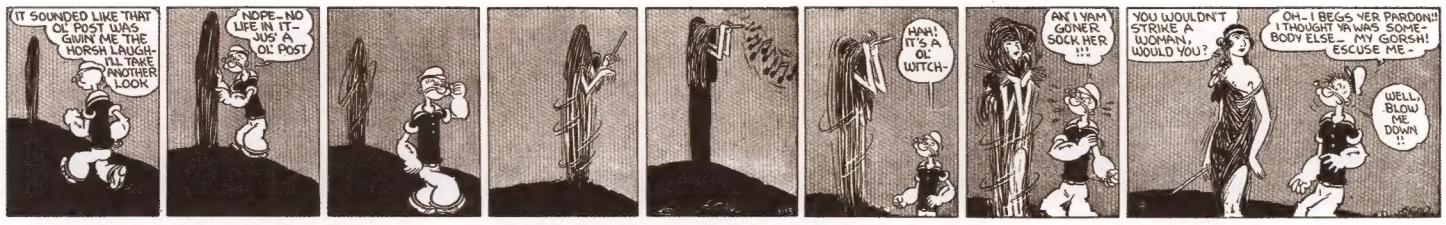


the limitation of his drawing constantly gives him latitude for the most savage sport with sheer human perishability. Have maimed people ever figured more prominently, or recurrently, in a comic strip — from the legless man who is Castor Oyl's "test customer" when he applies for a job as a shoe salesman*, to Popeye himself, whose missing eye nowadays is transcribed as a winsome wink, but which was depicted as a persuasively puckered and wrinkled socket? Segar's wry awareness of his drawing's own limitations, maintained to be sure over nearly two decades, and his frustrated scoffing at them, and the furious élan of being able to do "whatever he wants," or the next thing to it, with this assemblage of sticks and modeling clay, result, as he harnesses these emotions and plays them against each other, in some of the most insidiously dream-like appeals that cruelty and megalomania can be seen exercising in a comic-strip, apart from Chester Gould's too easily misdocketed *Dick Tracy*.

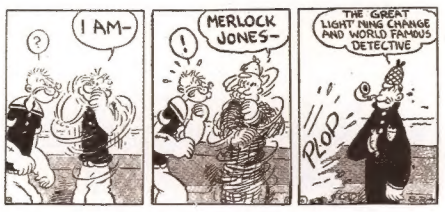
Two cardinal images, both of them recurrently exciting and liberating to Segar's style, appear, like twin masts, over the remote horizon of his strip's actual-plus-imaginative space. There is the image of whipping, volatile transformation, the familiar figure swirling "before our very eyes" into a series of others, the shimmering, shuttling works of the sorcerer/witch, or quick-change artist, holding the stage, as we feel ourselves brought breathlessly close to the invocatory magic of the drawing act itself. The Sea Hag, in three incomparable panels of December 1936, magicking herself, with the aid of her witch's-flute, into a hitching post, then into a Grecian maiden (always retaining a fascinating residue: the suggestion of her customary black garments, her hideous and impenetrable austerity of face); or Merlock Jones, bodyguard to King Blozo, successively transforming himself into zany, darting replicas of Popeye, Olive, the ship's Chinese cook, the grinning,

03/22/37 *10/16/34* *04/01/34, 04/08/34, 11/07/35*

See Popeye Volume 1, page 4.



bucktoothed Oscar, and the white-whiskered (and, surely, beside himself, at the best of times) King Blozo himself. One feels in these sequences as though the theater projected in *Thimble Theatre* has become the prototype



of our most ancient, most solicitously buried dreams of the theater as we would like to see it, with illusion perpetuating itself beyond what everyone's awareness of stagecraft now informs one is "plausible" and "reasonable."

The other sort of image recharging Segar's poky-looking style is that of the lacerating, clothes-shredding, pummeling battles, usually between Popeye and opponents like Toar, or Slag the Slugger, or in the episode of the "Eighth Sea," a redoubtable Bluto indeed — Mack Swain crossed with a threshing machine. Or, one might recall the squalling, snarling bout between the Sea Hag and her sister, in the peeling course of which both sisters are revealed wearing identical flowered lingerie ("Amusing, isn't it?" murmured Mr. Wimpy, that connoisseur's connoisseur, to the chortling ogre, Toar). In these two kinds of



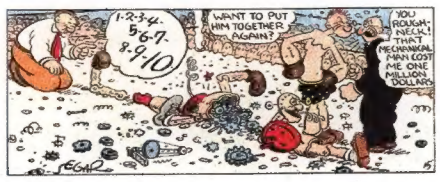
primary events, the gaucherie and somnolent-seeming inanition of Segar's drawing rallies itself to a champing, ground-pawing momentum, and seems to take revenge for its long doze.

These two sets of images, dream-like transformation and bloody melée, share a common importance to *Thimble Theatre*: the twin source of that gravity which converts humor into comedy, by investing it with the undertow of the world, and what Kafka called the weight of our own bodies. They represent that habitation within the world-at-large which, in the most notable comedy, and much other art, the imagination makes of itself. And their extremity, winging toward the poles of legerdemain and the savage sculpture of fight-to-the-finish, set off, by contrast, the marvelous kind of seriousness, the sense of reality being hard-by, which informs *Thimble Theatre* through its thirty-six short seasons under Elzie Crysler Segar. Without my memories of such scenes, I could almost believe in the successful film adaptation.

The double source I speak of represents the two aspects of survival: the salvaging of ego, of soul, of what one has no choice but to claim, in its remaining tatters, throughout and after so many long walks, so much hunger, so many, not often evenly matched batterings. One performs the salvaging action through adaptability, through Mercury-footed change, by surrendering the vanity of one's "own" shape to the kaleidoscope of shapes that this life comprises. And/or, one surrenders one's self (while returning to the remainder counter any transcendental "wisdom" picked up on the way) to the paring, peeling efficacy of all those scufflings and lashing and batterings; not to mention the ego-buffetings lustily administered by the characters to one another from the Olive-Ham phase of *Thimble Theatre* on, and imparted a certain formal class by Popeye's entrance.

The eccentric dignity which this attention to survival takes on, the authority which Segar grants it, provides the rock-buttress-like raw outcroppings on which the funny pictures are inscribed, for the burlesque, and the later, mobile and mood-rich comedy of *Thimble Theatre*. There is provided a counterpoint of earnestness, and a looming shadow of dignity, by Segar's inability to disallow the world; coupled with his obvious faith that his comic style, as a style, can accommodate the world's truths as he knows them. His is not a laughing-away laughter, but an accommodating laughter; which results in the extraordinary range of truth — funky, brutal, poignant, grotesque — which *Thimble Theatre* is able to view about the bedrock facts of sheer getting-on. He has been quoted a number of times as saying that he believed Popeye to have had considerable sorrow in his background (typical of Segar that he did not profess to know that background!) and that this sorrow enriched comedy generally. The comment, cliché though it be, is refreshed, as clichés can be, by the actuality of Segar's own practice and the way it strains out sentimentality.

And the sense of the actual is carried over into the remarkable way that Segar's style showcases the mulish egomania, offhand savagery which his characters regularly exhibit, indeed like a theatrical troupe stranded and frustrated almost beyond human sanity by the trashy inadequacies of their stage and appurtenances. His figures are vessels of their own wills and imaginations, projections of Segar's though these be; and no less in the recurrent gallantry and noblesse oblige which were Popeye's contribution. Even love-slighted Ham Gravy's repeatedly muffed attempts at courtship and occasionally suicide have the ferocious propriety of performance and the dedication of a Noh player engaging in a Tony-aimed hari-kari ceremony. On one milestone Christmas Eve 1920, he delivered himself to Olive in an enormous Christmas stocking (which she dispatched to the nearest snowdrift). The chronic testiness of Mr. Kilph, millionaire promoter, is kindled to homicidal, perhaps suicidal, fury by Popeye's losing the bout with Kid Jolt, due to the sailor's heterodox notions of ring procedure. "Now — SLEEP!" cries the inflamed sportsman, as though parlaying hypnotism with fisticuffs, as he aims a blow at that precipice-chin; but, thanks to Popeye's smiling tolerance ("He's layin' me amongst the swee'peas"), the only casualties from the confrontation are Mr. Kilph's skinned knuckles and his more deeply lacerated vanity. But, like an Elizabethan dramatis personae, the *Thimble Theatre* cast's invention is escalated by frustration; and Mr. Kilph's attempted recoup by matching Popeye against a robot, whom the sailor — with the imperturbable obduracy which is the other aspect of Segar's people — demolished.



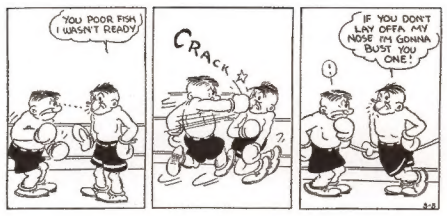
The magical literalness with which Segar accepted the nature of his characters and was able to portray it, the weight and fullness which their presences acquire, as you watch the creative zeal at its assembling work with the rag-tag vocabulary of the theater, is what gives *Thimble Theatre*, even in pre-Popeye days, its basic hypnotic persuasion; this, coupled with the haunting recurrent sense, as conveyed through that master-conveyance of his style and the increasing tumescent conviction which he brought to it, that the people themselves are aware of their limitations as cartoon characters, and the feisty defiance with which they pick up that challenge. That and the awareness, shared by them and their creator, that style is no more and no less than any inhabitant of this life is condemned and privileged to make do with; and that one of the chief prerogatives of style is to defy its own limitations. It might not be too much to infer, although dangerous to critical commonsense to dwell in, that Segar regarded many of the world's appearances as no less than masks, and no more than vehicles or vessels, for the human imagination and will at their giddying, rambunctious full tilt; and that, in consequence, style is at once a conspicuous vanity, and one of the indispensables of this life; the resolution to the riddle being that style reveals itself and enriches its subject only through its changes — the protean movements, the abrasions and lacerations which it undergoes in the world.

The chief bearer of this news in the earlier *Thimble Theatre* adventures was Castor Oyl, Olive's eccentric, turbine-driven brother, who combined the naïveté of a disenfranchised Parsifal with a stud weasel's tenacity and resource. Castor was aptly named, for his ability to charge like a dose of salts to the profit-issue of any situation, and to invest his seekings with the unmoored idealism of a perpetual near-loser. We find him in 1924, tending a fighting-cock named Blizzard. With complacent reasonableness, Blizzard is devoted to jumping the diet Castor has assigned it. His common-sense survival principles anticipated those of J. Wellington Wimpy some seven years later. Blizzard was succeeded by a considerably less sanguine human counterpart in 1925, when Castor, as fledgling fight manager, espoused a tiny, shovel-jawed slugger named Batt McGnat (according to whose face, the nickname might have represented either "Battling" or "Battered") who safety-

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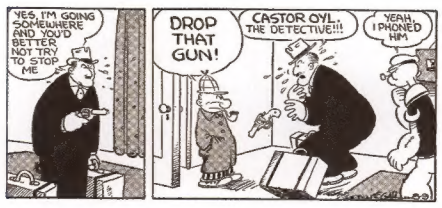
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pinned the tatters of his professional dignity with the plaintive catch-phrase, "Did I ever tell you what I did to Wildcat O'Connor?" Castor's engagement with these clunkish, improbably resourceful champions (the fighting cock, Blizzard, won the title by devouring his opponent, Ham Gravy's Tasmanian woodpecker) suggests that in such misfitted Horatio Alger enterprises, represented as much as anything for the battle of wills in which he could free-wheelingly engage, a preparation for his marathon partnership, in years to come, with Popeye. He was a tryer-on of hats, a fancier of public roles, *Thimble Theatre*'s virtuoso entrepreneur of the '20s, and as such a soured, zany offhandedly vicious (one of Castor Oyl's merry japes, in his footloose youth, was to drop a retractable quarter into a blind man's cup) version of Harold Lloyd. He embodies that crazy chiaroscuro of knightliness and jabbing willfulness which the younger Popeye was to embody for all time, later on; and, too, the scapegrace, parodistic aspect of role-changing, and status-seeking, in the '20s, the darker side of both Lloyd and (in a maestro's finesse, the glistening silent style) of Charlie Chaplin. The way that Castor transmutes Chaplin's masterly urbanity into a darting, wayward, and ad hoc ungainliness — which also manages to win — is Segar's homage to, and translation of, one of his icons. In late 1928, one year before the excursion to Dice Island and Popeye's fateful entrance, Castor is found sporting a black Stetson hat, editing a newspaper, and trying, with his usual convulsions of frustration and (appalling) inspiration, to find a libel-proof way of calling the mayor a crook.



Castor's careening sorties into career after career, his skylarking bids for lightning prosperity, could not survive into the '30s (it is notable that, on the Depression's threshold, Castor's last pre-Popeye career-try was in a profession). The wind-blown, single-sail craft of his personality required towing by a more rugged vessel; and, a year after Popeye's appearance, a more weary, more pragmatic, somewhat gentled-down Castor is found squiring the sailor, becoming his grousing, Sancho-like foil (in anticipation of the Joe Palooka-Knobby Walsh teaming of the '30s); and, in the last major role Castor was to play for a while, steering the sailor-man into a partnership in Castor's detective agency: the ultimate vocation for his ferrety, Quixote-Panza personality, in which his wayward traits found an authentic channel; and in which, on at least one occasion — the Susan Brown adventure of mid-1937 — he was able to play a genuine deus ex machina, upstaging, with the sailor's generous acquiescence, even Popeye himself.



Castor was the outstanding, by no means only, personification of Segar's own bone-deep affection for theater and improvisatory, something-from-nothing pervasiveness of theater in the flattest and scantiest-looking circumstances of everyday. There is a loving curiosity about his people's own presences, and their bearing in their world, in the mosaic of vignettes, usually presented as gags, with which Segar shows theater and theatricality receding into scrungy actuality, and emerging again. Fantasy is buoyed by the near-melancholy slumpishenss of the "normal." King Blozo, Popeye's sponsor in 1931 (and, two years later, regal rival, when Popeye ascended the throne of his self-founded nation, Spinachova) was harassed to near-dementia by his royal anxieties, with which he performed a frenzied saraband, racing in circles, his white whiskers (they were dark on his first appearance; then, by 1933, had whitened; a tribute, perhaps, not only to Popeye's considerable rivalry, but to the multitude of Blozos, his progeny, whom Europe was fostering) trailing on the floor: while "Worry! Worry! Worry!" explodes around him in dialogue balloons, like half-crazed distress signals from some forsaken tower. His consolations included



reading comic strips (the recurrent partnership of comic strips and melancholia diverted Segar increasingly, during the assured self-consciousness of the Popeye years); and by attempting to promote the eternally plummeting national currency of his kingdom, Nazilia: the pezoozie ("Take care of the pezoozies, and the pezoozies will take care of themselves.") The constantly-imperiled (even by his obsequious bellhop-in-waiting, Oscar, who usurped his throne in 1934) tatters of fantasy in which he clothes himself (as did so many subsequent Blozoids of the '30s) are, however, a sort of comic grace to the monarch

SAPPO



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whose throne rivals a therapeutic exercise-horse. Segar's rhythmic emphasis is on fantasy pieced out of the glummest, most daunting of circumstance; and, in fact, elusive of anyone's direct control; recalled, like a benign ghost, again and again, even as he called it, from that abstraction of his constant flirtations.

It was peculiarly apposite that Popeye made a successful radio show in the late '30s, on Saturday nights, sponsored by Wheatena: a complicating factor that Popeye might snort with laughter over, since, of course, Wheatena replaced spinach as the old tar's regalvanizing food. (Entailing small charley-horse, even in that elastic imagination normally encouraged by radio; since boxes of the breakfast cereal, pressure-cookers for heating it, milk, and/or a diner to supply all of these was required to be repeatedly on hand. I can imagine Popeye ingesting his Wheatena raw, or, for that matter, sprinkling it onto his spinach — Wheatena florentina? But I can recall no advantage being taken of these possibilities by those in charge of this well-produced, engagingly fanciful show.) The program's long suit, apart from the considerable care and affection invested in it by whoever was responsible, was, of course, that radio itself provided a perfect counterpart to the murmurous void from which Segar's characters, and Segar himself, rallied their fantasies. And too, the emphasis on the voice; which provided the equivalent, in its bounty of suggestion, and the off-again on-again vitality of the characters, of the ventriloquial sense, of being microphones or megaphones for their own demons, which the *Thimble Theatre* cast members repeatedly get across.

Segar's own perceptive, richly grounded regard for theater, its interplay with people's daily lives, bears comparison and contrast, of course, with the assured vaudeville hand which his confrère, DeBeck, applied to the daily gags of *Barney Google*. DeBeck was preoccupied with the exotic swank and velvet-curtain opulence of theater; and, with the working of the stage as a wondrous aperture between Barney and that outside world which represents, among other things, Barney's audience; which DeBeck repeatedly depicts as somewhere just beyond the edges of the strip, in its actual presence; but with that presence always reflected, as in the sequences like those of Barney going thorough his "fan mail." DeBeck saw theater much more consistently in terms of an élan which transformed the world itself than did Segar; and, unlike Segar, DeBeck did not postulate a fantastical-appearing world, but rather, a world which was actual enough-looking (and plentiful borrowings from John Sloan, Bellows, and Dickens illustrators Leach and Cruikshank went into making it so) in both its grime and its glamour; counterposing to that world a figure so diminutive and inconsequential-looking that he could only expand on any and all of his contacts with it, the world becoming Barney's theater. DeBeck's recurrent images are of Barney being suspended along; on a hod-carrier's ladder, gaining illicit attendance at a ball-game; as a flagpole sitter, etc. His procedure apropos Barney is to try and create a theater within the world, which will be of the world, yet, somehow, in control and, in spirit at least, impervious to it: a community of good fellows, like the Secret and Mysterious Order of the Brotherhood of Billy Goat (reconstructed by Barney from what started out as a small-town Ku Klux Klan). DeBeck is more gregarious than Segar: Popeye had no "audience" beyond his little somewhat Johnsonian household (Swee'pea, Toar, Alice the Goon as Swee'pea's nursemaid and occasional seafaring acquaintances); you never get the sense of him playing to an admiring throng; and, other than seaman, his between-voyage occupations, apart from the prizefighting, are those of loners: cowboy, detective, even king.

DeBeck was allowing theater of participation to go too far: he was playing a never-ending game of touch-tag with fantasy, or the more drastic reaches of melodrama and plausible actuality. In his Bunky of the mid-'30s, occasionally promising fables are called to halt so preemptively that I wonder about editorial intervention. But this apparently was not the case, for DeBeck seemed to enjoy free decision over his stories. Bunky's and Fagin's encounter with a witch, who magicks them all into animals and abandons Bunky, as a poke-bonneted duck, on the highway at night, was unceremoniously disclosed as a dream before anything further could happen; so, too, what appeared to be a prospective espionage adventure, in *Barney Google*, featuring Barney and his wrestler protégé, Sully. My own speculation is that DeBeck was looking at this time, and attempting by these discarded means to project, a fantasy landscape; which, since the traffic of the fantastic and actual was more dynamic and more expansive than in Segar, involved, in the universe of the '30s, some arduous decision. Fairy-tales tempted him, but he had problems in sustaining, or arriving at, the proper tone, incorrigible farceur that he was. Unlike Segar, who never experienced such complications in concocting his myths (without benefit of the Golden Bough), DeBeck required a world of fantasy which was in this world but not of it. The arrival of Barney in the Ozarks, in 1934, gratified his author's quest for the remainder of his life.

Segar also presents an interesting vis-à-vis to his revered neighbor in the comic supplement of the Journal, George Herriman's *Krazy Kat*, and, before that, the nourishing hive for many of *Krazy Kat*'s motifs and comic veering, the *Dingbat Family* (intermittently titled after the Dingbats' domestic bêtes-noires, the Family Upstairs.) In Herriman's work, too, theater was a benign specter invoked from squalor, like the higgledy-piggledy, rummage-sale décor of the border town, which is *Krazy Kat*'s transient, illusion-filtered setting. Herriman's theater is the home and the distributing warehouse of improvised royalty, the oompah-pah of a hippodrome orchestra backed up with scrub







recruits from Luchow's and any touring talent en route to Mexico at the moment. His people are irrepressibly self-aggrandizing (except for Krazy, who has no occasion for, no interest in, no need for, proclaiming him/herself as anything beyond the endowments of Nature); insistent on their rights and powers (as was Mr. Dingbat, early on before the Family Upstairs tipped its mysterious hand, watering-can in grasp) and engaged in a constant love-hate tango with all that is unknowable and undomesticable — yes, and unnamable — in Nature. Herriman's theater thus lay somewhere between that of Segar and that of DeBeck, with considerable program-space allowed for the formula in which he delighted. (He might have been a "kat's whisker" away from becoming a remarkable mathematician, delighting as he did in the rhythmic permutations and multiplications of gags and comic events, semantic play, etc.) The formula augmented the scrappy luxuriance, the rag-tail pomp, of his little personages; branching, as they did from the common trunk of the supreme Krazy-Ignatz-Offissa Pupp formula, which set the tone and the mock-classical theater rhythms, plus the entire fable sequence of identity and its balkishness toward theorists and moralists — which defined *Krazy Kat* all during its existence. Herriman evidently delighted in the play of puppetry that the little figures, and their rag-and-bone stage, afforded him; and, in a way totally different from Segar — one of the most non-manipulative of artists, with an awareness of the theater as an avenue to freedom on the imagination's own terms — Herriman loved the "kat's play" with formula, as he did with language — stroking it, tossing it this and that way, letting it turn a course. He loved to stage-manage, to be present as stage-manager, as does Segar, who, however, is earnest about his make-believe in a different way from Herriman. Herriman's mock-grandiose, jovially unctuous (a favorite word of his, by the way) introductions to *Krazy Kat*'s episodes seem to call for the voice of Sergeant Bilko at his colonel-diddling smarmiest. Segar is more boyish and excitable; he wants his theater, burlesque or not, to be literally present before his readers: and he never abandoned the announcements of tomorrow's episodes, in the title-space above each daily strip; or, the proclamations of coming adventures, delivered from the cigar-butt with which he signed his name; which suggests, in turn, the stogie jutting from a theater-manager's mouth-corner — possibly that of Walter Shuchert, his well-loved boss at the Chester Opera House. Constant renewal, in the form of novelty, of the differing aspects of persons and things, provided him with constant excitement, and so they apparently did for Herriman; to whom, however, this was an old story, and a perplexing (though of course amusing even in its confusion) and sometimes alarming one.

Like Segar, Herriman was affianced to the notion of richness: not of conventional luxury but of what can be subscribed to the aspect of luxury, those artifacts and that décor which are precious in their relevance and, perhaps, in their appearance as well: a moon which alternately resembles a demobilized tortilla, a six-months-employed saddle, and a vagrant Band-Aid; flower-pots outside a long-abandoned hacienda; and within it tinted photographs and bordered tablecloths — richness as tangible possession, and as possession rendered through language, of which Herriman enjoyed a something-near-Shakespearean appreciation.

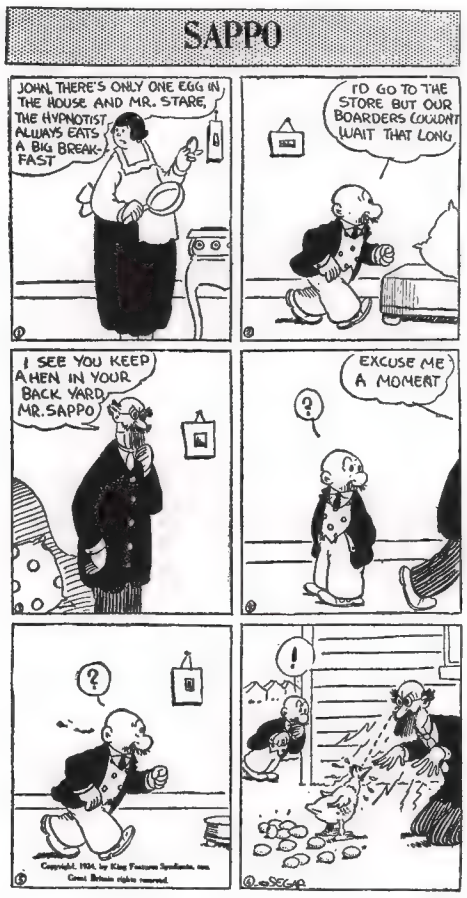
But Segar's concept of richness lay entirely with the giddying abundance of space, the luxury of the imagination, to which Popeye delivered Olive Oyl and, with his commercial-acquisitive aspirations, Castor Oyl. Money never played any considerable role in Segar's imagery of genuine wealth, any more than it did in Herriman's: since 1931, when he cheerfully squandered his take from the Tinearao bout on pressing concerns such as pocket adding machines (for kids who shared Popeye's perplexities at addition), and an



afternoon's hamburger feast for Wimpy (who devoured them all in his sleep). Segar's principal concern with money is to devise various ways for Popeye to dish it out; I recall no other major comic strip in which prosperity is so patently unreal. Nor do rhetoric, or visual imagery, offer any counterpart to the worldly luxury, which we may find lacking. He is uniquely dedicated to faith in the untilled void that outlives the comic strip.

Imagination was, in his altogether just and surpassingly creative view, the perennial tenant of actuality, even in its crudest, least negotiable aspects. It is fallen-arched, though very gutsy, Castor Oyl as Icarus, marching up from ledge to ledge of the mountain from which he must make his test flight, depending on the wind, and on the state of his digestion.

The purest rendition of Segar's imagination, his evaluation of the imagination, is the comic strip *The Five Fifteen*, which, in 1921, he was conscripted to draw by an editor, a signal disciple of William Randolph Hearst's field-labor approach to his staff artist; to wit, that ideal time equals ideal space equals a softball court in the devil's playground (all such formulation directed at Segar, when he was discovered making fishing expeditions with Walter [Smitty] Berndt). *The Five Fifteen* was obviously designed as another entry in the marital-horror wing of the Hearst Comic Zoo, in the company of *Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out!*, *Bringing Up Father*, and the fledgling *Toots and Casper*; and, as such, was the yoking to a formula, and one of the most implacably determined, of a man to whom formula in general were anathema: a stereo-



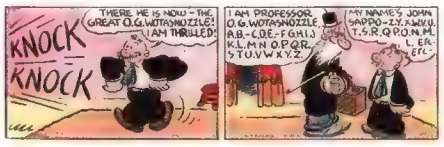




typed acceptance of basic human relationships by an artist whose vital comic concern had been the fluidity and re-adaptablility of such ties.

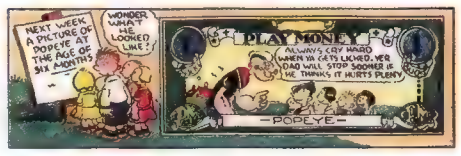
His only recourse was to seek whatever cracks for his imagination the stucco surface of John and Myrtle Sappo's life together might yield, some little hairline flaw of anarchy which he could avail himself of in this pre-Cheever tablet of suburban existence (the very title *The Five Fifteen*, later supplanted by the hero's name, Sappo, referred to the suburbanite's morning timetable). It had been easier, in a sense, for DeBeck, for whom the anarchic animus existed in Barney, his family life as collapsible and reversible as a kid's cut-out doll's house, from the strip's inception in 1919. Segar's escape route, from early on, was to introduce a zany volatility into the Sappos' flower-potted marital life: streaks of mania in both John and Myrtle. John became, during the mid-'20s and the fever pitch of short-wave mania, a radio devotee even beyond the home-threatening fanaticism of Chester Gould's *The Radio Lanes*, or Harrison Cady's *Peter Rabbit*. Myrtle acquired, possibly in consolation for the narrowness of the little household, a no-mutts-barred, voracious hospitality toward stray dogs. John, like Barney, became a periodic fugitive from Sappo flowers — although without Barney's cowbird insouciance: the wild vagrancy of John's occasional life is a feature, a factor, in their relationship, not an escape from, or denial of it. "He's probably in Paradise now," sniffles Myrtle at one point; then, with typical Segar corrective matter-of-factness: "Thankful, no doubt, to be free of my rolling-pins."

The true liberation of John, Myrtle, and their creator arrived, however, during the early '30s. In the course of the Sunday strips, Segar converted John into an illusionist, an amateur inventor (hence, master of new appearances and unfamiliar aspects) who, with the assistance of a magician friend, devised a system of escape-ways from the Sappo home. As amateur inventor in his own right, he undermines, in effect, his home, and subverts the formula, which was incorporated in its plumbing and roof-beams, converting the entire strip into a fugue. At last, in the episode of May 8, 1932, the triumphant conqueror, the demon-self of Sappo's fantasy life, enters the tumbled Sappo fortress of conventionality: Professor O.G. Wotasnozzle, the mad inventors' mad inventor; white whiskers reaching, bib-like,



the length of his black frock coat, eyes suspiciously a-glaze below or above his perpetually misaligned glasses, mouth even more suspiciously grinning and cackling, to announce the hatching of some fresh illusion-egg. The patriarch of illusion: Santa Claus, Father Time, the Old Man of the Mountain, had entered Sappoland.

When Wotasnozzle cackled his way into their family circle, the Sappos were delivered over to a fantasy more giddy-spirited, more loosely playful, than any of the impersonations or sorceries under Popeye's reign; without the contrapuntal darkness, and even the cruelty reduced to knockabout, the hoopla of circus clowns, with their detonating slapsticks and water-spraying shotguns. "You can't kid me — you've lost your arms!" snorts Sappo, with that delicacy which, together with his height (he was a mustached runt; Myrtle, in Barney/Lizzie proportions, about three times his size), suggest a kinship with Castor Oyl: Wotasnozzle has been demonstrating the effects of an invisibility ray, in which he will presently urge that Sappo expose his head. The troll-like savagery with which Segar played on anatomical distortion in *Thimble Theatre* becomes open-faced fun, once old Wotasnozzle has demonstrated that human shape, to be sure, is displaceable and replaceable. Wotasnozzle was, in effect, the genius of the cartoonist, of Segar himself, in an ideal vision of deliverance, in which he can turn physical vulnerability into innocent shape-stretching (a series of episodes in the mid-'30s involved Sappo's nose, exposed to some Wotasnozzle growth-promoting salve, lengthening and lengthening, like a daft vine, until the panels of the strip themselves had to be removed). Sappoland had been transformed into a cartoonist's Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. And the crowning acknowledgment of this shadow-free nation, the other side of Popeye's own lunar landscape, came when Popeye installed himself in a neighboring panel, next to Sappo: offering advice on manners and attitudes, and cartoon lessons, to his juvenile readers. It was the world adjoining Popeye's; it was also the world that only Popeye's corrective darkness, Popeye's captaincy of the fantastic within the real, could have made possible.

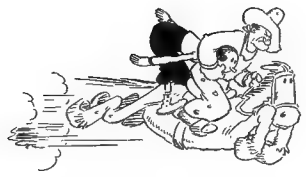


NOTE: The second part of Donald Phelps's essay will appear in *The Complete Popeye* Volume 3.



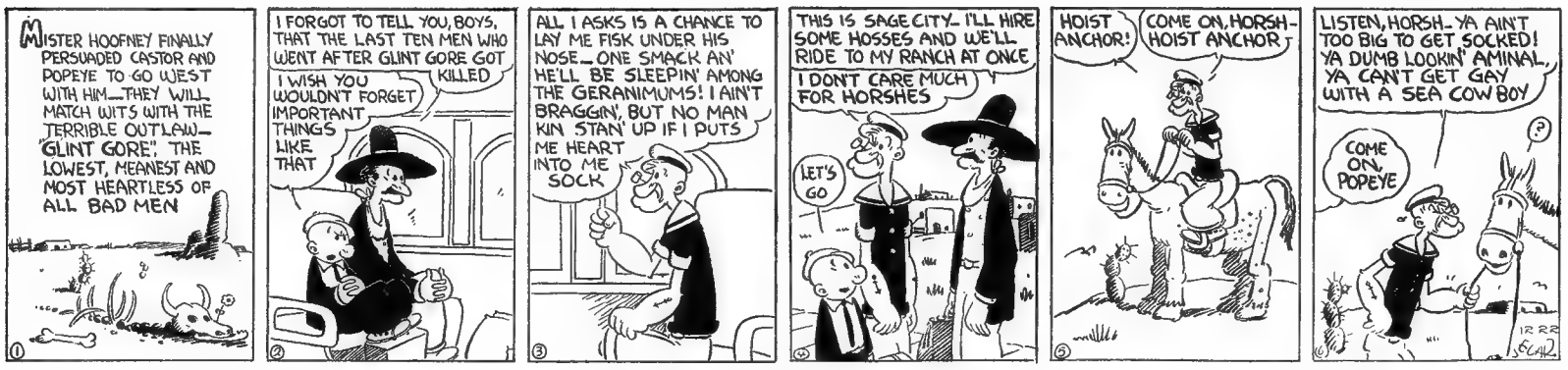




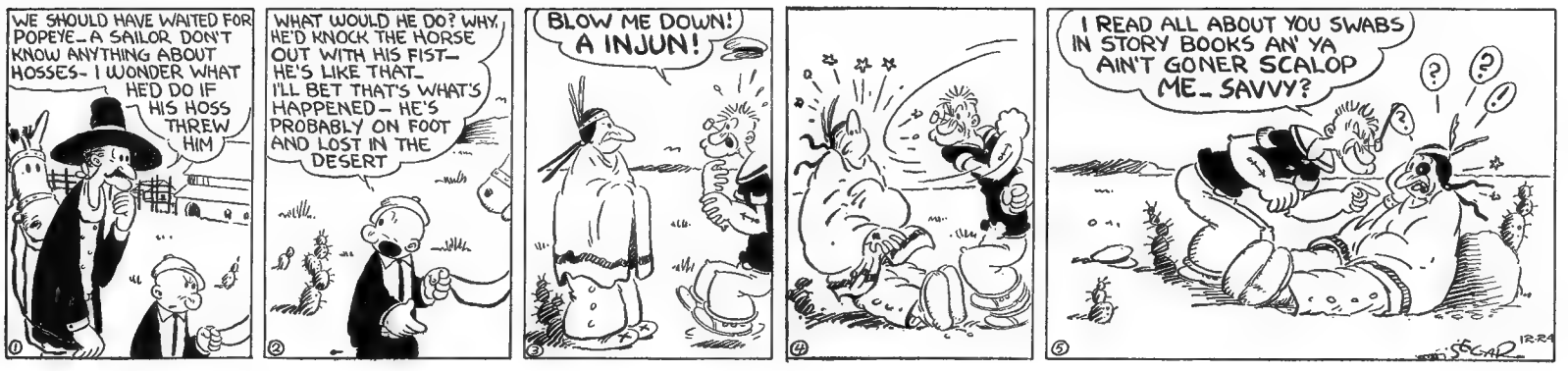


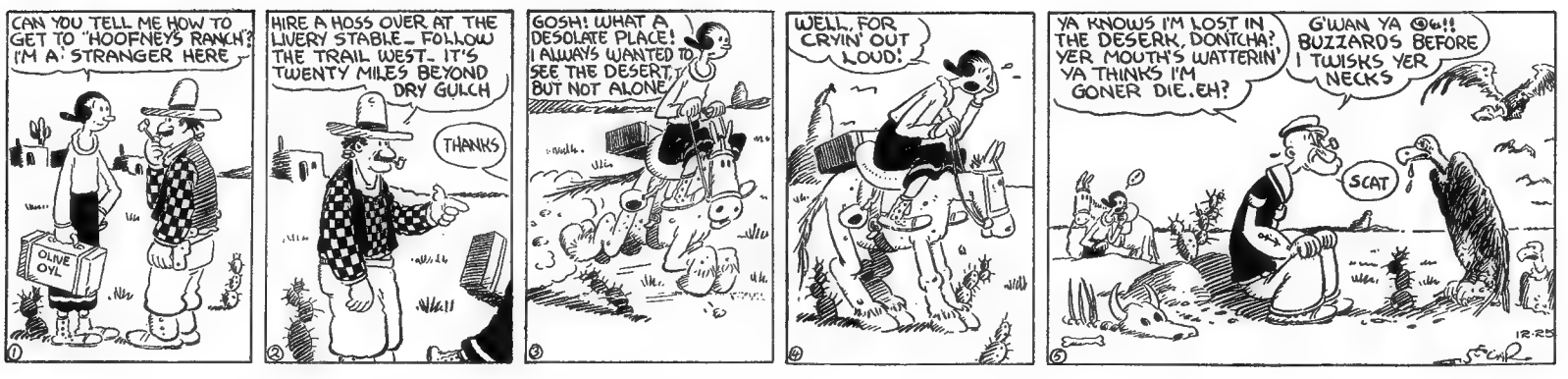
CHAPTER I:

CLINT GORE, THE OUTLAW

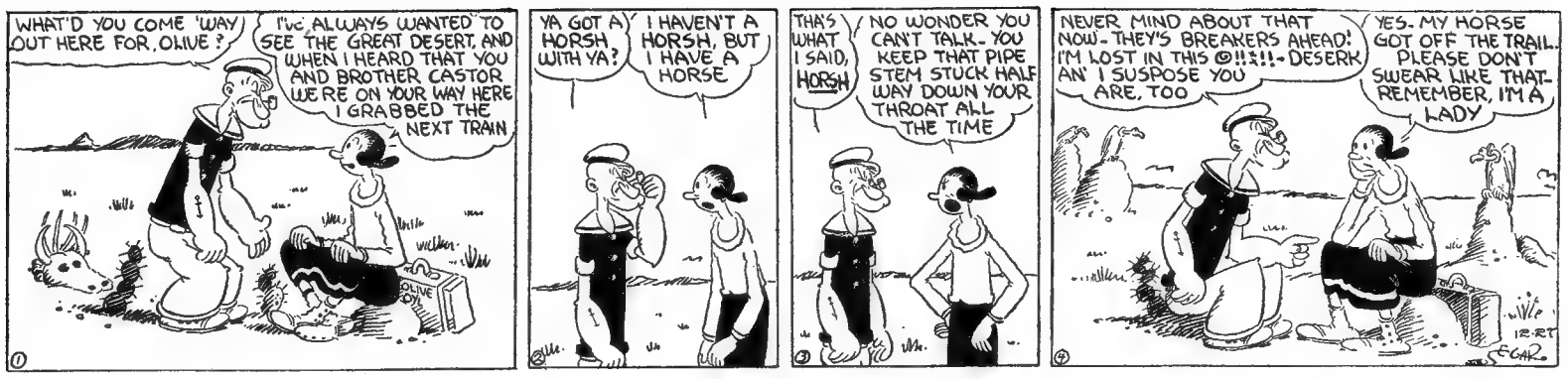












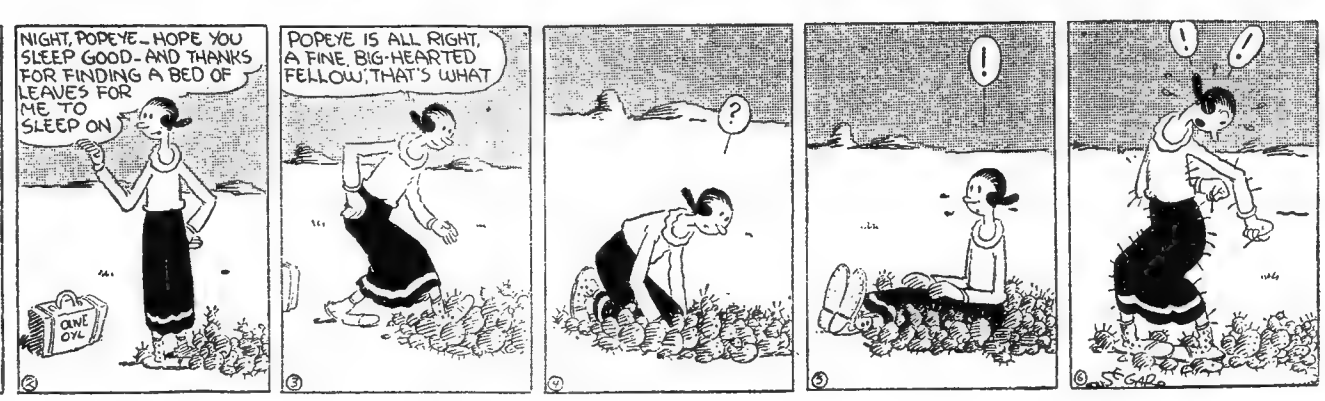
CASTOR AND POPEYE GO WEST WITH MR. HOOFNEY TO CAPTURE "GLINT GORE," AN OUTLAW — POPEYE GETS LOST IN THE DESERT BEFORE HE EVEN REACHES HOOFNEY'S RANCH

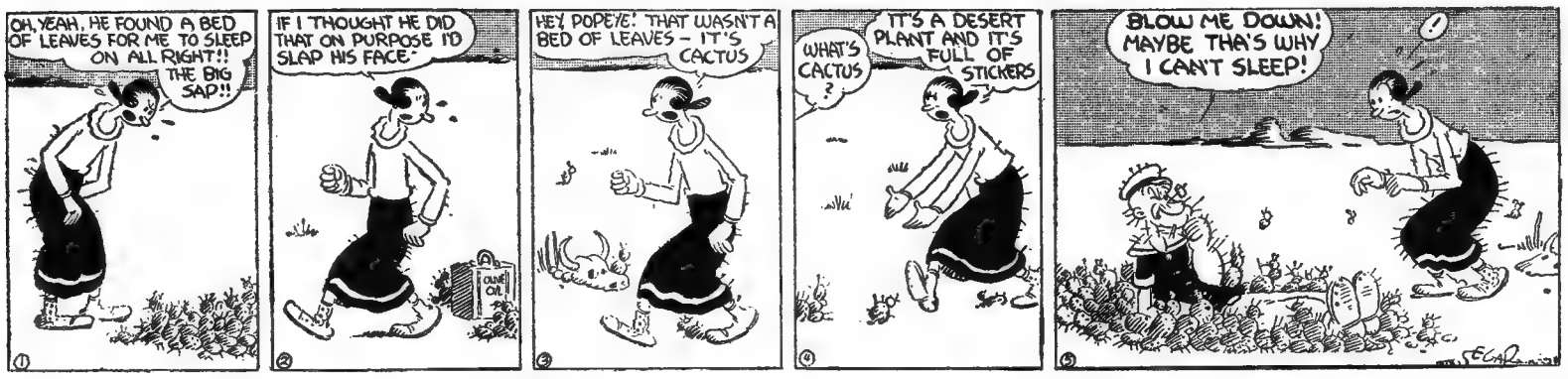
OLIVE OYL ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE DESERT SO WHEN SHE HEARS THAT HER BROTHER WENT WEST SHE TAKES THE NEXT TRAIN — GETS LOST ALSO, BUT MEETS POPEYE



POPEYE IS TRYING HIS BEST TO MAKE OLIVE OYL COMFORTABLE WHILE THEY ARE LOST IN THE DESERT. HE FOUND A NICE BED OF LEAVES FOR HER TO SLEEP ON —

NIGHT HAS COME, BUT THE DESERT MOON IS ON DUTY



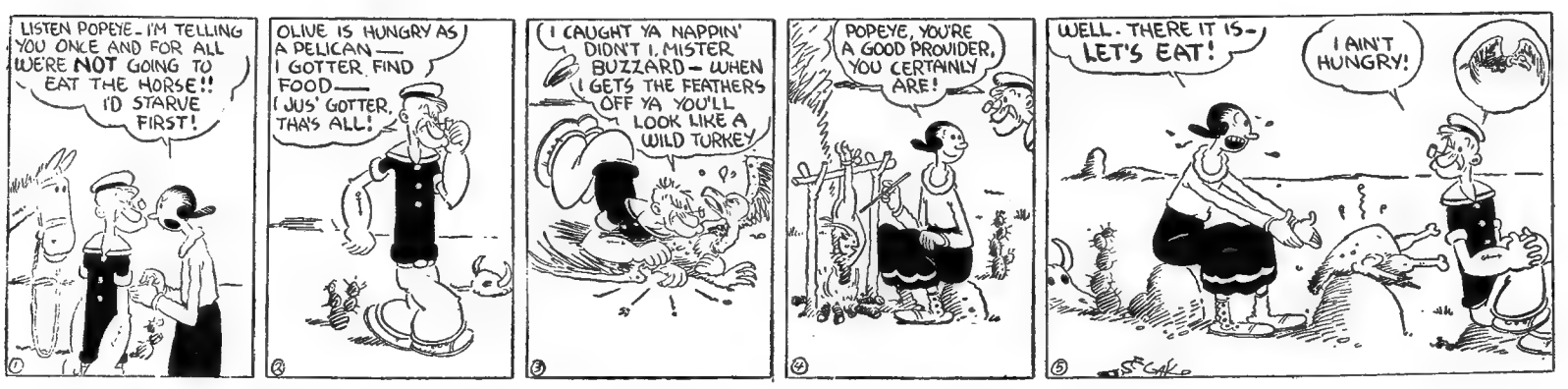


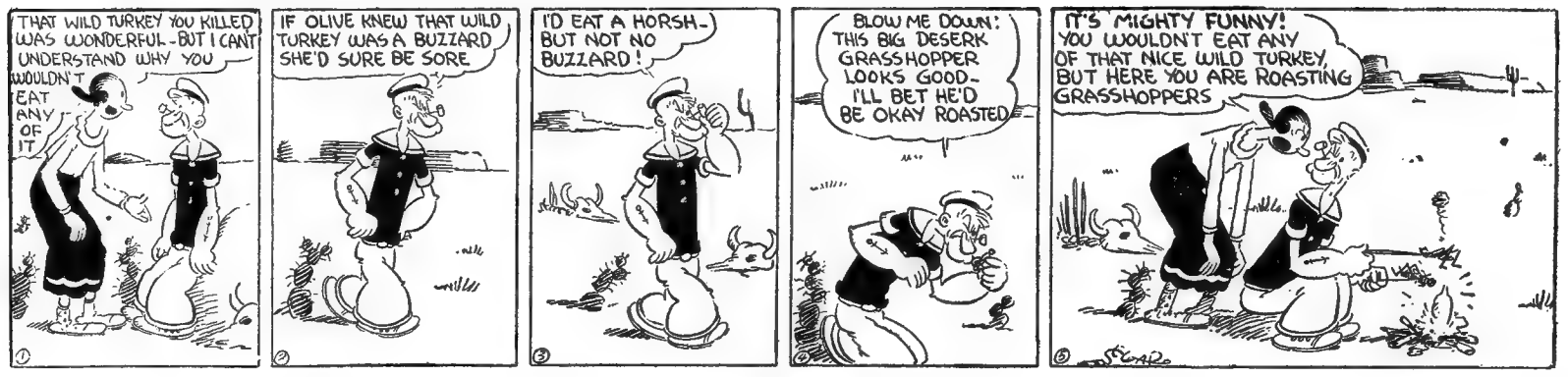





MY GOSH, DAD SAYS THAT SIS IS ON HER WAY WEST. LEFT HOME RIGHT AFTER I DID FIVE DAYS AGO- SHE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW MAYBE SHE GOT LOST IN THE DESERT THE SAME AS POPEYE
HEY, MISTER HOOFNEY! CALL UP SAGE CITY AND FIND OUT IF A GIRL HIRED A HORSE TO COME TO YOUR RANCH
THEY SAID A GAL HIRED A HOSS ABOUT TWO HOURS AFTER WE LEFT
GOOD NIGHT! IT WAS SIS!
IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.-BUT I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING
POPEYE, I'M THIRSTY
I'M THIRSTY, TOO, OLIVE.
BLOW ME DOWN, I AM!
SEGAR

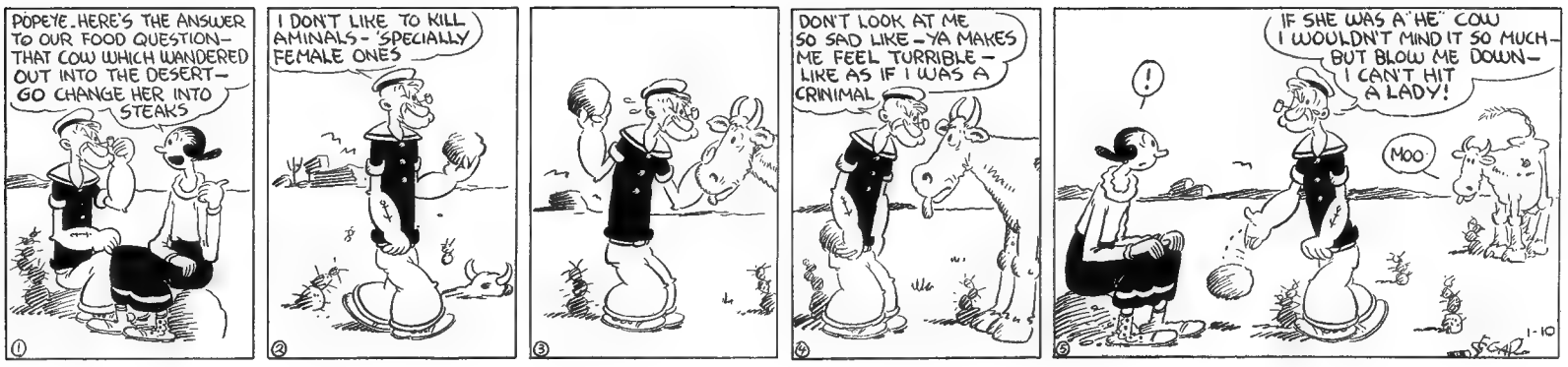

POPEYE HOW'LL WE EVER FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THE DESERT? MERCY, I'M THIRSTY!
YOU HAD A HORSH-WHERE'D HE GO?
AND I'M HUNGRY, TOO— CAN'T YOU FIND SOMETHING TO EAT?! YOU'RE A HECK OF A PROVIDER
STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!
YOU SAP! HORSES AREN'T GOOD TO EAT- STOP!
YOU'LL BE EATIN' GRASSHOPPERS IN A COUPLA DAYS
SEGAR

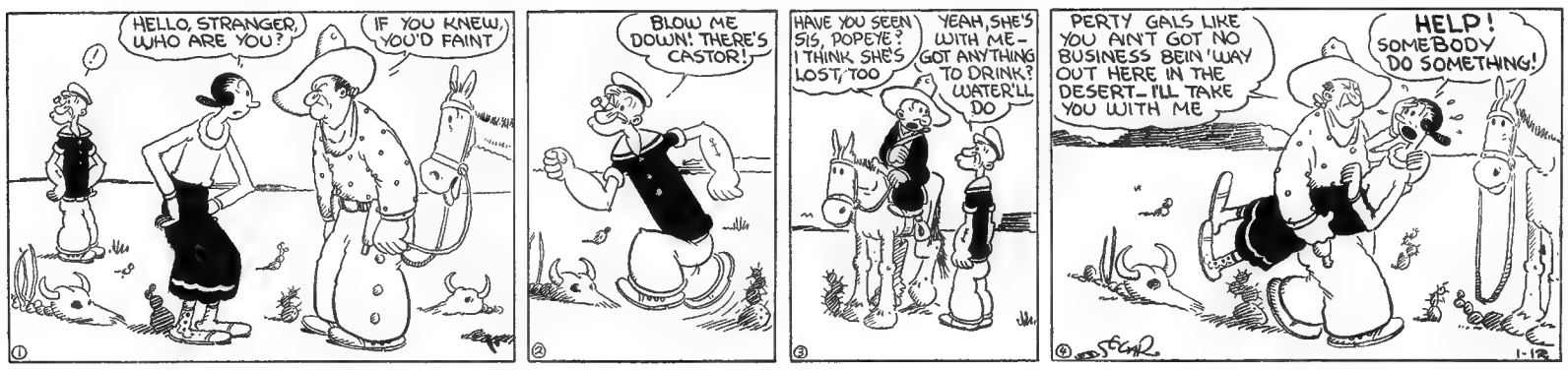

LISTEN POPEYE- I'M TELLING YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL WE'RE NOT GOING TO EAT THE HORSE!! I'D STARVE FIRST!
OLIVE IS HUNGRY AS A PELICAN— I GOTTER FIND FOOD— I JUS' GOTTER, THA'S ALL!
I CAUGHT YA NAPPIN' DIDN'T I, MISTER BUZZARD- WHEN I GETS THE FEATHERS OFF YA YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A WILD TURKEY
POPEYE, YOU'RE A GOOD PROVIDER, YOU CERTAINLY ARE!
WELL- THERE IT IS- LET'S EAT!
I AIN'T HUNGRY!
SEGAR

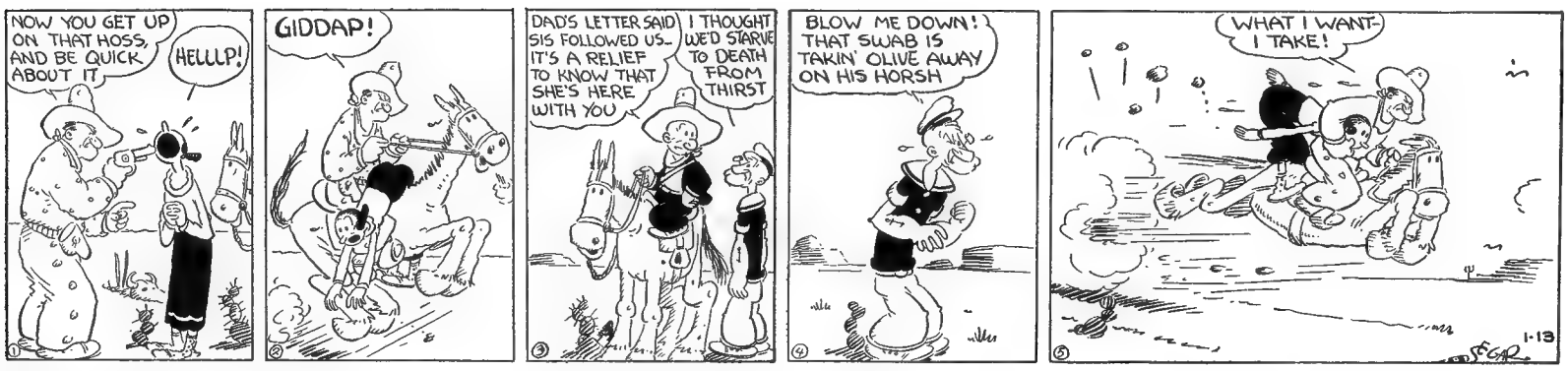

THAT WILD TURKEY YOU KILLED WAS WONDERFUL- BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WOULDN'T EAT ANY OF IT
IF OLIVE KNEW THAT WILD TURKEY WAS A BUZZARD SHE'D SURE BE SORE
I'D EAT A HORSH- BUT NOT NO BUZZARD!
BLOW ME DOWN: THIS BIG DESERK GRASSHOPPER LOOKS GOOD- I'LL BET HE'D BE OKAY ROASTED
IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY! YOU WOULDN'T EAT ANY OF THAT NICE WILD TURKEY, BUT HERE YOU ARE ROASTING GRASSHOPPERS
SEGAR


I MUST FIND HER!
DAD'S LETTER SAID THAT SIS FOLLOWED US OUT HERE - POPEYE GOT LOST IN THE DESERT AND I'LL BET SIS IS LOST, TOO
MEAT ON THE TABLE, OLIVE, I POPPED A DESERK RABBIK ON THE KONK WITH A ROCK
NOW WE CAN EAT!! POPEYE- YOU'RE A HERO AND A REAL PROVIDER
THA'S RIGHT
SEGAR

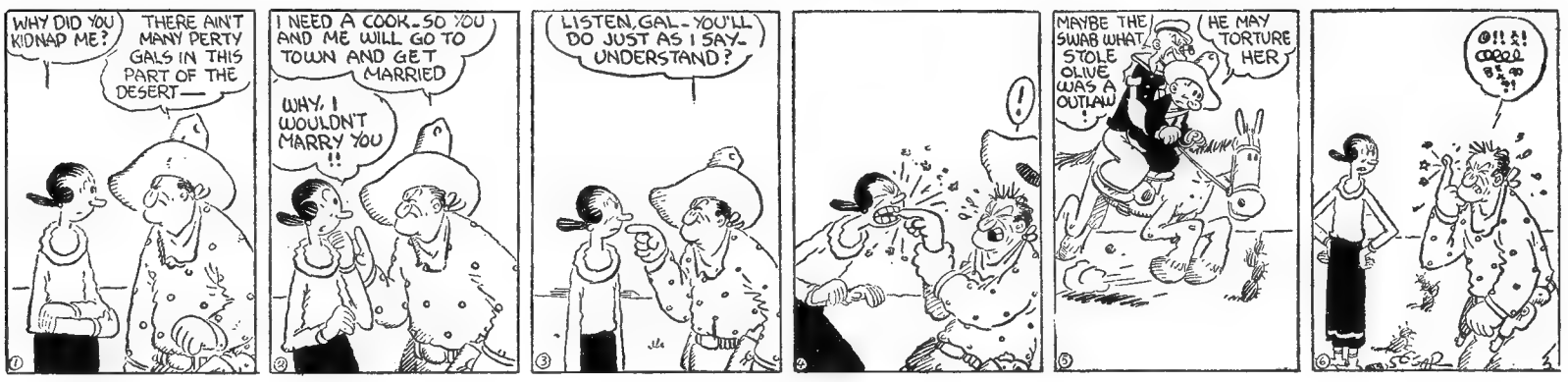

LOOK, POPEYE, A COW- I'LL BET I SAW A BUCKET OVER BY THAT WRECKED WAGON
SHE'S LOST IN THE DESERT, TOO, LET'S MILK HER
YOU STAY HERE- I'LL MILK HER
OLIVE- THE POOR OL' COW LOOKS THIRSTY, TOO— WE OUGHTA GIVE 'ER SOME OF THE MILK
THERE ISN'T ENOUGH FOR THE THREE OF US
SQUISH- SQUISH
WELL- HERE IT IS- A NICE BUCKET OF MILK- WE'RE SAVED
THA'S SWELL
SEGAR

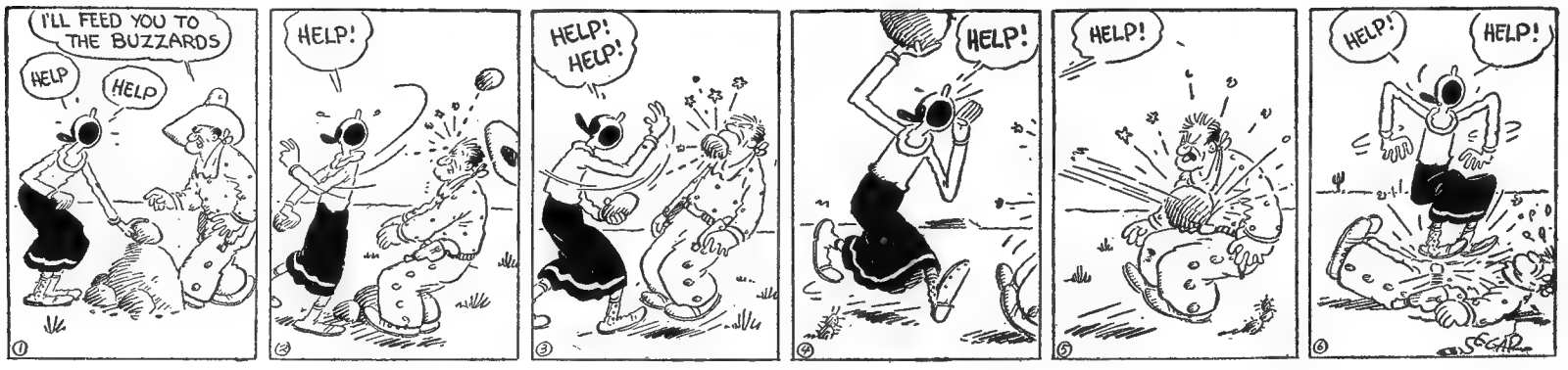

POPEYE. HERE'S THE ANSWER TO OUR FOOD QUESTION— THAT COW WHICH WANDERED OUT INTO THE DESERT— GO CHANGE HER INTO STEAKS
I DON'T LIKE TO KILL AMINALS - 'SPECIALLY FEMALE ONES
DON'T LOOK AT ME SO SAD LIKE — YA MAKES ME FEEL TURRIBLE — LIKE AS IF I WAS A CRINIMAL
IF SHE WAS A "HE" COW I WOULDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH— BUT BLOW ME DOWN— I CAN'T HIT A LADY!
!
MOO
1-10
SEGAR


HELLO, STRANGER, WHO ARE YOU?
IF YOU KNEW, YOU'D FAINT
!
BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S CASTOR!
HAVE YOU SEEN SIS, POPEYE? I THINK SHE'S LOST, TOO
YEAH, SHE'S WITH ME— GOT ANYTHING TO DRINK? WATER'LL DO
PERTY GALS LIKE YOU AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS BEIN' WAY OUT HERE IN THE DESERT— I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME
HELP! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
1-13
SEGAR


NOW YOU GET UP ON THAT HOSS, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT
HELLLP!
GIDDAP!
DAD'S LETTER SAID SIS FOLLOWED US— IT'S A RELIEF TO KNOW THAT SHE'S HERE WITH YOU
I THOUGHT WE'D STARVE TO DEATH FROM THIRST
BLOW ME DOWN! THAT SWAB IS TAKIN' OLIVE AWAY ON HIS HORSH
WHAT I WANT— I TAKE!
1-13
SEGAR

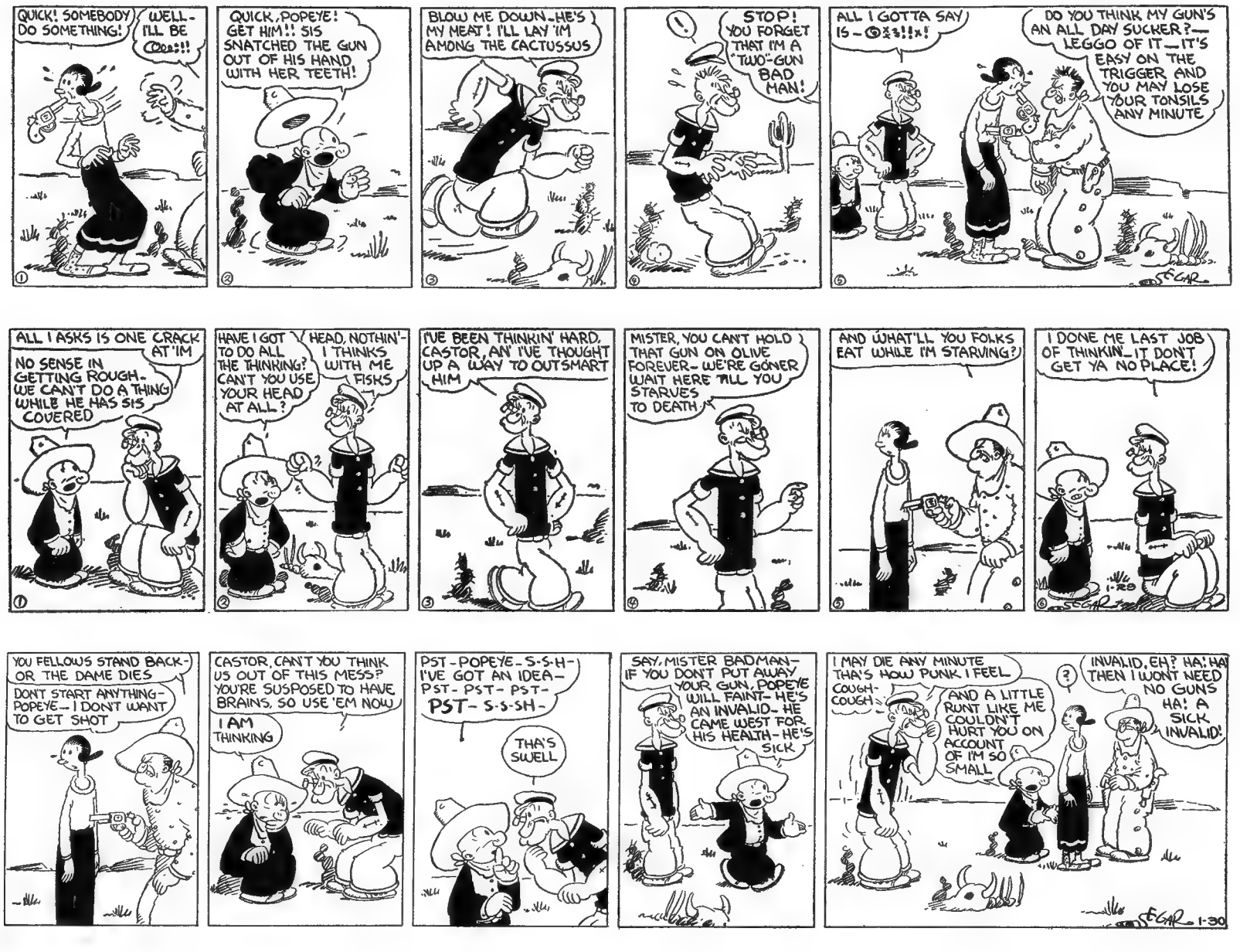

MY HOSS NEEDS A REST- GET OFF
HELP!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU - YOU CRAZY DAME!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME! — DOG!
SMACK
1-14
SEGAR


WHY DID YOU KIDNAP ME?
THERE AIN'T MANY PERTY GALS IN THIS PART OF THE DESERT—
I NEED A COOK - SO YOU AND ME WILL GO TO TOWN AND GET MARRIED
WHY, I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU !!
LISTEN, GAL - YOU'LL DO JUST AS I SAY - UNDERSTAND?
!
MAYBE THE SWAB WHAT STOLE OLIVE WAS A OUTLAW!
HE MAY TORTURE HER
@!! &!
SEGAR


I'LL FEED YOU TO THE BUZZARDS
HELP
HELP
HELP!
HELP! HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
SEGAR


DO YOU THINK YOU CAN THROW ROCKS AT ME AND LIVE?!
HELP! HELP! HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP
HELP
!
HELP!
EGAR
HELP!
HELP!
YOU CRAZY DAME! DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE THROWING ROCKS AT? KNOW WHO I AM?
NO- WHO ARE YOU?
!
I AM— GLINT GORE
NOT GLINT GORE THE TERRIBLE OUTLAW
YES— GLINT GORE THE AWFUL OUTLAW
OH! HELP! HELP! HELP!
1-19
EGAR
IT'S GLINT GORE THE AWFUL OUTLAW! HELP!
HE HASN'T MOVED FOR TEN MINUTES- MERCY! I WONDER, IF I KILLED HIM?
EXCUSE ME FOR HITTING YOU SO HARD- IM AWFULLY TENDER HEARTED AND I HATE TO SEE ANYTHING SUFFER- EVEN A CRIMINAL LIKE YOU
I'LL TWIST YOUR NOSE OFF!
OUW!
EGAR
NO GAL CAN PEPPER ME WITH ROCKS, AND LIVE— I'LL TEAR HER TO BITS JUST AS SOON AS I FEEL BETTER
YOU'RE NOT GONNA FEEL BETTER!
SQUASH
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAVE I DONE! HE WAS A HUMAN, EVEN IF HE WAS AN OUTLAW
OH, I WISH I WASN'T SO TENDER HEARTED— POOR FELLOW I WONDER IF HE'S HURT MUCH? I'LL ASK HIM
YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT ?
EGAR
1-21
ARE YOU DEAD—? ANSWER ME! MY GOSH! MAYBE I KILLED HIM
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM— HE WAS A TERRIBLE OUTLAW BUT EVEN SO MY CONSCIENCE WILL HURT SOMETHING AWFUL!
THANK HEAVEN- HE ISN'T DEAD!
SAY- THIS ROCK'S HEAVY ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU SITTIN' ON IT!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
ANYONE WHO'D SHOOT AT A LADY IS NO GENTLEMAN!
BANG
EGAR
MERCY! EVERY TIME I STICK MY HEAD UP HE SHOOTS AT IT!
BANG
MY PETTICOAT IS WHITE— I'LL HOIST IT AS A TRUCE SIGNAL
BANG
BANG
BANG
SAY- DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SHOOT HOLES IN MY PERFECTLY GOOD PETTICOAT AND GET AWAY WITH IT!!?

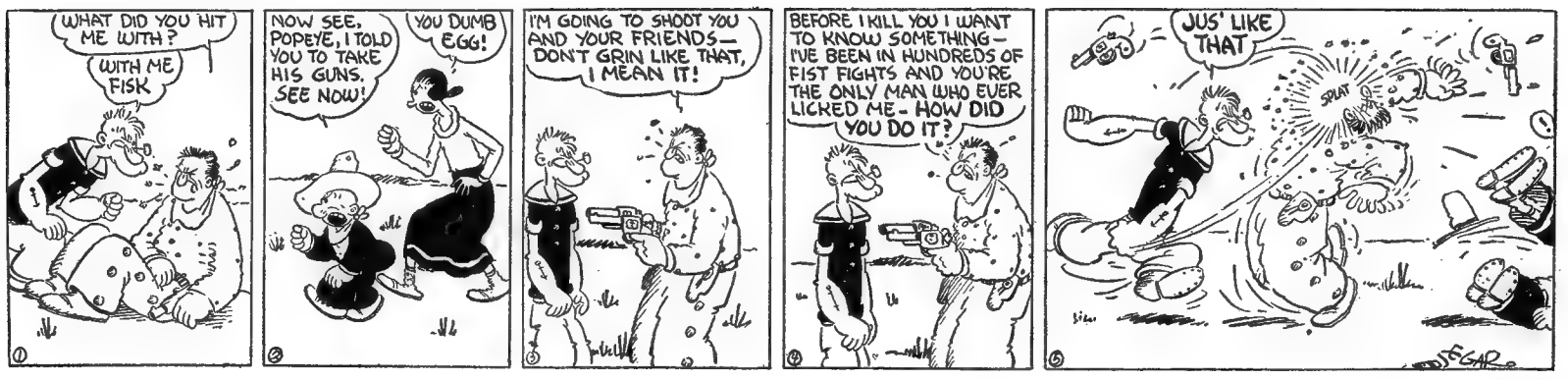

CASTOR AND POPEYE SEARCH THE GREAT DESERT IN VAIN
THEY HAVE FOUND NO TRACE OF OLIVE OYL
POPEYE - I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THE FELLOW WHO RAN AWAY WITH SIS WAS GLINT GORE
I'LL BET THA'S WHO IT WAS ALL RIGHT
BUT - BUT SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME!!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO
DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT - YOU LOOK LIKE TRIPLETS, I CAN'T TELL WHICH TO SHOOT!
1-24
SEGAR
STOP SHAKING!! I CAN'T TELL WHICH TO SHOOT!
B-BUT YOU REALLY WOULDN'T S-SH-SHOOOT ME, WOULD YOU?
I SURE WOULD - UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY
THERE THEY ARE, CASTOR! AN' HE'S POINTING HIS REVOLIVER AT OLIVE! WAIT'LL I GETS ME HOOKS ON 'IM
COME ONE EIGHTH OF AN INCH NEARER AND I'LL BLOW THE GAL TO BITS!
STAY BACK, POPEYE, HE'D DO IT!
1-26
SEGAR
YA THINK HE'D SHOOT'ER IF I TRIED TO SOCK 'IM, CASTOR?
I BELIEVE HE WOULD, POPEYE, BETTER NOT RISK IT
YOU DERN RIGHT I'D SHOOT'ER - WHAT'S A DAME MORE OR LESS? MAKE A MOVE AND SHE GOES OUT!
@:!! XX!!
QUIT PUSHIN'! I'D JUST AS SOON GET SHOT AS STABBED!
YOU CRAZY SAP!!
WHO IS A CRAZY SAP?!
YOU ARE - THAT'S WHO IS!
SNAP
!
HELP! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!!
!
1-27
SEGAR

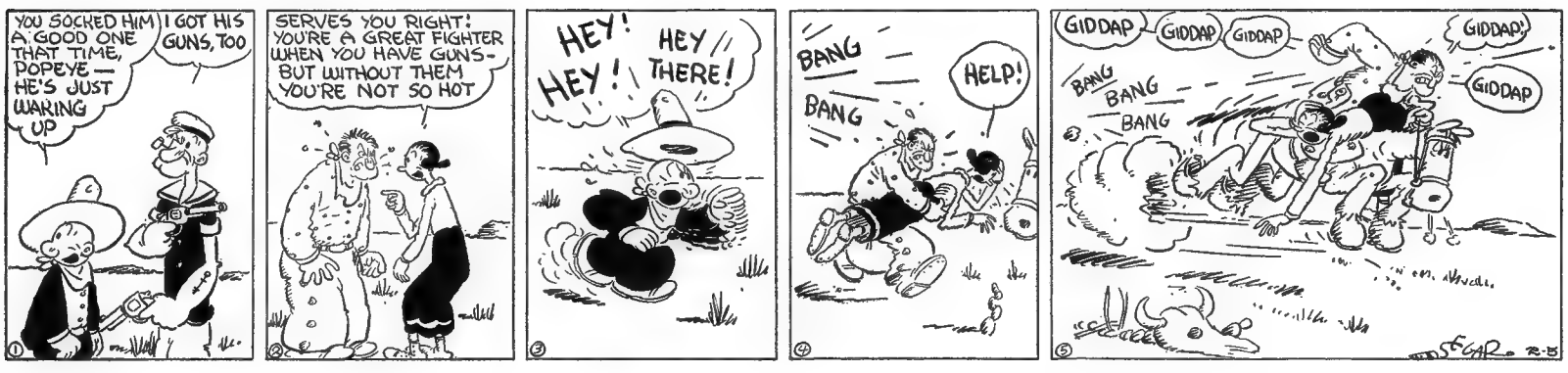

QUICK! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
WELL - I'LL BE @@@:!!
QUICK, POPEYE! GET HIM!! SIS SNATCHED THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND WITH HER TEETH!
BLOW ME DOWN - HE'S MY MEAT! I'LL LAY 'IM AMONG THE CACTUSSUS
STOP! YOU FORGET THAT I'M A "TWO"-GUN BAD MAN!
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS - @%$!!x!
DO YOU THINK MY GUN'S AN ALL DAY SUCKER? — LEGGO OF IT — IT'S EASY ON THE TRIGGER AND YOU MAY LOSE YOUR TONSILS ANY MINUTE
SEGAR
ALL I ASKS IS ONE CRACK AT 'IM
NO SENSE IN GETTING ROUGH - WE CAN'T DO A THING WHILE HE HAS SIS COVERED
HAVE I GOT TO DO ALL THE THINKING? CAN'T YOU USE YOUR HEAD AT ALL?
HEAD, NOTHIN' - I THINKS WITH ME FISKS
I'VE BEEN THINKIN' HARD, CASTOR, AN' I'VE THOUGHT UP A WAY TO OUTSMART HIM
MISTER, YOU CAN'T HOLD THAT GUN ON OLIVE FOREVER - WE'RE GONER WAIT HERE 'TILL YOU STARVES TO DEATH
AND WHAT'LL YOU FOLKS EAT WHILE I'M STARVING?
I DONE ME LAST JOB OF THINKIN' - IT DON'T GET YA NO PLACE!
1-29
SEGAR
YOU FELLOWS STAND BACK - OR THE DAME DIES
DON'T START ANYTHING - POPEYE — I DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT
CASTOR, CAN'T YOU THINK US OUT OF THIS MESS? YOU'RE SUSPOSED TO HAVE BRAINS, SO USE 'EM NOW
I AM THINKING
PST - POPEYE - S-S-H - I'VE GOT AN IDEA - PST - PST - PST - PST - S-S-SH -
THA'S SWELL
SAY, MISTER BADMAN - IF YOU DON'T PUT AWAY YOUR GUN, POPEYE WILL FAINT - HE'S AN INVALID - HE CAME WEST FOR HIS HEALTH - HE'S SICK
I MAY DIE ANY MINUTE THA'S HOW PUNK I FEEL
COUGH - COUGH
AND A LITTLE RUNT LIKE ME COULDN'T HURT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF I'M SO SMALL
?
INVALID, EH? HA! HA! THEN I WONT NEED NO GUNS HA! A SICK INVALID!
1-30
SEGAR

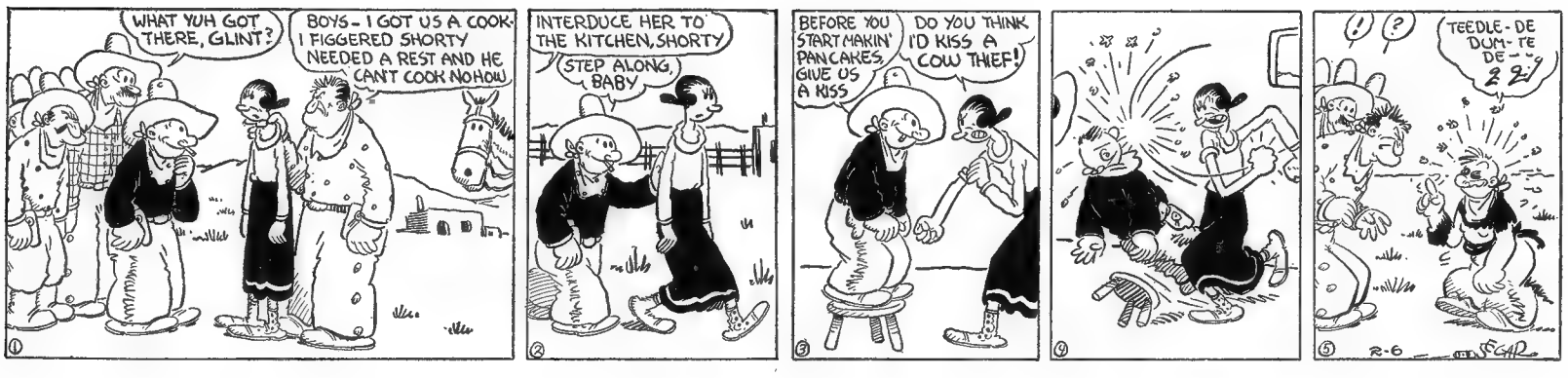

POPEYE AN INVALID? WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CASTOR?
S-S-H- BE QUIET, DON'T TALK SO LOUD
I JUST SAID THAT TO MAKE HIM PUT AWAY HIS GUN- NOW POPEYE'LL GET A CHANCE TO CRACK HIM
OH! I SEE
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES BECAUSE THAT FELLOW IS GLINT GORE!
MY GOSH! REALLY?
HA! HA! SO THE ONLY MAN IN THIS PARTY IS MYSELF! INVALIDS AND RUNTS DON'T COUNT
YEP- I'M A ARFUL SICK INVALID - (COUGH- COUGH) I BEEN SICK FOR TWEN'Y YEARS
IF YOU WASN'T SICK I WOULDN'T LET YOU GET SO CLOSE TO ME - I'D SHOOT YOU DOWN
SOMETHING'S GETTING READY TO HAPPEN
SEGAR 1-31


TELLING GLINT GORE THAT POPEYE'S AN INVALID WAS A GOOD IDEA, CASTOR
SURE IT WAS- POPEYE'LL CRACK 'IM IN A MINUTE
SO YOU'VE BEEN AN INVALID FOR TWENTY YEARS-? THAT'S LONG ENOUGH- I'M GOING TO BUST YA ON THE CHIN AND END YOUR MISERY
COUGH COUGH
I WOULDN'T WASTE A BULLET ON A WEAKLING- NOW LAY DOWN ——
YA SEE, MISTER BAD MAN, I'M SO USED TO HAVIN' PAINS I DON'T EVEN NOTICE LITTLE TAPS LIKE WHAT YOU GIMME
TAKE HIS GUNS AWAY FROM HIM, POPEYE! TAKE HIS GUNS!
TAKE HIS GUNS!!
R-2
SEGAR

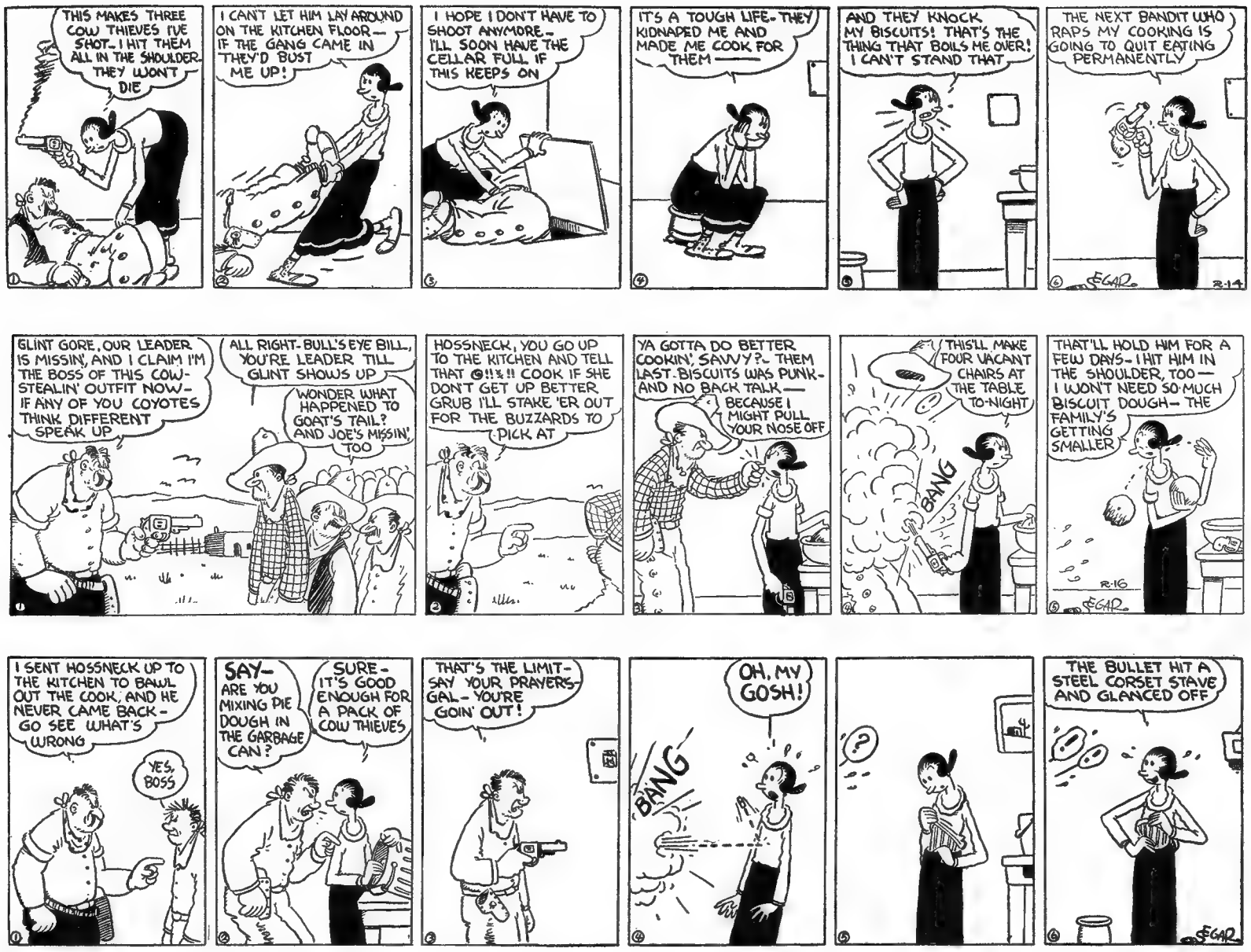

HOW'S YER OL' BREAD BASKET, MISTER OUTLAW?
ATTA BOY!!
GIVE 'IM THE WORKS, POPEYE! GIVE 'IM THE WORKS!
AW, COME ON- PLEASE LEMME FALL—
YA AIN'T SITTIN' DOWN YET— NOT TILL I GIVES YA ME EXTER SPECIAL PUNCH
SPLAT
WELL- THAT'S THAT
R-3
SEGAR


WHAT DID YOU HIT ME WITH?
WITH ME FISK
NOW SEE, POPEYE, I TOLD YOU TO TAKE HIS GUNS. SEE NOW!
YOU DUMB EGG!
I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS— DON'T GRIN LIKE THAT, I MEAN IT!
BEFORE I KILL YOU I WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING— I'VE BEEN IN HUNDREDS OF FIST FIGHTS AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER LICKED ME- HOW DID YOU DO IT?
JUS' LIKE THAT
SPLAT
SEGAR

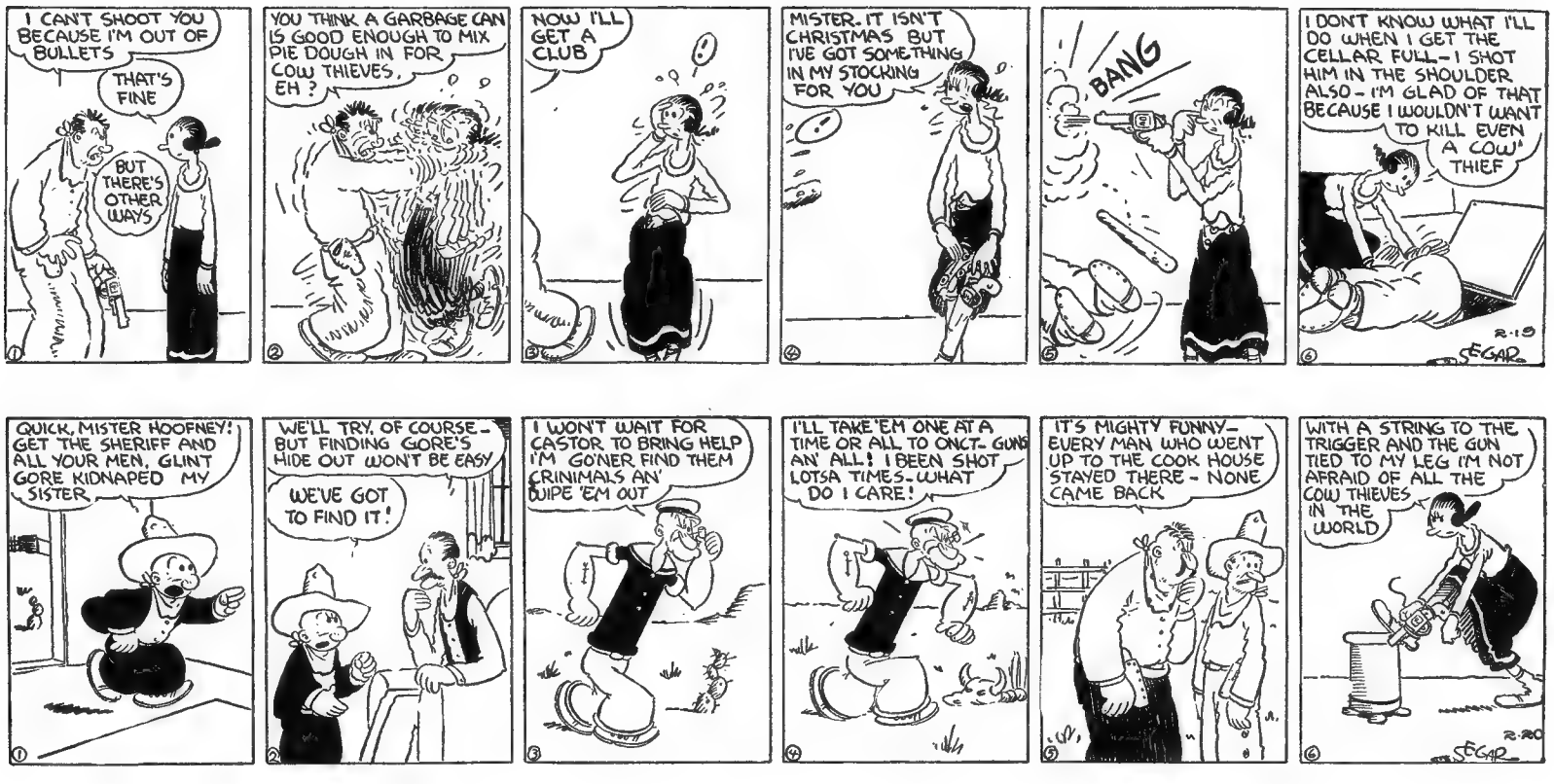

YOU SOCKED HIM A GOOD ONE THAT TIME, POPEYE — HE'S JUST WAKING UP
I GOT HIS GUNS, TOO
SERVES YOU RIGHT! YOU'RE A GREAT FIGHTER WHEN YOU HAVE GUNS- BUT WITHOUT THEM YOU'RE NOT SO HOT
HEY! HEY! HEY THERE!
BANG BANG
HELP!
GIDDAP GIDDAP GIDDAP GIDDAP! GIDDAP
BANG BANG BANG
R-5
SEGAR


WHAT YUH GOT THERE, GLINT?
BOYS- I GOT US A COOK. I FIGGERED SHORTY NEEDED A REST AND HE CAN'T COOK NOHOW
INTERDUCE HER TO THE KITCHEN, SHORTY
STEP ALONG, BABY
BEFORE YOU START MAKIN' PANCAKES, GIVE US A KISS
DO YOU THINK I'D KISS A COW THIEF!
! ?
TEEDLE- DE DUM- TE DE— 2 2!
R-6
SEGAR


THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO, POPEYE, WE MUST FOLLOW HIS TRAIL
IF I EVER GETS WITHIN SOCKIN' DISTANCE OF GLINT GORE AGAIN, I'LL LAY 'IM AMONG THE SWEEPEAS PERNAMENT
SOMEBODY LEFT A NICE HEALTHY LOOKING GUN ON THE TABLE
AM I GOING TO BE HOUSE MAID TO A GANG OF CRIMINALS? I SAY NO!
LISTEN-IF YOU DON'T BAKE BETTER BISCUITS THAN THE ONES YOU MADE FOR DINNER I'LL FEED YOU TO THE HOGS
OH- YEAH?
I DON'T SEE WHY I WENT TO SO MUCH TROUBLE KIDNAPING YOU- YOU CAN'T COOK- YOUR BISCUITS GAVE US INDIGESTION- I THINK I'LL FEED YOU TO THE HOGS
OH- YEAH?
YES, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO- WHAT'S ONE DAME MORE OR LESS?
I'LL SHOOT YOU FIRST, THEN I'LL THROW YOU INTO THE HOG PEN- SAY YOUR PRAYERS- QUICK
BANG
OH!
WHAT HAVE I DONE! GOOD HEAVENS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOT HIM!
I HOPE I DIDN'T KILL HIM- YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? OH, GOODY! I JUST SHOT HIM IN THE SHOULDER- HE WON'T DIE- I'M SO GLAD!
HE'LL COME TO IN A MINUTE AND TRY TO KILL ME AGAIN- MAYBE I'D BETTER SHOOT HIM GOOD
HE'S ONLY A COW THIEF
I'M TOO KIND-HEARTED TO BLOW HIS HEAD OFF- I'LL DROP HIM INTO THE CELLAR- MAYBE HE'LL BREAK HIS NECK
AND THE NEXT COW BANDIT WHO SAYS MY BISCUITS ARE PUNK WILL GET THE SAME MEDICINE
IF I COULD FIND THEM CRINIMALS, I'D CLEAN 'EM OUT
YOU WAIT HERE, I'LL GO BACK TO HOOFNEY'S RANCH AND GET HELP
SIS'S LIFE IS IN DANGER- WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES- YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT A GANG OF COW THIEVES WILL DO
I SAW THE BOSS COME IN HERE AND I HEARD A GUN GO OFF- WHAT HAPPENED?
I SHOT HIM!
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET SHOT, TOO, PUT YOUR HANDS UP!
BANG
OH!! MY GOSH!! IT WENT OFF!!
EXCUSE ME!
EXCUSE ME- I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT YOU- THE GUN WENT OFF ACCIDENTLY- HE WON'T DIE- I JUST SHOT HIM IN THE SHOULDER
STAND UP- YOU'LL BE OKAY- I'LL GET SOME WATER AND BATHE YOUR HEAD
PLOP
THERE NOW- STAND UP. YOU'RE NOT HURT BAD
PLOP
OH, WELL— WHAT'S A COW THIEF?
I THINK THAR'S BEEN DIRTY WORK IN THE KITCHEN- I THINK YOU SHOT GLINT GORE AND GOAT'S TAIL
DROP YOUR "SIX GUN"
YOU'RE CRAZY- I'VE ONLY GOT ONE GUN, AND I WON'T DROP IT BECAUSE IT MIGHT EXPLODE
I'LL LAY IT OVER HERE ON THE FLOOR VERY GENTLY
BANG
BANG
BANG

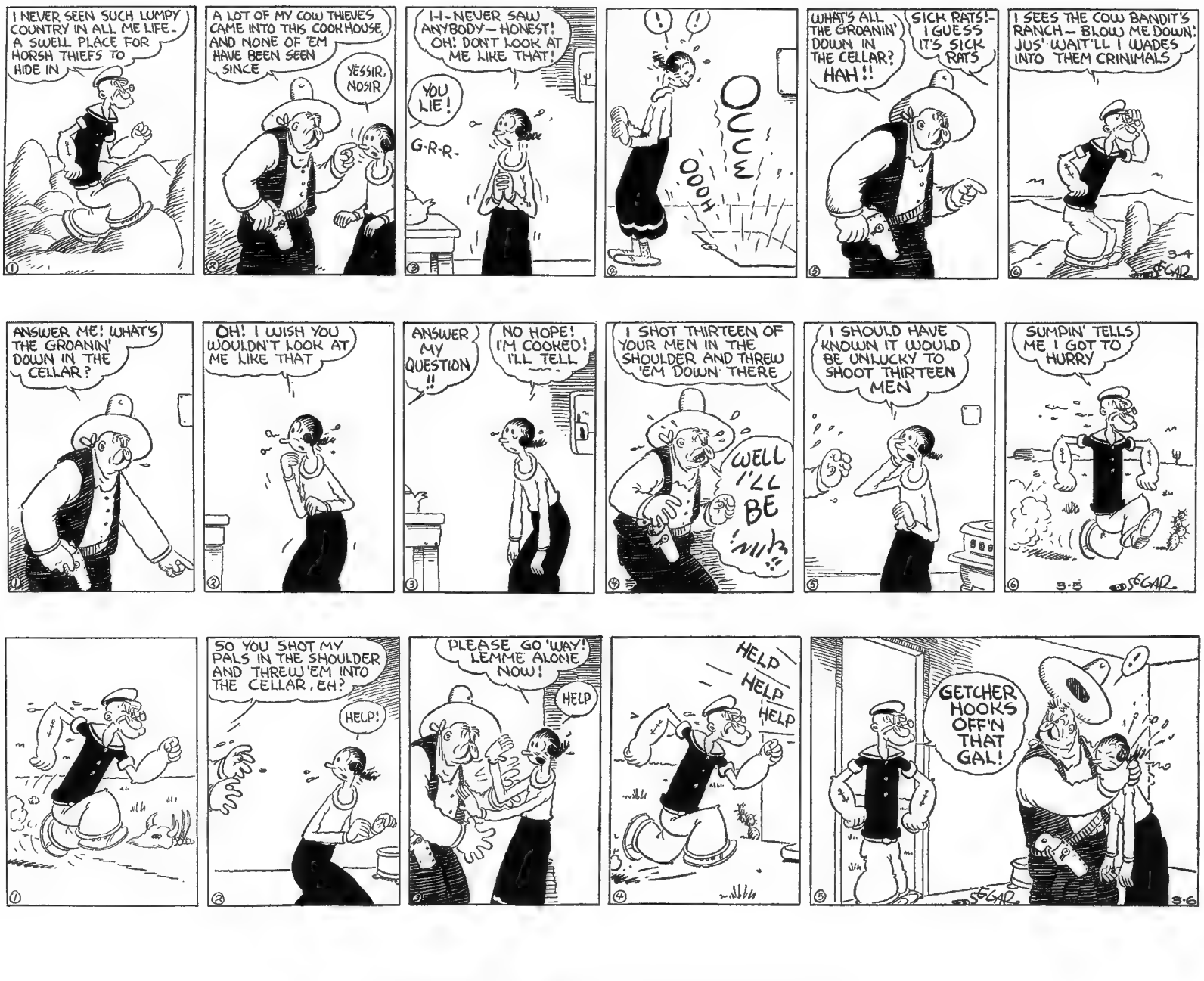

THIS MAKES THREE COW THIEVES I'VE SHOT-I HIT THEM ALL IN THE SHOULDER THEY WON'T DIE
I CAN'T LET HIM LAY AROUND ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR— IF THE GANG CAME IN THEY'D BUST ME UP!
I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO SHOOT ANYMORE.- I'LL SOON HAVE THE CELLAR FULL IF THIS KEEPS ON
IT'S A TOUGH LIFE- THEY KIDNAPED ME AND MADE ME COOK FOR THEM——
AND THEY KNOCK MY BISCUITS! THAT'S THE THING THAT BOILS ME OVER! I CAN'T STAND THAT
THE NEXT BANDIT WHO RAPS MY COOKING IS GOING TO QUIT EATING PERMANENTLY
EGAR
GLINT GORE, OUR LEADER IS MISSIN', AND I CLAIM I'M THE BOSS OF THIS COW-STEALIN' OUTFIT NOW- IF ANY OF YOU COYOTES THINK DIFFERENT SPEAK UP
ALL RIGHT- BULL'S EYE BILL, YOU'RE LEADER TILL GLINT SHOWS UP
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO GOAT'S TAIL? AND JOE'S MISSIN', TOO
HOSSNECK, YOU GO UP TO THE KITCHEN AND TELL THAT @!!%!! COOK IF SHE DON'T GET UP BETTER GRUB I'LL STAKE 'ER OUT FOR THE BUZZARDS TO PICK AT
YA GOTTA DO BETTER COOKIN', SAVVY?- THEM LAST-BISCUITS WAS PUNK- AND NO BACK TALK— BECAUSE I MIGHT PULL YOUR NOSE OFF
THIS'LL MAKE FOUR VACANT CHAIRS AT THE TABLE TO-NIGHT
BANG
THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR A FEW DAYS- I HIT HIM IN THE SHOULDER, TOO— I WON'T NEED SO MUCH BISCUIT DOUGH- THE FAMILY'S GETTING SMALLER
R-16
EGAR
I SENT HOSSNECK UP TO THE KITCHEN TO BAWL OUT THE COOK, AND HE NEVER CAME BACK- GO SEE WHAT'S WRONG
YES, BOSS
SAY- ARE YOU MIXING PIE DOUGH IN THE GARBAGE CAN?
SURE- IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR A PACK OF COW THIEVES
THAT'S THE LIMIT- SAY YOUR PRAYERS GAL- YOU'RE GOIN' OUT!
OH, MY GOSH!
BANG
?
THE BULLET HIT A STEEL CORSET STAVE AND GLANCED OFF
EGAR

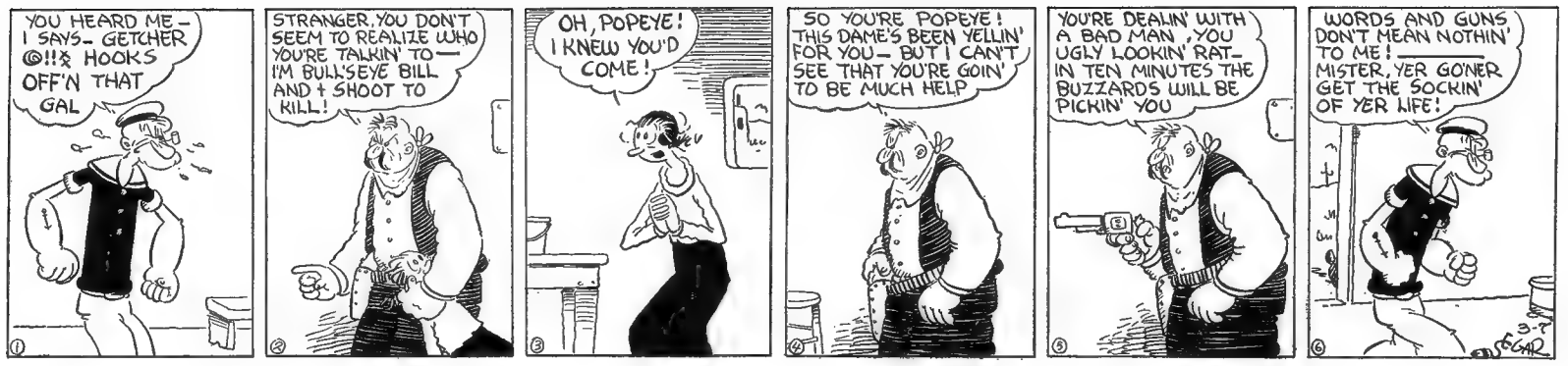

YOUR BULLET HIT A STEEL CORSET STAVE AND GLANCED OFF- I'LL BET YOU'RE GLAD YOU DIDN'T KILL ME
YOU WON'T SHOOT ME AGAIN NOW THAT YOUR FIT OF TEMPER IS OVER, WILL YOU? BESIDES YOU WON'T GO TO HEAVEN IF YOU SHOOT WOMEN
YES- I'M GONNA SHOOT YOU AGAIN - COW THIEVES DON'T GO TO HEAVEN ANYWAY- SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
AND THIS TIME THE BULLET WON'T HIT A CORSET STAVE
ANYBODY WHO WOULD STIR UP PIE DOUGH IN A GARBAGE CAN OUGHTA GET SHOT!
CLICK
@!!! GUN'S EMPTY
SEGAR


I CAN'T SHOOT YOU BECAUSE I'M OUT OF BULLETS
THAT'S FINE
BUT THERE'S OTHER WAYS
YOU THINK A GARBAGE CAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO MIX PIE DOUGH IN FOR COW THIEVES, EH?
NOW I'LL GET A CLUB
MISTER- IT ISN'T CHRISTMAS BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING IN MY STOCKING FOR YOU
BANG
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO WHEN I GET THE CELLAR FULL- I SHOT HIM IN THE SHOULDER ALSO- I'M GLAD OF THAT BECAUSE I WOULDN'T WANT TO KILL EVEN A COW' THIEF
R-19
EGAR
QUICK, MISTER HOOFNEY! GET THE SHERIFF AND ALL YOUR MEN, GLINT GORE KIDNAPED MY SISTER
WE'LL TRY, OF COURSE- BUT FINDING GORE'S HIDE OUT WON'T BE EASY
WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT!
I WON'T WAIT FOR CASTOR TO BRING HELP I'M GO'NER FIND THEM CRINIMALS AN' WIPE 'EM OUT
I'LL TAKE 'EM ONE AT A TIME OR ALL TO ONCT- GUNS AN' ALL! I BEEN SHOT LOTSA TIMES- WHAT DO I CARE!
IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY— EVERY MAN WHO WENT UP TO THE COOK HOUSE STAYED THERE - NONE CAME BACK
WITH A STRING TO THE TRIGGER AND THE GUN TIED TO MY LEG I'M NOT AFRAID OF ALL THE COW THIEVES IN THE WORLD
R-20
EGAR


NOT A HOOMAN IN SIGHT- NOTHIN' BUT CRAZY ROCKS AN' CACKTUSSUSES
AIN'T THEY NO ◎※≈! WATER IN THIS ✕!!≈- DESERK?! - I'M SO DRY I QUIT SWEATIN'
ALL I WANTS IS TO GET ME HOOKS ON THEM HORSH THIEFS WHICH STOLE OLIVE OYL BEFORE I STARVES TO DEATH FROM THIRST
A SAILOR LOST IN THE DESERK— THA'S THE WORST THING I KNOWS OF!
THE LAS' ONE I HAD WAS IN SINGAPORE UP AT MIKE'S PLACE- AN' I WASN'T EVEN THIRSTY THEN, BUT I PUTS AWAY THIRTY TWO THAT NIGHT
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S DIRTY WORK IN THE KITCHEN AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT
R-R1
SEGAR
PETE, I WANT YOU TO GO UP TO THE COOKHOUSE, AND IF ANYTHING'S WRONG COME RIGHT BACK AND TELL ME
I'LL DO THAT, BULL'S EYE
WITH THIS GUN RIGGED UP LIKE THIS I'M NOT AFRAID OF ALL THE CRIMINALS IN CREATION
WHAT'S ALL THE GROANIN' DOWN IN THE CELLAR?
NOTHING MUCH-! JUST SHOT SOME OF YOUR PALS IN THE SHOULDER- I THREW 'EM DOWN THERE SO I WOULDN'T STUMBLE OVER THEM
WHAT'S THAT!! SAY- PUTCHER HANDS UP
WITH PLEASURE- BOTH HANDS AND ONE FOOT-
BANG
R-R3
SEGAR
NO MORE BULLETS FOR MY GUN- I'M OUT OF LUCK PROPER NOW- I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF
A BUNCH OF MEN WENT INTO THE COOKHOUSE BUT NONE OF 'EM CAME OUT- I'LL SOON SEE IF THERE'S BEEN DIRTY WORK IN THE KITCHEN
MERCY! HERE COMES THAT TERRIBLE FELLOW THEY CALL BULL'S EYE BILL — HE'S THE LEADER OF THE GANG NOW
I GOT TO SAVE OLIVE OYL BUT I CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER UNLESS I FINDS WATER
WELL BLOW ME DOWN! THERE'S A NICE SWELL PUDDLE OF CLEAR WATER!
OH- YEAH?
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
DRINK
SEGAR
YOUNG LADY- A NUMBER OF MY BEST COW THIEVES CAME INTO THIS COOKHOUSE AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE
CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT?
WHO ME? WHY- ER- UGH- AH M-M-M-
DON'T STUTTER- SPEAK UP OR I'LL ——
M-M- AH-UGH WHO ME?
COWS HAVE BEEN DRINKIN' THIS WATER AN' THEY ALL DIED- I GOT TO HAVE A DRINK OR I CAN'T KEEP ON LOOKIN' FOR OLIVE
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
I DRUNK SOME AWFUL STUFF IN ME DAY AN' I AIN'T DEAD YET—
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
ANYWAY- I AIN'T GO'NER DIE FROM THIRST
GLUG
GLUG
GLUG
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
SEGAR
POPEYE, TIRED AND THIRSTY COMES UPON ONE OF THE MANY POISON POOLS BORDERING THE BADLANDS. THE TEMPTATION IS TOO GREAT FOR HIM— HE DRINKS—
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
GLUG
GLUG
THOUSANDS OF UNTHINKING COWS HAVE DIED FROM DRINKING THIS CLEAR DELICIOUS LOOKING WATER
DESERT WOLVES FEED UPON THE UNFORTUNATE COWS AND THEY TOO PERISH ——
AND BUZZARDS FLY NO MORE AFTER FEASTING UPON THE WOLVES - AND THE ANTS SOON KEEL OVER AFTER DEVOURING THE BUZZARDS — THAT'S HOW POISONOUS THE POOLS ARE
GLUG
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
GLUG
GLUG
I'VE DRUNK WORSE STUFF 'N THIS AN' PAID MONEY FOR IT
SEGAR
YOU'RE DEALING WITH BULL'S EYE BILL NOW- AND I'M MEANER THAN GLINT GORE EVER WAS
STOP! YOU'RE CHORING ME
IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT YOU DID TO THE MEN WHO CAME IN HERE I'LL SHOOT YOU:
AND IF I TOLD YOU, YOU'D SHOOT ME SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO- OH, I WISH POPEYE WAS HERE
I DRUNK ABOUT A GALLON OF POISON WATER AN' I AIN'T GOT NO STUMICK ACHE YET
POISON POOL DON'T DRINK
I GOT TO GET GOIN' AN' FIND THEM CRINIMALS WHICH STOLE OLIVE OYL, OUW! IT'S BURNIN' A WITTLE NOW
OUW!
SEGAR

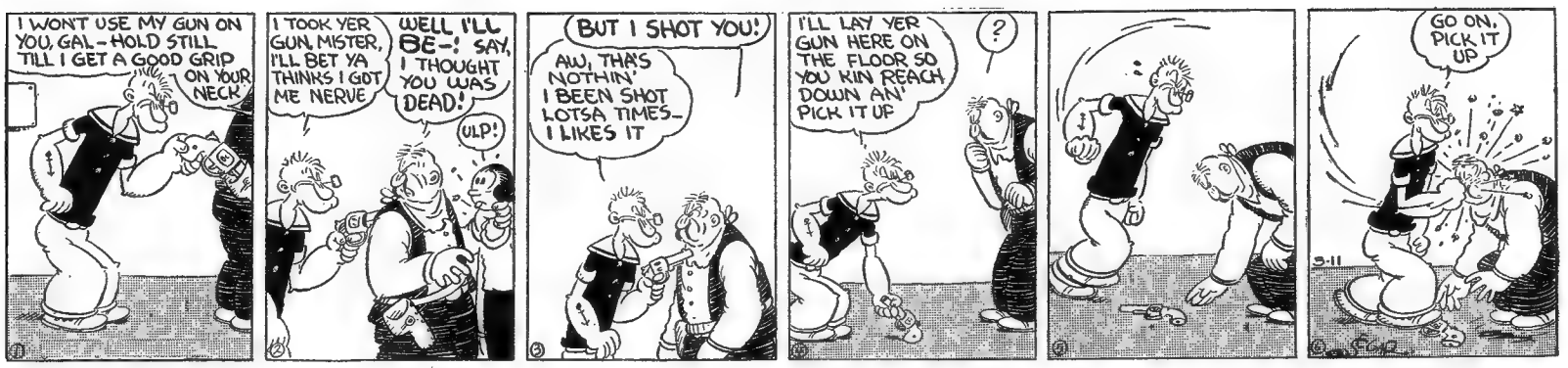

SHUT UP!
HELP
HELP
HOLLERIN' FOR HELP WON'T GET YOU A THING
HELP
NOW KEEP STILL OR I'LL SHAKE YOU TILL YOU RATTLE G-R-R-
OH, POPEYE, SAVE ME!
WHO'S POPEYE?
WISH I HADN'T DRUNK THAT @*X%! POISON WATER - IT'S BURNIN' ME INSIDES OUT
NO MAN HAS EVER LIVED AFTER DRINKING FROM THE POISON POOLS BORDERING THE BAD LANDS — IF POPEYE SURVIVES HE IS INDEED A SUPER MAN
I GOT TO KEEP GOIN' ON ACCOUNT OF I MUST FIND OLIVE OYL
SEGAR
HANDS UP! I'M A DESERT BANDIT, AND I'M LOOKIN' FOR WATER - GOT ANY?
I BEEN DRINKIN' OUT OF THEM POISON POOLS
YOU HAVE?!!!
SURE - IT SORTA UPSETS YA INSIDE, BUT IT AIN'T BAD AFTER YA GETS USED TO IT
ARE YOU LOCO?
SAY - KIN YA TELL ME WHERE GLINT GORE'S" HORSH THIEFS LIVE AT?
SURE - RIGHT OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAD LANDS — I WOULDN'T TELL YOU, BUT YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A MINUTE ANYWAY
LEMME TELL YA A WITTLE STORY - FOUR YEARS AGO MY BROTHER TOOK A DRINK OF THAT WATER AND TWO MINUTES LATER HE DIED — AND HE WAS A STRONG HEALTHY TOUGH MAN
DIED IN TWO MINUTES, EH? NOW LEMME TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY - FOUR HOURS AGO I DRUNK A GALLON OF THAT WATER AN' ALL I GOT IS A STUMICK ACHE
!
YA SEE, MISTER - I GOT EXTER SWELL HEALTHY INSIDES - THEY HAS TO BE HEALTHY TO STAN' THE ARFUL STUFF WHICH I'VE THROWED INTO 'EM IN ME DAY
!
SEGAR
I'M TELLIN' YOU - YOU CAN'T LIVE AFTER DRINKIN' OUT OF ONE OF THE POISON POOLS. I'VE BEEN A BANDIT AROUND THESE PARTS FOR TEN YEARS - I OUGHT TO KNOW
I'LL HAVE TO BE GOIN' NOW - YOU MAY AS WELL GIVE ME YOUR VALUABLES - YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A MINUTE AND WON'T NEED 'EM
OH-YEAH?
YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, ARE YOU?
WHAT'S TROUBLE TO SOME, IS JUS' FUN TO ME - I LOVES IT!
THE ONLY VALERBLE THING I GOT IS ME FISK — TAKE IT!
A GOOD SOCK ON SOMEBODY'S CHIN ALWAYS FIXES ME UP — ME STUMICK ACHE'S GONE AN' I NEVER FELT SWELLER IN ME LIFE
WHEN I DOES DIE IT AIN'T GO'NER BE FROM DRINKIN' WATER
SEGAR

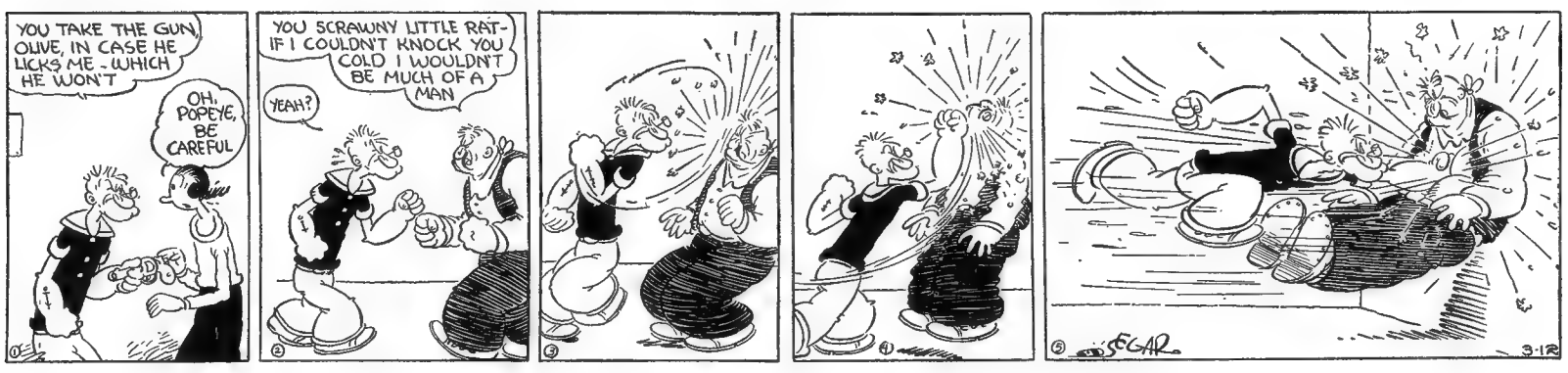

I NEVER SEEN SUCH LUMPY COUNTRY IN ALL ME LIFE - A SWELL PLACE FOR HORSH THIEFS TO HIDE IN
A LOT OF MY COW THIEVES CAME INTO THIS COOK HOUSE, AND NONE OF 'EM HAVE BEEN SEEN SINCE
YESSIR, NOSIR
I-I-NEVER SAW ANYBODY — HONEST! OH! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!
YOU LIE!
G-R-R-
OOOH
WHAT'S ALL THE GROANIN' DOWN IN THE CELLAR? HAH!!
SICK RATS! - I GUESS IT'S SICK RATS
I SEES THE COW BANDIT'S RANCH — BLOW ME DOWN! JUS' WAIT'LL I WADES INTO THEM CRINIMALS
3-4
SEGAR
ANSWER ME! WHAT'S THE GROANIN' DOWN IN THE CELLAR?
OH! I WISH YOU WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT
ANSWER MY QUESTION !!
NO HOPE! I'M COOKED! I'LL TELL
I SHOT THIRTEEN OF YOUR MEN IN THE SHOULDER AND THREW 'EM DOWN THERE
WELL I'LL BE !!!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE UNLUCKY TO SHOOT THIRTEEN MEN
SUMPIN' TELLS ME I GOT TO HURRY
3-5
SEGAR
SO YOU SHOT MY PALS IN THE SHOULDER AND THREW 'EM INTO THE CELLAR, EH?
HELP!
PLEASE GO 'WAY! LEMME ALONE NOW!
HELP
HELP
HELP
HELP
GETCHER HOOKS OFF'N THAT GAL!
SEGAR
3-6

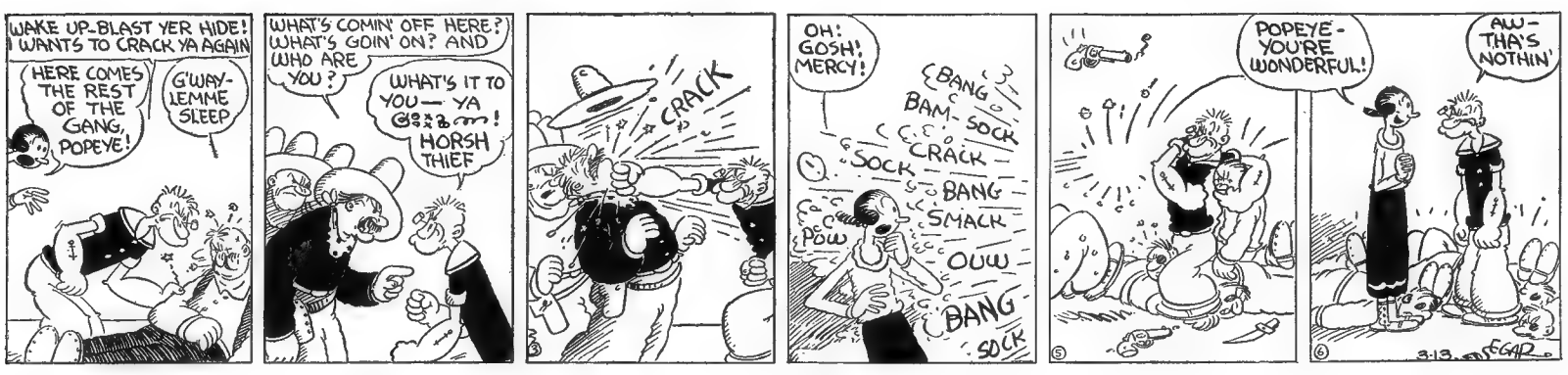

YOU HEARD ME— I SAYS- GETCHER @!!& HOOKS OFF'N THAT GAL
STRANGER, YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO— I'M BULL'SEYE BILL AND I SHOOT TO KILL!
OH, POPEYE! I KNEW YOU'D COME!
SO YOU'RE POPEYE! THIS DAME'S BEEN YELLIN' FOR YOU— BUT I CAN'T SEE THAT YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE MUCH HELP
YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH A BAD MAN, YOU UGLY LOOKIN' RAT— IN TEN MINUTES THE BUZZARDS WILL BE PICKIN' YOU
WORDS AND GUNS DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' TO ME! ——— MISTER, YER GO'NER GET THE SOCKIN' OF YER LIFE!
3-7
SEGAR


THAT'S WHAT I SAID— GUNS DON'T MEAN NOTHIN TO ME— YER GO'NER GET THE SOCKIN' OF YER LIFE!
THIS AIN'T A MOVIE, STRANGER— I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU REAL
AND WHEN BULL'SEYE BILL PULLS THE TRIGGER SOMETHING DROPS
STOP! DON'T SHOOT!
BANG
YOUR FRIEND WASN'T MUCH HELP, WAS HE?
YOU DOG!
WHO'S A DOG!?
3-9
SEGAR


YOU SHOT MY FRIEND, POPEYE— YOU'RE A MURDERER
WELL— WHAT OF IT?
YOU'RE A DOG!
WHO IS A DOG?!
YOU ARE! THAT'S WHO IS!
G-R-R
GO ON NOW— LET ME ALONE! GET AWAY FROM HERE
I CAN GET ROUGH, TOO!
!
GAL- THAT'S THE FINISH- NOBODY CAN SLAP MY FACE AND DIE OF OLD AGE!
3-10
SEGAR


I WON'T USE MY GUN ON YOU, GAL- HOLD STILL TILL I GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR NECK
I TOOK YER GUN, MISTER, I'LL BET YA THINKS I GOT ME NERVE
WELL I'LL BE-! SAY, I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD!
ULP!
BUT I SHOT YOU!
AW, THAT'S NOTHIN' I BEEN SHOT LOTSA TIMES- I LIKES IT
I'LL LAY YER GUN HERE ON THE FLOOR SO YOU KIN REACH DOWN AN' PICK IT UP
?
GO ON, PICK IT UP
3-11
SEGAR


YOU TAKE THE GUN, OLIVE, IN CASE HE LICKS ME- WHICH HE WON'T
OH, POPEYE, BE CAREFUL
YOU SCRAWNY LITTLE RAT- IF I COULDN'T KNOCK YOU COLD I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A MAN
YEAH?
3-12
SEGAR

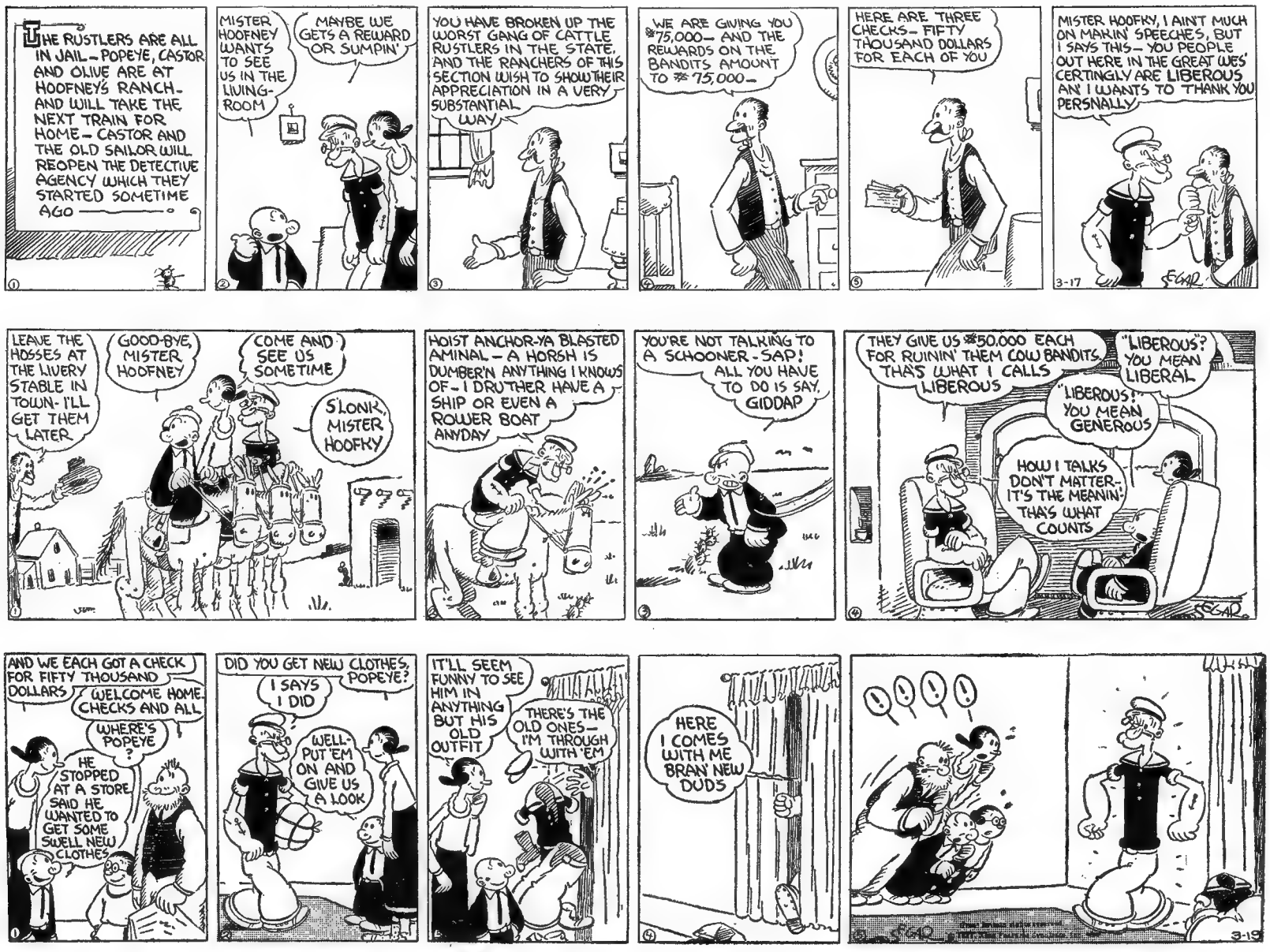

WAKE UP- BLAST YER HIDE! I WANTS TO CRACK YA AGAIN
HERE COMES THE REST OF THE GANG, POPEYE!
G'WAY- LEMME SLEEP
WHAT'S COMIN' OFF HERE? WHAT'S GOIN' ON? AND WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU— YA @#%&m! HORSH THIEF
CRACK
OH! GOSH! MERCY!
BANG
BAM- SOCK
CRACK
SOCK
BANG
SMACK
POW
OUW
BANG
SOCK
POPEYE- YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
AW- THA'S NOTHIN'
3-13
SEGAR

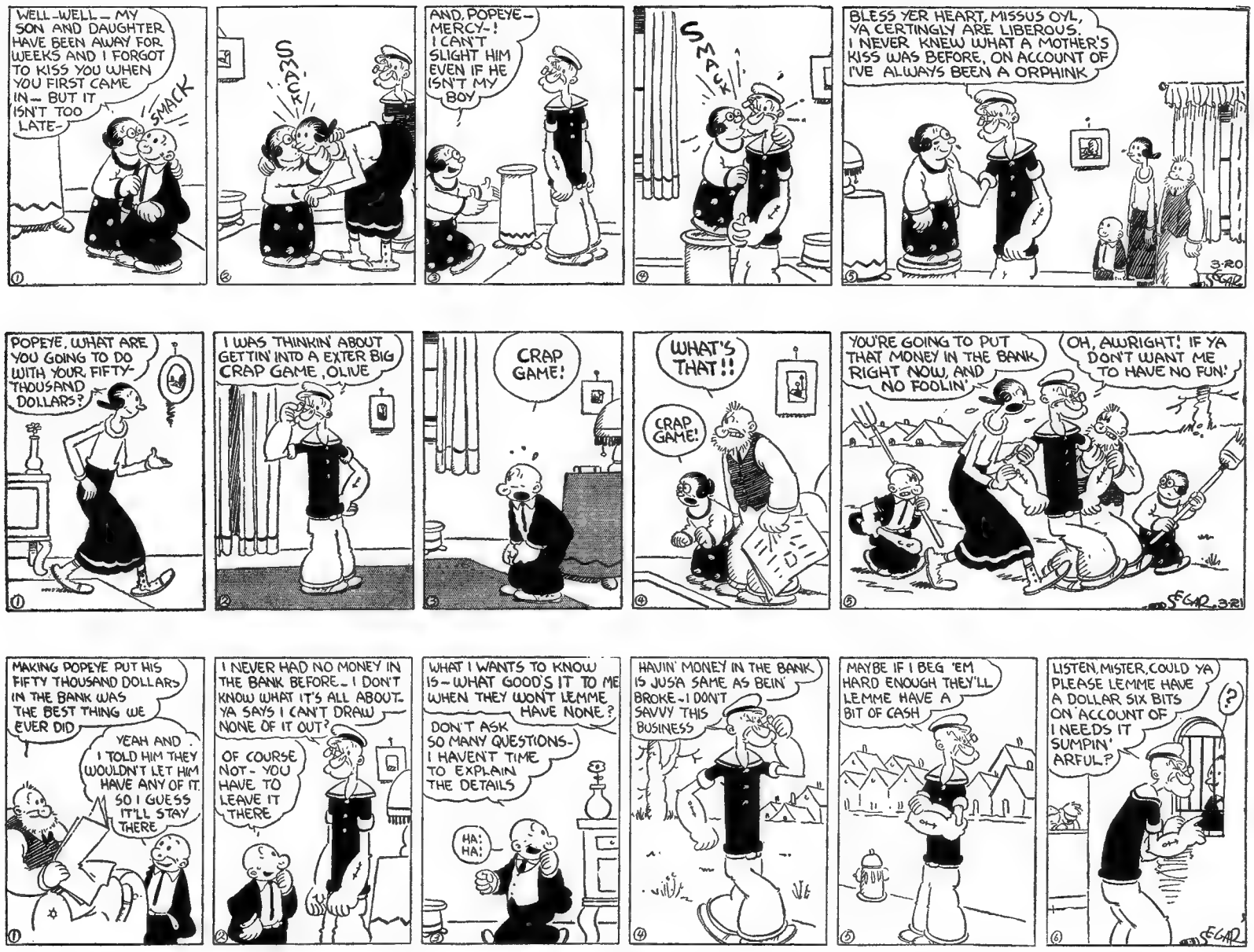


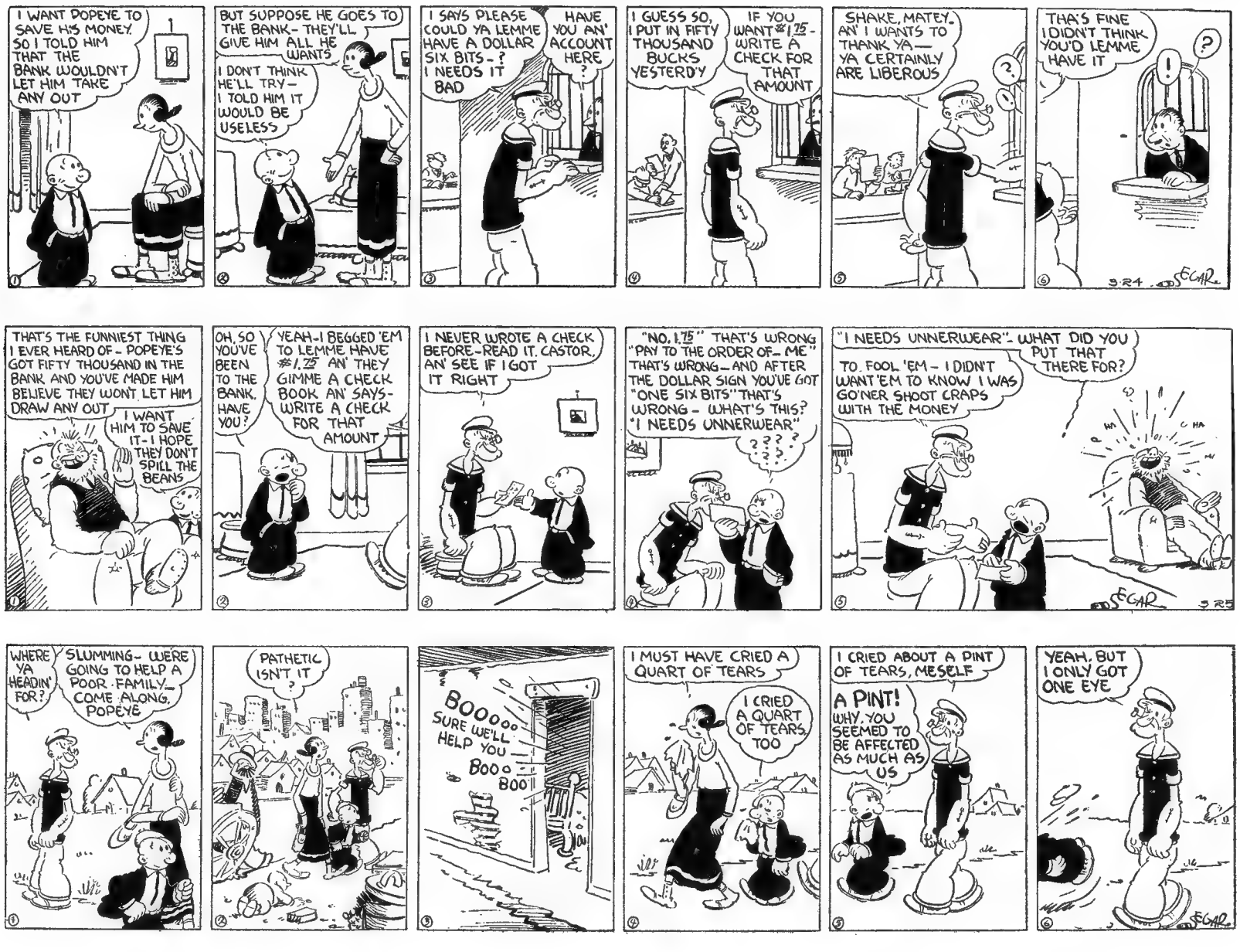


CHAPTER II:

A ONE-WAY BANK




WELL-WELL — MY SON AND DAUGHTER HAVE BEEN AWAY FOR WEEKS AND I FORGOT TO KISS YOU WHEN YOU FIRST CAME IN — BUT IT ISN'T TOO LATE-
SMACK
SMACK
AND, POPEYE — MERCY-! I CAN'T SLIGHT HIM EVEN IF HE ISN'T MY BOY
SMACK
BLESS YER HEART, MISSUS OYL, YA CERTINGLY ARE LIBEROUS. I NEVER KNEW WHAT A MOTHER'S KISS WAS BEFORE, ON ACCOUNT OF I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A ORPHINK
3-20
POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS?
I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT GETTIN' INTO A EXTER BIG CRAP GAME, OLIVE
CRAP GAME!
WHAT'S THAT!!
CRAP GAME!
YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THAT MONEY IN THE BANK RIGHT NOW, AND NO FOOLIN'
OH, AWRIGHT! IF YA DON'T WANT ME TO HAVE NO FUN!
SEGAR 3-21
MAKING POPEYE PUT HIS FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE BANK WAS THE BEST THING WE EVER DID
YEAH AND I TOLD HIM THEY WOULDN'T LET HIM HAVE ANY OF IT. SO I GUESS IT'LL STAY THERE
I NEVER HAD NO MONEY IN THE BANK BEFORE — I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT- YA SAYS I CAN'T DRAW NONE OF IT OUT?
OF COURSE NOT - YOU HAVE TO LEAVE IT THERE
WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS — WHAT GOOD'S IT TO ME WHEN THEY WON'T LEMME HAVE NONE?
DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS- I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN THE DETAILS
HA: HA:
HAVIN' MONEY IN THE BANK IS JUS'A SAME AS BEIN' BROKE - I DON'T SAVVY THIS BUSINESS
MAYBE IF I BEG 'EM HARD ENOUGH THEY'LL LEMME HAVE A BIT OF CASH
LISTEN, MISTER, COULD YA PLEASE LEMME HAVE A DOLLAR SIX BITS ON ACCOUNT OF I NEEDS IT SUMPIN' ARFUL?
?
SEGAR


I WANT POPEYE TO SAVE HIS MONEY. SO I TOLD HIM THAT THE BANK WOULDN'T LET HIM TAKE ANY OUT
BUT SUPPOSE HE GOES TO THE BANK - THEY'LL GIVE HIM ALL HE WANTS
I DON'T THINK HE'LL TRY — I TOLD HIM IT WOULD BE USELESS
I SAYS PLEASE COULD YA LEMME HAVE A DOLLAR SIX BITS - ? I NEEDS IT BAD
HAVE YOU AN' ACCOUNT HERE ?
I GUESS SO, I PUT IN FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS YESTERD'Y
IF YOU WANT $1.75 - WRITE A CHECK FOR THAT AMOUNT
SHAKE, MATEY. AN' I WANTS TO THANK YA — YA CERTAINLY ARE LIBEROUS
?
THA'S FINE I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D LEMME HAVE IT
?
3-24
SEGAR
THAT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF - POPEYE'S GOT FIFTY THOUSAND IN THE BANK AND YOU'VE MADE HIM BELIEVE THEY WON'T LET HIM DRAW ANY OUT
I WANT HIM TO SAVE IT - I HOPE THEY DON'T SPILL THE BEANS
OH, SO YOU'VE BEEN TO THE BANK, HAVE YOU?
YEAH - I BEGGED 'EM TO LEMME HAVE $1.75 AN' THEY GIMME A CHECK BOOK AN' SAYS - WRITE A CHECK FOR THAT AMOUNT
I NEVER WROTE A CHECK BEFORE - READ IT, CASTOR, AN' SEE IF I GOT IT RIGHT
"NO, 1.75" THAT'S WRONG "PAY TO THE ORDER OF - ME" THAT'S WRONG - AND AFTER THE DOLLAR SIGN YOU'VE GOT "ONE SIX BITS" THAT'S WRONG - WHAT'S THIS? "I NEEDS UNNERWEAR"
???
"I NEEDS UNNERWEAR" - WHAT DID YOU PUT THAT THERE FOR?
TO FOOL 'EM - I DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO KNOW I WAS GO'NER SHOOT CRAPS WITH THE MONEY
HA HA
SEGAR 3-25
WHERE YA HEADIN' FOR?
SLUMMING - WE'RE GOING TO HELP A POOR FAMILY - COME ALONG, POPEYE
PATHETIC ISN'T IT ?
BOOOoo SURE WE'LL HELP YOU BOOo BOO
I MUST HAVE CRIED A QUART OF TEARS
I CRIED A QUART OF TEARS, TOO
I CRIED ABOUT A PINT OF TEARS, MESELF
A PINT! WHY, YOU SEEMED TO BE AFFECTED AS MUCH AS US
YEAH, BUT I ONLY GOT ONE EYE
SEGAR

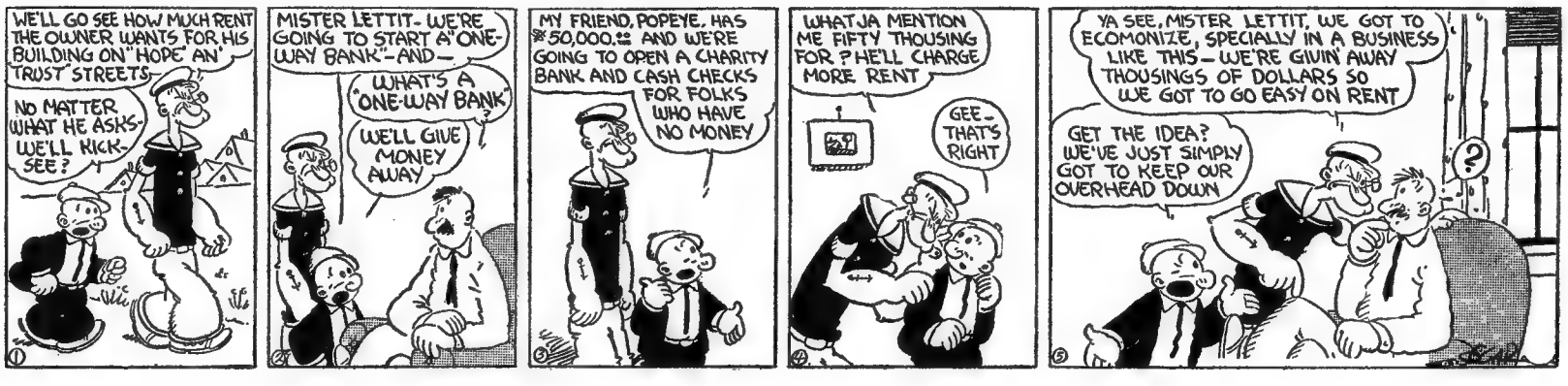

I NEVER HAD NO SPERIENCE WITH BANKS - SO LEMME ASK YA SUMPIN' I PUT $50.000.- IN HERE THE OTHER DAY- NOW I WANTS TO KNOW WHY YA WON'T GIMME ANY BACK
YOU CAN GET ALL YOU WANT ANY TIME
BLOW ME DOWN! THA'S FUNNY-- CASTOR OYL TOLD ME IF I TRIED TO DRAW OUT MORE'N FIVE DOLLARS AT A TIME YOU'D HAVE ME ARRESTED
HE WAS KIDDING YOU HA! HA!
HA! HA
YA BLASTED LITTLE HALF PINT, I THOUGHT YOU WAS SUSPOSED TO BE ME FREN'. I OUGHTA LAY YA AMONG THE SWEE PEAS!
MISLEADIN' ME THA'S WHAT
OLD PAL - I DID IT TO MAKE YOU SAVE YOUR MONEY SURE - FOR YOUR OWN GOOD
ALL RIGHT- I FORGIVES YA, BUT I KIN STEER ME OWN COURSE - I'M NO INFINK- I'M GO'NER WRITE A CHECK NOW AN' DRAW OUT ME MONEY
NO! NO! DON'T DO IT !!!
HOW YA SPELL FIFTY THOUSING DOLLARS?
HA! HA! I SHOULD TELL YOU ?
HA!
SEGAR

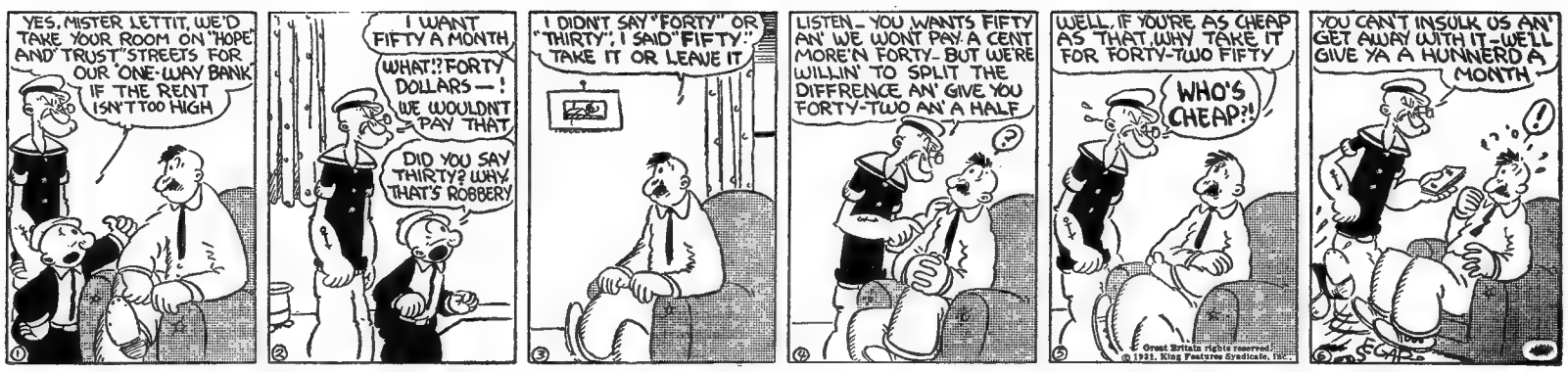

CASTOR, WHY WON'T YA TELL ME HOW TO SPELL "FIFTY THOUSING"?
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO DRAW YOUR MONEY OUT OF THE BANK
LESSEE NOW- HUNNERD IS H-U-N-N-E-R-D- I THINK THA'S RIGHT
AN' THOUSING MUS' BE T-H-O-U-S-I-N-G, BUT I AIN'T SURE AN' I DON'T WANT TO GET LAUGHED AT DOWN AT THE BANK
HA! HA! YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK
YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR MONEY OUT - HA! HA! THAT'S HOT!
OH, YEAH? YA THINKS I WON'T
THEY'S ONE THING I KNOWS HOW TO SPELL-
I KIN SPELL "ONE BUCK" AN' I KIN WRITE IT FIFTY THOUSING TIMES
EGAR


"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN"
HOOEY! PURE HOOEY!
AND WE'LL PROVE IT! EVER HEAR OF —
"A ONE-WAY BANK"
?
NO! THEN IT'S NEW!
CASTOR, I BEEN THINKIN' — EACH OF US HAS $50,000.00 YOU AN' OLIVE KIN USE YER MONEY, I SUSPOSE, BUT ME- WELL- ALL I NEEDS IS SMOKIN' TOBACKER, AN' A PLACE TO SLEEP-
YA KNOWS I GOT A LIBEROUS HEART- AN' THE THING I LIKES BEST, NEXT TO SOCKIN' A EMENY, IS HELPIN' POOR FOLKS - ANYBODY KIN CASH CHECKS WHEN THEY GOT MONEY IN A BANK- BUT WHEN THEY AIN'T THA'S DIFFRENT- I GOT A IGEA-
I WANTS TO OPEN A BANK WHICH DOES ONLY ONE THING "PAYS MONEY OUT". FOLKS DON'T PUT NOTHIN IN- THEY JUS' TAKES IT OUT. THA'S ALL THEY IS TO IT- WRITE A CHECK, AN' HAVE MEAT ON THE TABLE
SORT OF A "ONE-WAY BANK, EH?
"THE ONE-WAY BANK"- BLOW ME DOWN! THA'S A GOOD NAME! WILL YA HELP ME, CASTOR?
POPEYE, OLD BOY- I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU, PROVIDING YOU USE YOUR $50.00
"THE ONE-WAY BANK"
MONEY GOES ONE WAY ONLY OUT
NO MORE HARD TIMES — EVERY TOWN SHOULD HAVE ONE
SUCCESS IS CERTAIN BECAUSE EVERYBODY WILL PATRONIZE THIS BANK! A RUN WILL BE CONSIDERED GOOD BUSINESS!
SEGAR


PLANS FOR FOUNDING "THE ONE-WAY BANK" WHERE MONEY GOES ONE WAY ONLY— OUT→ ARE NOW DEVELOPING
IF YOU NEED MONEY, GO TO THE 'ONE-WAY BANK'
-SLOGAN- "TAKE IT AWAY"
NO MILLIONAIRES ALLOWED UNLESS BUSTED —
HAW! HAW! HAW! A ONE-WAY BANK! HAW! ONE WAY- OUT! HA
DON'T LAUGH, MISTER OYL- IF YA WAS BROKE YOU'D BE GLAD TO FIND A ONE-WAY BANK
BUT WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT?
WE GETS THE SATCHISFACTION OF HELPIN' THEM WHAT NEEDS IT
BUT, POPEYE, HOW WILL YOU KEEP IT GOING?
THA'S EASY- WHEN MY $50,000. IS GONE. CASTOR AN' ME WILL OPEN OUR DETECTIVE AGENSNEE AN' STICK OUR CUSTOMERS PLENTY
FIRST, WE MUST GET A GOOD LOCATION BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT THIS BANK TO FAIL
AN' THEN WE GOT TO ADVERTISE FOR CUSTOMERS
-OUR MOTTO- IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE
DON'T COME IN WEARING DIAMONDS AND EXPECT TO GET MONEY- YOU'LL GET A SOCK ON THE CHIN INSTEAD- BUT IF YOU'RE FLAT- GO TO THE ONLY INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD "THE ONE-WAY BANK"
(FUTURE AD)
SEGAR

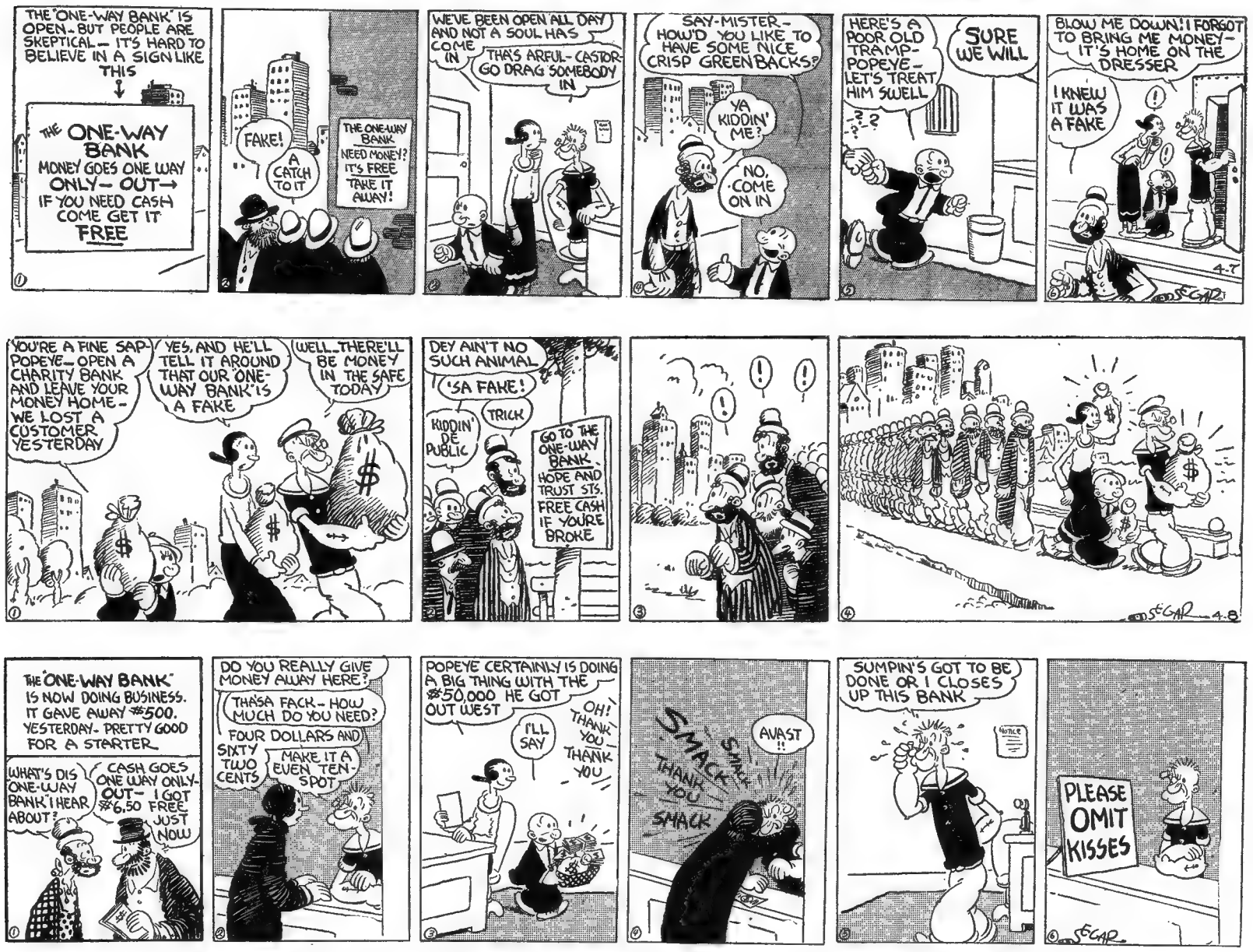

FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! LISTEN TO THIS - POPEYE, THE SAILOR- HAS $50.000 HE DON'T WANT AND IS GOING TO OPEN A 'ONE-WAY BANK'- WHAT'S A 'ONE-WAY BANK'?
READ ON - IT SAYS "IF YOU NEED MONEY- COME AND GET IT— CASH GOES ONE WAY ONLY- OUT"
I KNOW BETTER'N TO FALL FOR TRICKS LIKE THAT- THERE'S A CATCH TO IT- GIVIN' MONEY AWAY- HAW! THAT'S A LAUGH
I'LL STICK TO "HAND-OUTS"
ME, TOO
POPEYE- I'VE FOUND A LOCATION FOR OUR "ONE-WAY BANK" DOWN ON THE CORNER OF 'HOPE' AND 'TRUST' STREETS
CASTOR- I WAS JUS' THINKIN'- DO YOU SUSPOSE THE OTHER BANKS WILL GET SORE? WE'LL GET ALL THE BUSINESS BECAUSE WE'LL BE GIVIN' AWAY MONEY
LET 'EM GET SORE!
WHAT DO WE CARE! EVERY- BODY FOR THEMSELVES IS MY MOTTO
YEAH- THA'S SO- WE GOT TO LOOK OUT FOR OUR OWN INTRISKS
SEGAR


WE'LL GO SEE HOW MUCH RENT THE OWNER WANTS FOR HIS BUILDING ON "HOPE' AN' TRUST' STREETS
NO MATTER WHAT HE ASKS- WE'LL KICK- SEE?
MISTER LETTIT- WE'RE GOING TO START A "ONE-WAY BANK"- AND—
WHAT'S A 'ONE-WAY BANK'?
WE'LL GIVE MONEY AWAY
MY FRIEND, POPEYE, HAS $50,000.00 AND WE'RE GOING TO OPEN A CHARITY BANK AND CASH CHECKS FOR FOLKS WHO HAVE NO MONEY
WHATJA MENTION ME FIFTY THOUSING FOR? HE'LL CHARGE MORE RENT
GEE- THAT'S RIGHT
YA SEE, MISTER LETTIT, WE GOT TO ECOMONIZE, SPECIALLY IN A BUSINESS LIKE THIS— WE'RE GIVIN' AWAY THOUSINGS OF DOLLARS SO WE GOT TO GO EASY ON RENT
GET THE IDEA? WE'VE JUST SIMPLY GOT TO KEEP OUR OVERHEAD DOWN


YES, MISTER LETTIT, WE'D TAKE YOUR ROOM ON "HOPE AND" TRUST" STREETS FOR OUR 'ONE-WAY BANK IF THE RENT ISN'T TOO HIGH
I WANT FIFTY A MONTH
WHAT!? FORTY DOLLARS — ! WE WOULDN'T PAY THAT
DID YOU SAY THIRTY? WHY THAT'S ROBBERY
I DIDN'T SAY "FORTY" OR "THIRTY", I SAID "FIFTY" TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
LISTEN - YOU WANTS FIFTY AN' WE WONT PAY A CENT MORE'N FORTY - BUT WE'RE WILLIN' TO SPLIT THE DIFFRENCE AN' GIVE YOU FORTY-TWO AN' A HALF
WELL, IF YOU'RE AS CHEAP AS THAT WHY TAKE IT FOR FORTY-TWO FIFTY
WHO'S CHEAP?!
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YOU CAN'T INSULK US AN' GET AWAY WITH IT - WE'LL GIVE YA A HUNNERD A MONTH
!
SEGAR

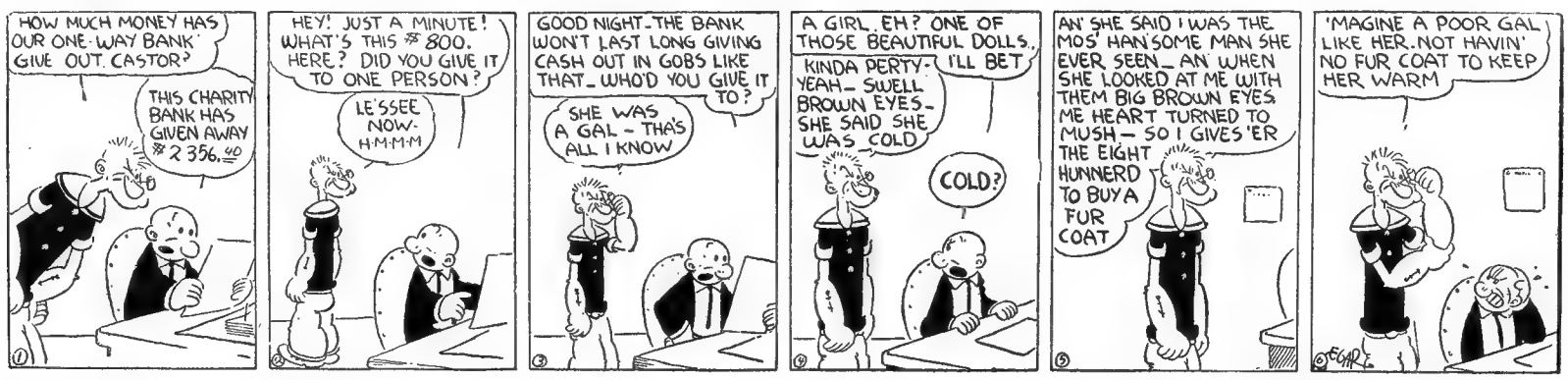

THEN YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO OPEN A 'ONE-WAY BANK'?
POSILUTELY. AN' IF YOU WANT TO DO SUMPIN' BIG, YOU KIN COME HELP US GIVE MONEY AWAY
YOUR FIFTY-THOUSAND WON'T LAST A WEEK
I'VE GOT THE TOWN PLASTERED WITH ADS
YA SEE, MISTER OYL - EVERY DAY IS GO'NER BE CHRISTMAS FOR POOR FOLKS - I LIKE TO MAKE 'EM HAPPY - I WAS POOR ONCT MESELF
AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE POOR AGAIN PERTY DERN QUICK
WELL! THA'S MY FUMERAL - NOT YOURN
BEIN' OUTTA LUCK IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT GETTING KIDDED
FAKE!
IT'S A TRICK AD
THERE'S A CATCH TO IT
WHY BE BROKE? VISIT THE ONE-WAY BANK MONEY GOES ONE WAY ONLY - OUT→ CORNER OF HOPE & TRUST STS. OUR CASH IS YOUR CASH - COME GET IT - FREE
SEGAR

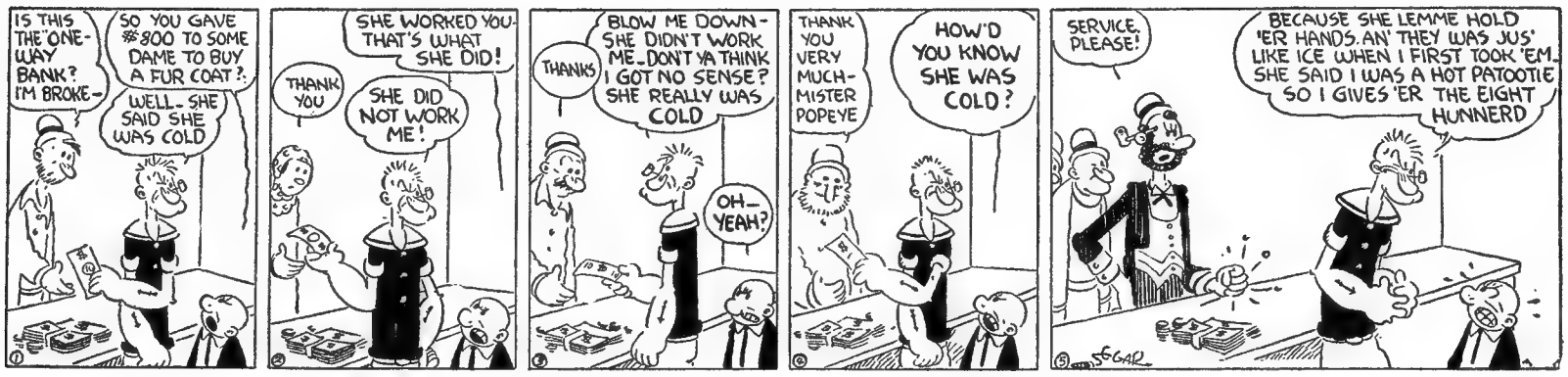

ALL SET - DUST OFF THE FURNITURE, AND OPEN THE DOORS - THE 'ONE-WAY BANK' IS READY FOR BUSINESS
DON'T YA JUS' LOVE A LIBEROUS GUY LIKE ME, OLIVE?
YOU'RE BIG-HEARTED, POPEYE, I'LL SAY THAT
PRIVATE
THERE AIN'T MANY SWABS WHAT WOULD GIVE AWAY FIFTY THOUSING BUCKS TO POOR FOLKS
THAT'S RIGHT - I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD COME IN
WE'VE BEEN OPEN TWO HOURS, AND NOTHING DOING YET
THE ONE-WAY BANK MONEY GOES ONE WAY ONLY - OUT
FAKE
FAKE
DO YOU NEED MONEY? COME IN AND GET IT - FREE
HERE IT IS NOON AND NOBODY'S BEEN IN
YEAH - BUSINESS IS ROTTEN
SEGAR


THE "ONE-WAY BANK" IS OPEN - BUT PEOPLE ARE SKEPTICAL — IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IN A SIGN LIKE THIS
THE ONE-WAY BANK MONEY GOES ONE WAY ONLY - OUT→ IF YOU NEED CASH COME GET IT FREE
FAKE!
A CATCH TO IT
THE ONE-WAY BANK NEED MONEY? IT'S FREE TAKE IT AWAY!
WE'VE BEEN OPEN ALL DAY AND NOT A SOUL HAS COME IN
THA'S ARFUL - CASTOR GO DRAG SOMEBODY IN
SAY-MISTER - HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE SOME NICE CRISP GREENBACKS?
YA KIDDIN' ME?
NO, COME ON IN
HERE'S A POOR OLD TRAMP - POPEYE - LET'S TREAT HIM SWELL
SURE WE WILL
BLOW ME DOWN! I FORGOT TO BRING ME MONEY - IT'S HOME ON THE DRESSER
I KNEW IT WAS A FAKE
4-7
SEGAR
YOU'RE A FINE SAP - POPEYE - OPEN A CHARITY BANK AND LEAVE YOUR MONEY HOME - WE LOST A CUSTOMER YESTERDAY
YES, AND HE'LL TELL IT AROUND THAT OUR ONE-WAY BANK IS A FAKE
WELL - THERE'LL BE MONEY IN THE SAFE TODAY
DEY AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL
'SA FAKE!
TRICK
KIDDIN' DE PUBLIC
GO TO THE ONE-WAY BANK. HOPE AND TRUST STS. FREE CASH IF YOU'RE BROKE
4-8
SEGAR
THE ONE-WAY BANK IS NOW DOING BUSINESS. IT GAVE AWAY $500. YESTERDAY - PRETTY GOOD FOR A STARTER
WHAT'S DIS ONE-WAY BANK I HEAR ABOUT?
CASH GOES ONE WAY ONLY - OUT - I GOT $6.50 FREE JUST NOW
DO YOU REALLY GIVE MONEY AWAY HERE?
THA'SA FACK - HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?
FOUR DOLLARS AND SIXTY TWO CENTS
MAKE IT A EVEN TEN-SPOT
POPEYE CERTAINLY IS DOING A BIG THING WITH THE $50,000 HE GOT OUT WEST
I'LL SAY
OH! THANK YOU THANK YOU
SMACK
SMACK
THANK YOU
SMACK
AVAST !!
SUMPIN'S GOT TO BE DONE OR I CLOSES UP THIS BANK
NOTICE
PLEASE OMIT KISSES
SEGAR

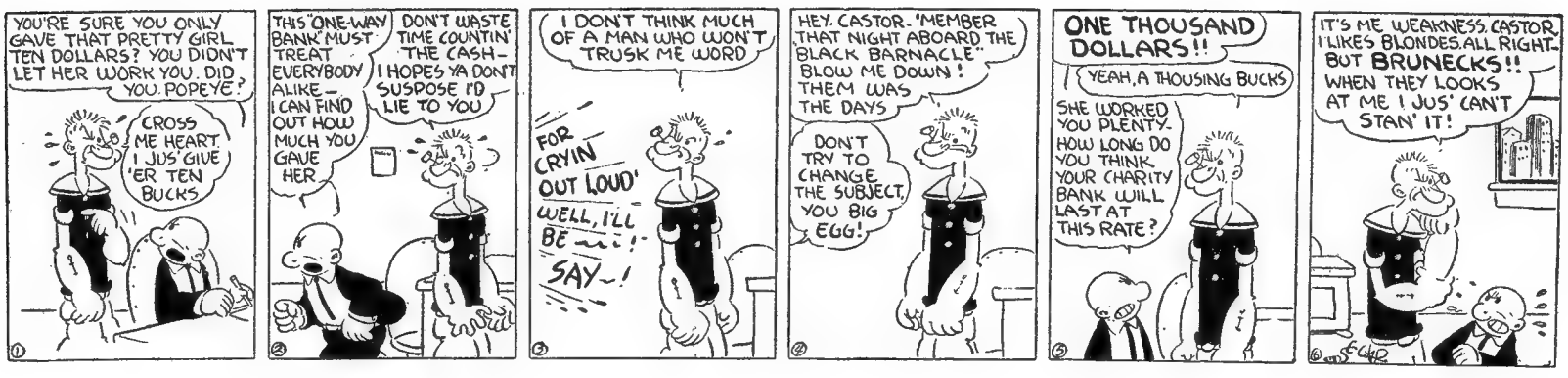

SURE - POPEYE, THE SAILOR - STARTED A "ONE-WAY BANK." HE'S GIVIN' CASH AWAY - FOR NOTHIN'
YEAH - GO GET SOME
YA DON'T MEAN IT!!!
HOW'S POPEYE'S CHARITY BANK COMING ALONG?
FINE - HE'S DOING A LOT OF GOOD - BUT HERE'S THE JOKE —
ALL THE OLD WOMEN WANT TO KISS HIM WHEN HE GIVES THEM MONEY
YEAH - I GOT A KICK OUT OF HIM YESTERDAY
HE WAS SORE AS HECK - SAID HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN KISSING - HE'S GOT A SIGN UP NOW - "PLEASE OMIT KISSES"
ARE YOU MR. POPEYE? AND DO YOU GIVE AWAY MONEY HERE?
I SAYS WE DOES! POSILUKELY!
PLEASE OMIT KISSES
4-10
EGAR


I'M PRESIDENT OF THE VERY SUCCESSFUL BANK AROUND THE CORNER - I CAME IN TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR "ONE-WAY BANK" WILL FAIL
IS THIS A FACK
YOUNG MAN, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH BY GIVING MONEY AWAY?
WHERE'S THE PROFIT?
LOTSA PROFIK - THE POOR FOLKS GETS IT
BUT WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF IT?
WHO, I? LISTEN - LEMME TELL YA SUMPIN'
WHAT'S THAT?!
I SAYS - "WHEN YOU DIES AN' GOES UP TO THEM GOLDEN GATES THEY'S GO'NER BE LOTSA QUESTIONS ASKED" - BUT WHEN I GOES UP
SAINT PETER WILL SAY - "STEP ASIDE, YA SWABS, HERE COMES POPEYE"
HAVE A TEN ON THE ONE-WAY BANK?
BAH!
4-11
EGAR


HOW MUCH MONEY HAS OUR ONE-WAY BANK GIVE OUT, CASTOR?
THIS CHARITY BANK HAS GIVEN AWAY $2356.40
HEY! JUST A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS $800. HERE? DID YOU GIVE IT TO ONE PERSON?
LE'SSEE NOW - H-M-M-M
GOOD NIGHT - THE BANK WON'T LAST LONG GIVING CASH OUT IN GOBS LIKE THAT - WHO'D YOU GIVE IT TO?
SHE WAS A GAL - THA'S ALL I KNOW
A GIRL, EH? ONE OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL DOLLS,
KINDA PERTY - YEAH - SWELL BROWN EYES - SHE SAID SHE WAS COLD
I'LL BET
COLD?
AN' SHE SAID I WAS THE MOS' HANSOME MAN SHE EVER SEEN - AN' WHEN SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH THEM BIG BROWN EYES ME HEART TURNED TO MUSH - SO I GIVES 'ER THE EIGHT HUNNERD TO BUY A FUR COAT
'MAGINE A POOR GAL LIKE HER. NOT HAVIN' NO FUR COAT TO KEEP HER WARM
EGAR

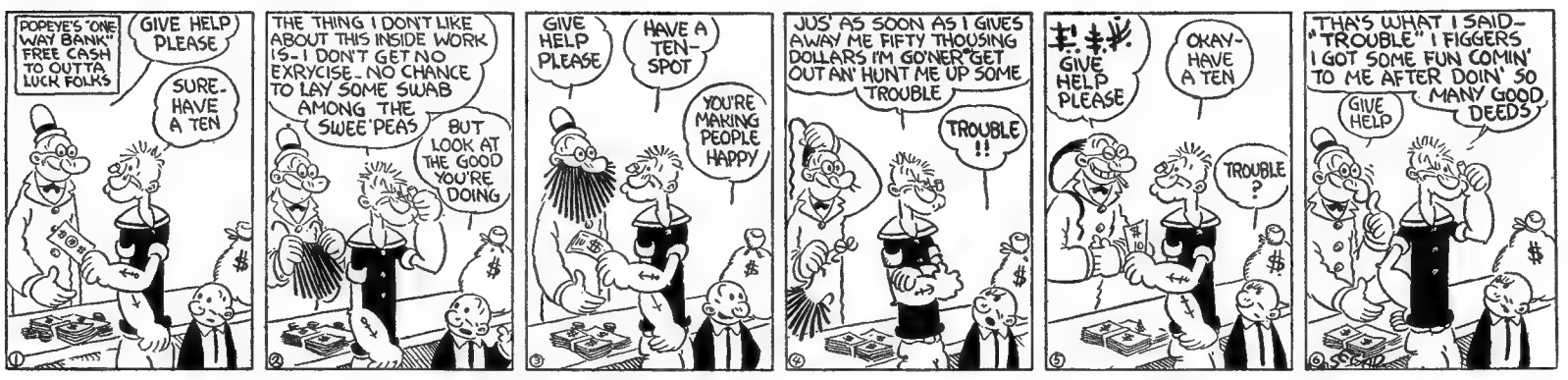

IS THIS THE ONE-WAY BANK? I'M BROKE -
SO YOU GAVE $800 TO SOME DAME TO BUY A FUR COAT?
WELL - SHE SAID SHE WAS COLD
THANK YOU
SHE DID NOT WORK ME!
SHE WORKED YOU - THAT'S WHAT SHE DID!
THANKS
BLOW ME DOWN - SHE DIDN'T WORK ME - DON'T YA THINK I GOT NO SENSE? SHE REALLY WAS COLD
OH - YEAH?
THANK YOU VERY MUCH - MISTER POPEYE
HOW'D YOU KNOW SHE WAS COLD?
SERVICE, PLEASE!
BECAUSE SHE LEMME HOLD 'ER HANDS. AN' THEY WAS JUS' LIKE ICE WHEN I FIRST TOOK 'EM. SHE SAID I WAS A HOT PATOOTIE SO I GIVES 'ER THE EIGHT HUNNERD
EGAR

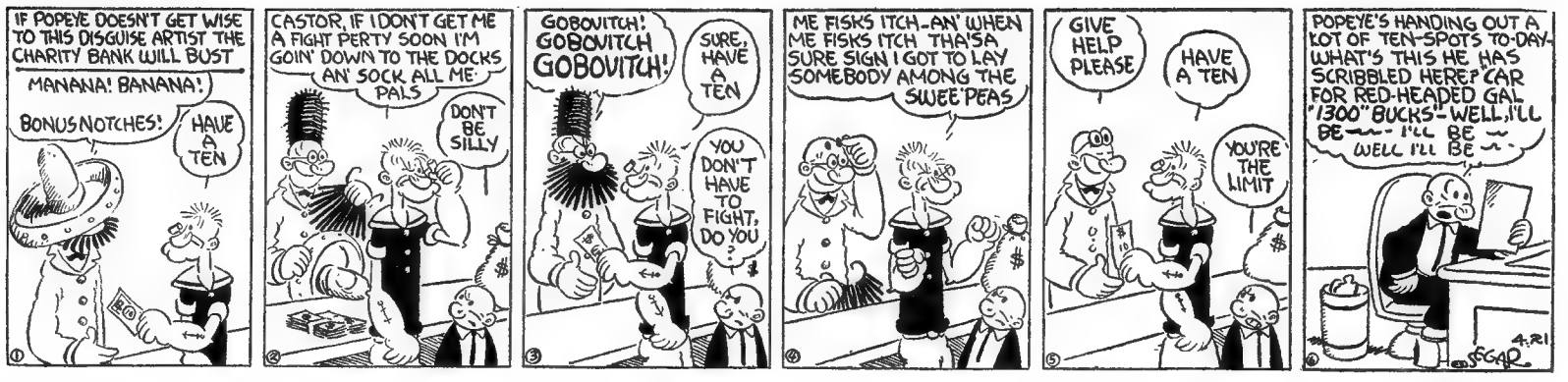

DON'T LET THE SWELL DOLLS WORK ON YOUR SYMPATHY - THAT LAST DAME TALKED YOU OUT OF $800.00 TO BUY A FUR COAT — THAT'S AWFUL!
QUIT BEING SUCH A SAP OR THIS CHARITY BANK WILL GO ON THE ROCKS PLENTY QUICK — WHEN A GIRL COMES IN GIVE HER TEN BUCKS ONLY - NO MATTER HOW PRETTY SHE IS
CASTOR, YER RIGHT - I BEEN A SWAB TO LET GALS WORK ON ME SYMPTHITY. I SEES ME FAULTS AN' I'M A CHANGED MAN —
THAT'S FINE - TREAT EVERYBODY ALIKE
OH, HELLO - IS THIS THE ONE WAY BANK WHERE THEY GIVE MONEY AWAY?
YA DERN TOOTIN' IT IS - HOW MUCH YA WANT?
OH, I'D JUST LOVE TO HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS
YER SURE THA'S ENOUGH?
HOW MUCH DID YOU GIVE HER?
TEN BUCKS - I GIVE 'ER TEN BUCKS
SURE ABOUT THAT?
ABSOLUKELY
4-15
EGAR

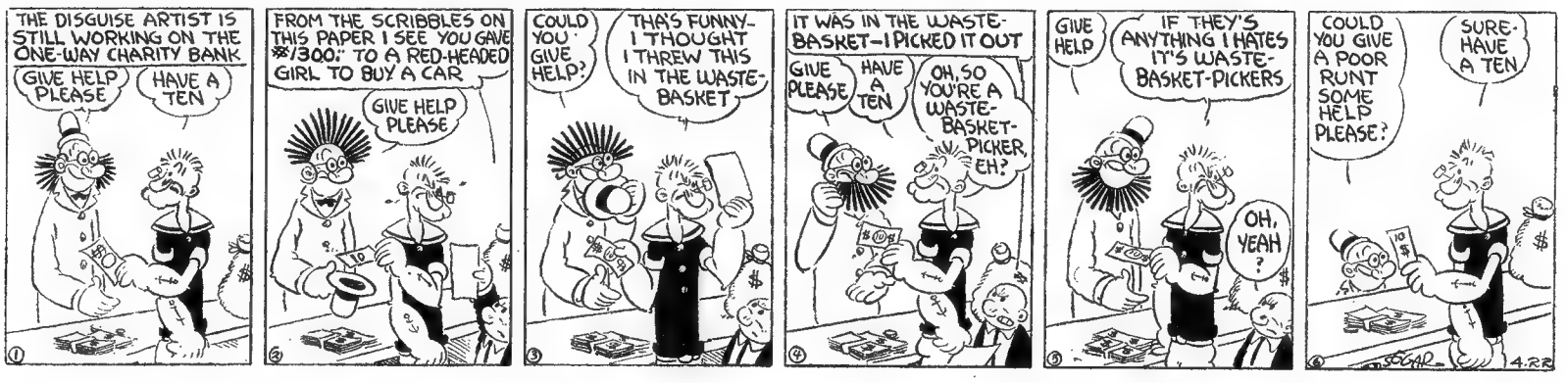

YOU'RE SURE YOU ONLY GAVE THAT PRETTY GIRL TEN DOLLARS? YOU DIDN'T LET HER WORK YOU, DID YOU, POPEYE?
CROSS ME HEART. I JUS' GIVE 'ER TEN BUCKS
THIS ONE-WAY BANK MUST TREAT EVERYBODY ALIKE - I CAN FIND OUT HOW MUCH YOU GAVE HER
DON'T WASTE TIME COUNTIN' THE CASH - I HOPES YA DON'T SUSPOSE I'D LIE TO YOU
I DON'T THINK MUCH OF A MAN WHO WON'T TRUSK ME WORD
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!
WELL, I'LL BE —!
SAY —!
HEY, CASTOR - 'MEMBER THAT NIGHT ABOARD THE "BLACK BARNACLE" BLOW ME DOWN! THEM WAS THE DAYS
DON'T TRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, YOU BIG EGG!
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!
YEAH, A THOUSING BUCKS
SHE WORKED YOU PLENTY - HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOUR CHARITY BANK WILL LAST AT THIS RATE?
IT'S ME WEAKNESS, CASTOR. I LIKES BLONDES. ALL RIGHT - BUT BRUNECKS!! WHEN THEY LOOKS AT ME I JUS' CAN'T STAN' IT!
EGAR


SIS-LEMME TELL YA HOW POPEYE RUNS HIS CHARITY BANK-IT'LL GO BROKE IN A MONTH IF HE KEEPS ON
WHEN A PRETTY GIRL COMES IN HE GIVES HER HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS-ALL THE DOLLS WORK HIM
!
THAT'S THE KIND OF A SWEETY YOU'VE GOT, OLIVE-HE CAN'T RESIST SWELL DAMES
SO YOU'RE THAT SORT OF AN EGG, ARE YOU? WELL-WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
I AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NOTHIN' TO SAY, BECAUSE—
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM
EGAR

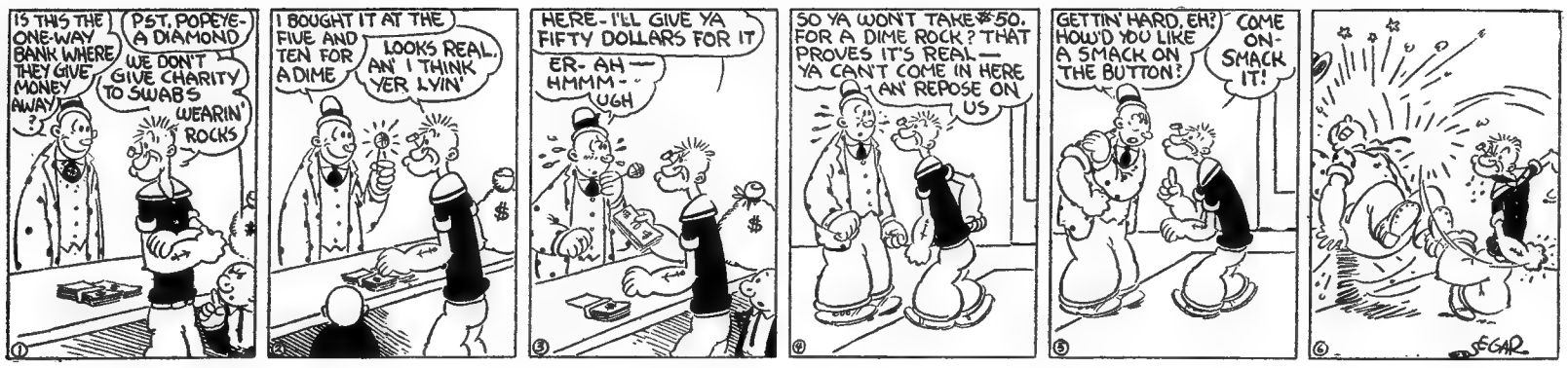

CASTOR SAID THAT YOU GIVE THE PRETTY GIRLS WHO COME INTO YOUR CHARITY BANK MORE MONEY THAN YOU DO THE HOMELY ONES. IS THAT THE TRUTH?
WELL, YES AN' NO
ANSWER MY QUESTION!!
I REFUSES TO ANSWER ON ACCOUNT OF IT MIGHT INCRINIMATE ME
HOW'D YOU LIKE A NICE SOCK IN THE MUSH!?
BE CAREFUL, I HIT A DAME ONCT
LISTEN, OLIVE, THEM PERTY GALS WHICH CAME IN TO THE "ONE-WAY BANK" WAS BRUNECKS AN' I GOT A WEAKNESS FOR BRUNECKS-THEY GETS ME
I'M A BRUNETTE, POPEYE
SURE YA ARE. AN A SWELL ONE TOO
I WANTS YA TO REMEMBER ONE THING, OLIVE-AN' THA'S THIS-THE REASON I SMILES AT OTHER BRUNECKS IS BECAUSE I'M THINKIN' OF YOU
REALLY?
AB-SO-LUKE-LY!
4-18
EGAR

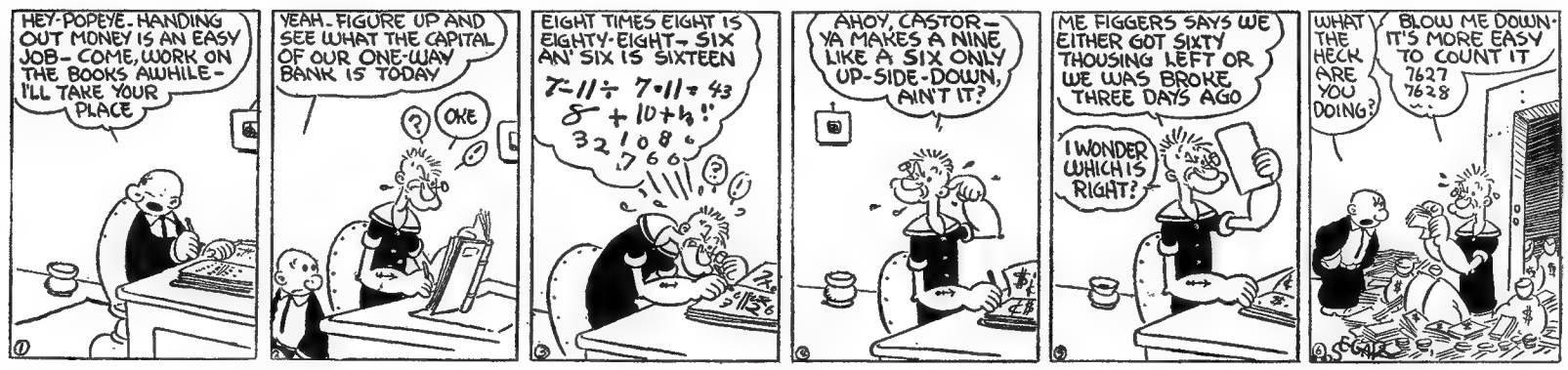

POPEYE'S "ONE WAY BANK" FREE CASH TO OUTTA LUCK FOLKS
GIVE HELP PLEASE
SURE-HAVE A TEN
THE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THIS INSIDE WORK IS-I DON'T GET NO EXRYCISE-NO CHANCE TO LAY SOME SWAB AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
BUT LOOK AT THE GOOD YOU'RE DOING
GIVE HELP PLEASE
HAVE A TEN-SPOT
YOU'RE MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY
JUS' AS SOON AS I GIVES AWAY ME FIFTY THOUSING DOLLARS I'M GO'NER "GET OUT AN' HUNT ME UP SOME TROUBLE
TROUBLE!!
GIVE HELP PLEASE
OKAY-HAVE A TEN
TROUBLE?
THA'S WHAT I SAID-"TROUBLE" I FIGGERS I GOT SOME FUN COMIN' TO ME AFTER DOIN' SO MANY GOOD DEEDS
GIVE HELP


IF POPEYE DOESN'T GET WISE TO THIS DISGUISE ARTIST THE CHARITY BANK WILL BUST
MANANA! BANANA!
BONUS NOTCHES!
HAVE A TEN
CASTOR, IF I DON'T GET ME A FIGHT PERTY SOON I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE DOCKS AN' SOCK ALL ME PALS
DON'T BE SILLY
GOBOVITCH! GOBOVITCH GOBOVITCH!
SURE, HAVE A TEN
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT, DO YOU?
ME FISKS ITCH-AN' WHEN ME FISKS ITCH THA'SA SURE SIGN I GOT TO LAY SOMEBODY AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
GIVE HELP PLEASE
HAVE A TEN
YOU'RE THE LIMIT
POPEYE'S HANDING OUT A LOT OF TEN-SPOTS TO-DAY-WHAT'S THIS HE HAS SCRIBBLED HERE? CAR FOR RED-HEADED GAL "1300" BUCKS"-WELL, I'LL BE— I'LL BE— WELL I'LL BE—
4-21
EGAR

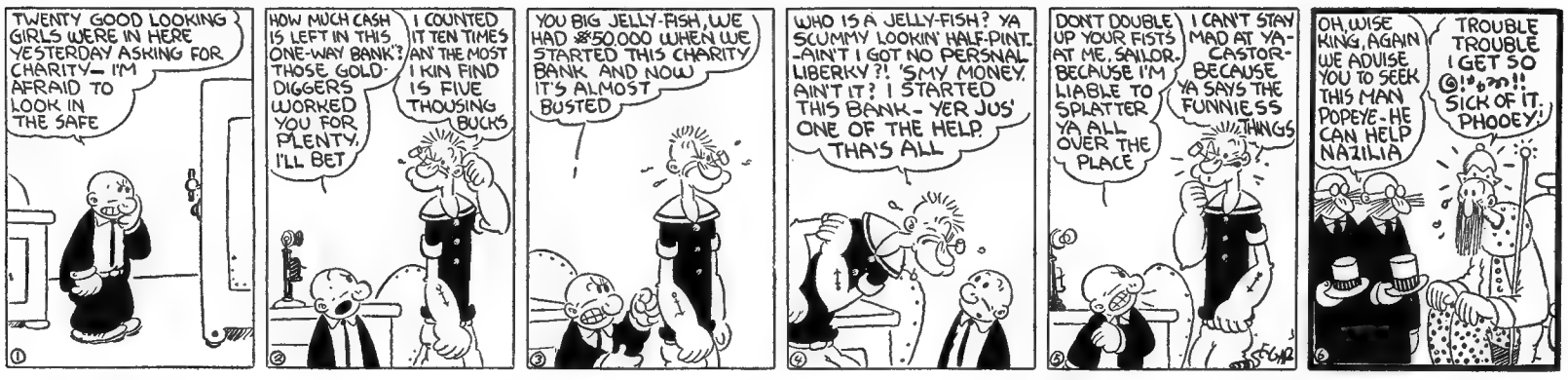

THE DISGUISE ARTIST IS STILL WORKING ON THE ONE-WAY CHARITY BANK
GIVE HELP PLEASE
HAVE A TEN
FROM THE SCRIBBLES ON THIS PAPER I SEE YOU GAVE $1300.00 TO A RED-HEADED GIRL TO BUY A CAR
GIVE HELP PLEASE
COULD YOU GIVE HELP?
THA'S FUNNY-I THOUGHT I THREW THIS IN THE WASTE-BASKET
IT WAS IN THE WASTE-BASKET-I PICKED IT OUT
GIVE PLEASE
HAVE A TEN
OH, SO YOU'RE A WASTE-BASKET-PICKER, EH?
GIVE HELP
IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S WASTE-BASKET-PICKERS
OH, YEAH?
COULD YOU GIVE A POOR RUNT SOME HELP PLEASE?
SURE-HAVE A TEN
4-22
EGAR

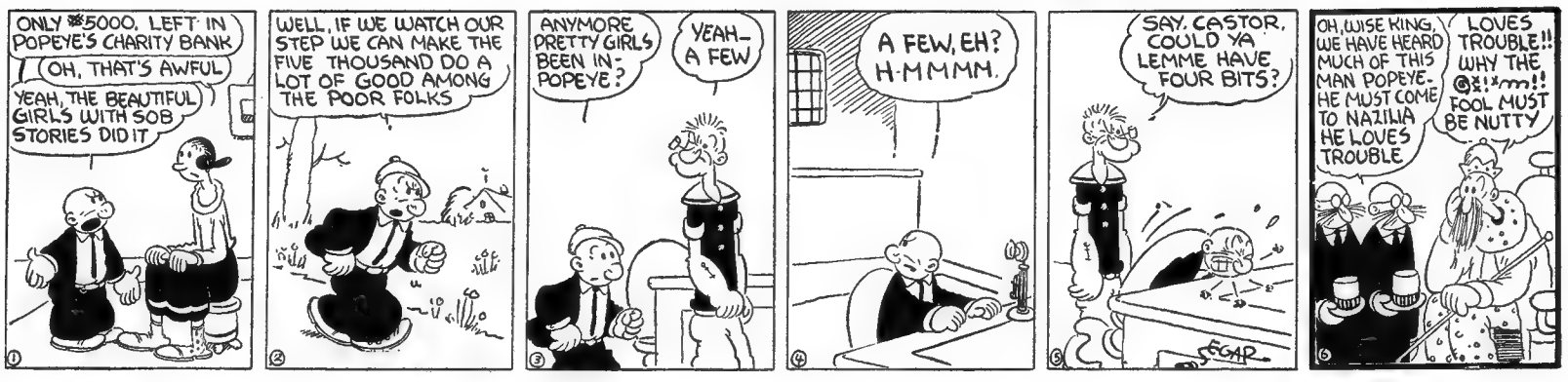

THE DISGUISE ARTIST HAS CHANGED FIFTY TIMES AND RECEIVED $10.00 EACH TIME
GIVE HELP PLEASE
HAVE A TEN
HEY, CASTOR-I USED TO THINK SHIPS WAS PERTY TILL I SEEN THAT RED HEAD WHICH WAS IN HERE-IS RED HEADS BLONDES OR BRUNECKS?
!
BLOW ME DOWN-IF IT AIN'T BILL SQUIZZLE-ME OL' EMENY
WHO'S A ONE-EYED RAT? THA'S WHAT YA CALLED ME SIX YEARS AGO!
I DON'T FORGET INSULKS
THIS AIN'T BILL, HIS WHISKERS IS FAKE
LOOK-A GRIP FULL OF DISGUISES-HE WORKED YOU PLENTY-YOU'RE SOFT
EGAR


IS THIS THE ONE-WAY BANK WHERE THEY GIVE MONEY AWAY?
PST, POPEYE- A DIAMOND
WE DON'T GIVE CHARITY TO SWABS WEARIN' ROCKS
I BOUGHT IT AT THE FIVE AND TEN FOR A DIME
LOOKS REAL, AN' I THINK YER LYIN'
HERE- I'LL GIVE YA FIFTY DOLLARS FOR IT
ER- AH — HMMM- UGH
SO YA WON'T TAKE $50. FOR A DIME ROCK? THAT PROVES IT'S REAL— YA CAN'T COME IN HERE AN' REPOSE ON US
GETTIN' HARD, EH? HOW'D YOU LIKE A SMACK ON THE BUTTON?
COME ON- SMACK IT!
SEGAR


HEY-POPEYE- HANDING OUT MONEY IS AN EASY JOB- COME, WORK ON THE BOOKS AWHILE- I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE
YEAH- FIGURE UP AND SEE WHAT THE CAPITAL OF OUR ONE-WAY BANK IS TODAY
?
OKE
EIGHT TIMES EIGHT IS EIGHTY-EIGHT- SIX AN' SIX IS SIXTEEN
AHOY, CASTOR— YA MAKES A NINE LIKE A SIX ONLY UP-SIDE-DOWN, AIN'T IT?
ME FIGGERS SAYS WE EITHER GOT SIXTY THOUSING LEFT OR WE WAS BROKE THREE DAYS AGO
I WONDER WHICH IS RIGHT?
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING?
BLOW ME DOWN- IT'S MORE EASY TO COUNT IT
7627
7628
SEGAR


THE DOLLS OVER AT THE SHOE FACTORY ARE RUINING THE ONE-WAY BANK
POPEYE IS LIKE PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF A PRETTY GIRL
HE SAYS HE CAN'T "RESISK" "BRUNECKS"— GIVES THEM ALL THE MONEY THEY WANT! IS THAT CHARITY? THEY'RE WISE- TO HIM
I'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE BEFORE HE GIVES SOME DAME HIS SHIRT
AND I HAVE TO SUPPORT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER-TOO- MERCY! YOU'VE GOT THE NICEST EYE
I'M GIVIN' YA TWO THOUSING ON ACCOUNT OF YER SUCHA SWELL LITTLE BRUNECK
OH— SO TWENTY DAMES JUST TOLD YOU YOU HAD NICE EYES! YOU BIG SAP
BLOW ME DOWN— KIN I HELP IT IF I GOT SEX REPEAL?
KING BLOZO- WE ADVISE YOU TO HIRE THE MAN CALLED "POPEYE"— HE IS IN AMERICA
SEGAR


TWENTY GOOD LOOKING GIRLS WERE IN HERE YESTERDAY ASKING FOR CHARITY— I'M AFRAID TO LOOK IN THE SAFE
HOW MUCH CASH IS LEFT IN THIS ONE-WAY BANK? THOSE GOLD-DIGGERS WORKED YOU FOR PLENTY, I'LL BET
I COUNTED IT TEN TIMES AN' THE MOST I KIN FIND IS FIVE THOUSING BUCKS
YOU BIG JELLY-FISH, WE HAD $50,000 WHEN WE STARTED THIS CHARITY BANK AND NOW IT'S ALMOST BUSTED
WHO IS A JELLY-FISH? YA SCUMMY LOOKIN' HALF-PINT. -AIN'T I GOT NO PERSNAL LIBERKY?! 'SMY MONEY, AIN'T IT? I STARTED THIS BANK- YER JUS' ONE OF THE HELP. THA'S ALL
DON'T DOUBLE UP YOUR FISTS AT ME, SAILOR, BECAUSE I'M LIABLE TO SPLATTER YA ALL OVER THE PLACE
I CAN'T STAY MAD AT YA- CASTOR- BECAUSE YA SAYS THE FUNNIEST THINGS
OH, WISE KING, AGAIN WE ADVISE YOU TO SEEK THIS MAN POPEYE- HE CAN HELP NAZILIA
TROUBLE TROUBLE I GET SO @!*&m!! SICK OF IT, PHOOEY!
SEGAR


ONLY $5000. LEFT IN POPEYE'S CHARITY BANK
OH, THAT'S AWFUL
YEAH, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WITH SOB STORIES DID IT
WELL, IF WE WATCH OUR STEP WE CAN MAKE THE FIVE THOUSAND DO A LOT OF GOOD AMONG THE POOR FOLKS
ANYMORE PRETTY GIRLS BEEN IN- POPEYE?
YEAH— A FEW
A FEW, EH? H-MMMM.
SAY, CASTOR, COULD YA LEMME HAVE FOUR BITS?
OH, WISE KING, WE HAVE HEARD MUCH OF THIS MAN POPEYE- HE MUST COME TO NAZILIA HE LOVES TROUBLE
LOVES TROUBLE!! WHY THE @*!*m!! FOOL MUST BE NUTTY
SEGAR

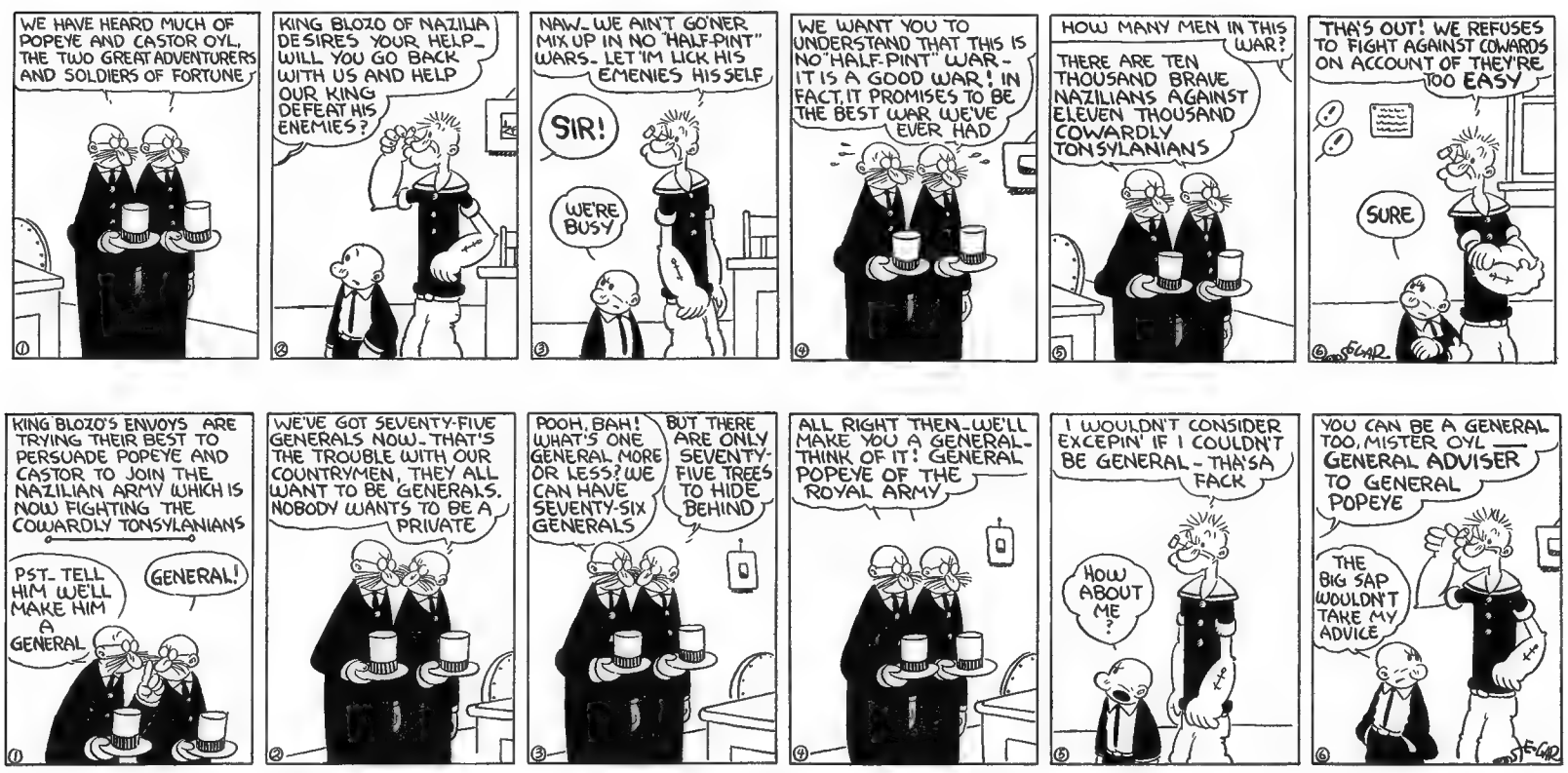

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? "WILL I LET YOU HAVE HALF A BUCK"?
JUS' WHAT I SAYS - COULD YA LEMME HAVE FOUR BITS?
HAVEN'T YOU GOT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THAT SAFE OVER THERE? EXPLAIN YOURSELF
WELL— YA SEE—
'SLIKE THIS- I DID HAVE FIVE THOUSING IN THE SAFE WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN IN POPS FOUR OF THE NICEST LITTLE BRUNECKS I EVER SEE- NONE OF 'EM HAD NO HOMES OR NOTHIN'
SO I GIVED 'EM THE FIVE THOUSING DOLLARS
YOU POOR PRUNE! DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE NO HOME YOURSELF, AND THAT YOU ARE NOW BROKE?!
BLOW ME DOWN, I NEVER THINKS ABOUT MESELF- I BEEN BROKE LOTSA TIMES SO THA'S ALL RIGHT
THE ONE-WAY BANK IS NO MORE- IT WAS A GREAT INSTITUTION WHILE IT LASTED
WORRY! WORRY! I WISH I WAS ONE OF THE COMMON HERD LIKE YOU GUYS— FIRST IT'S PROHIBITION, AND NOW WE GOT THIS OTHER MONKEY BUSINESS
I WISH I WAS NUTTY
POPEYE, THE SAILOR, CAN HELP US
SEGAR

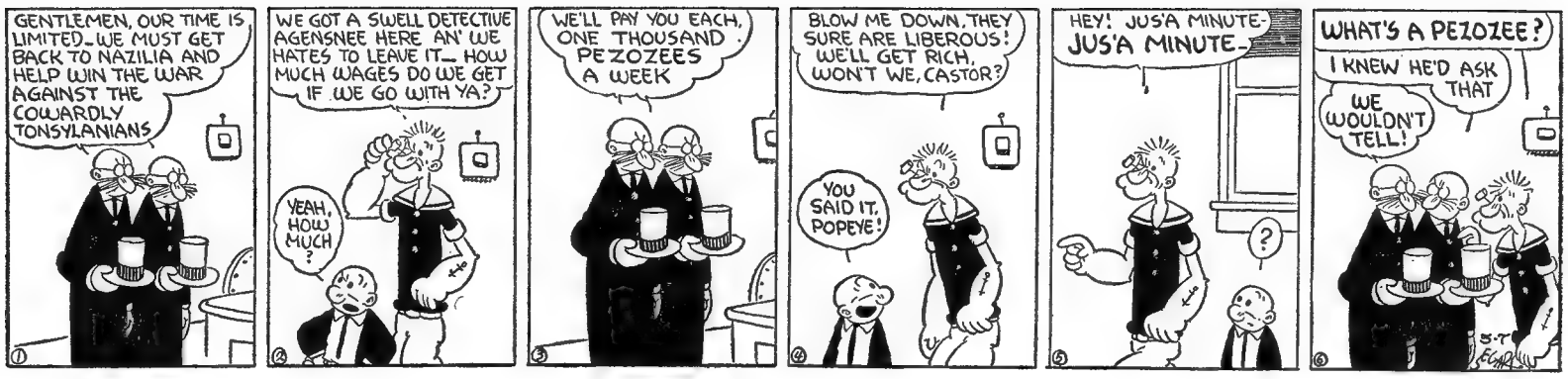




CHAPTER III:

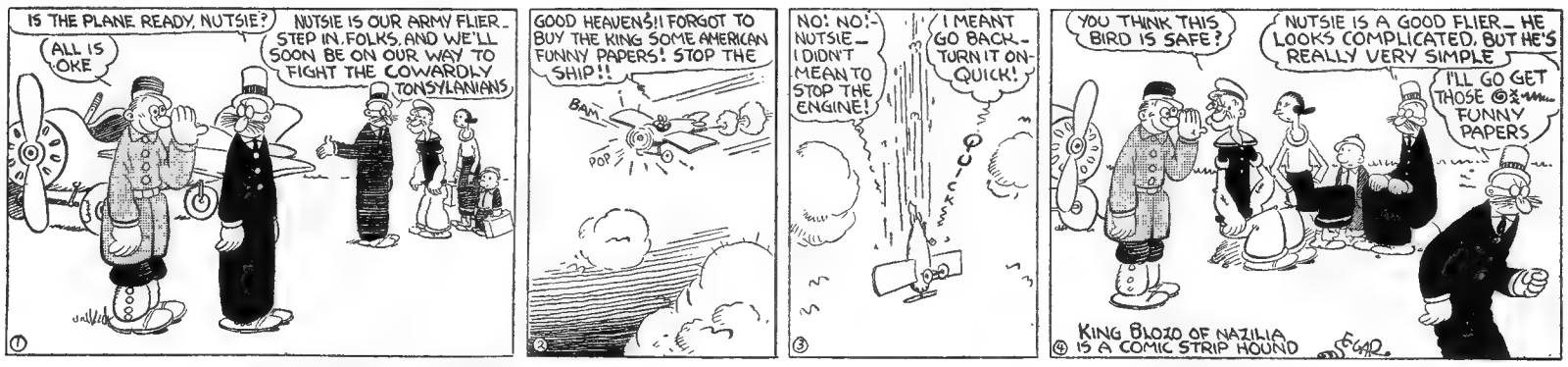
THE GREAT ROUGH-HOUSE WAR

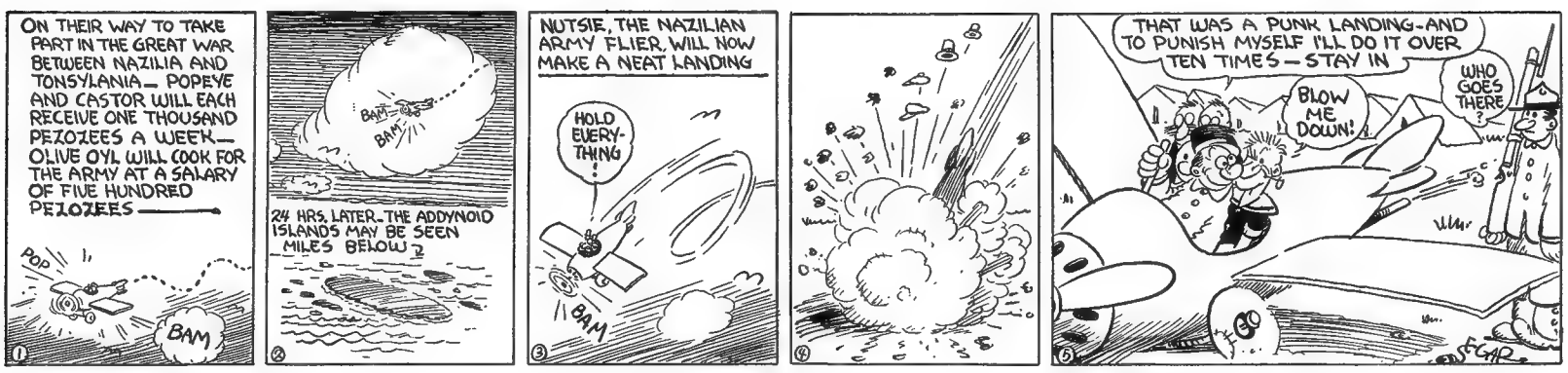



GENTLEMEN, OUR TIME IS LIMITED- WE MUST GET BACK TO NAZILIA AND HELP WIN THE WAR AGAINST THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS
WE GOT A SWELL DETECTIVE AGENSNEE HERE AN' WE HATES TO LEAVE IT— HOW MUCH WAGES DO WE GET IF WE GO WITH YA?
YEAH, HOW MUCH?
WE'LL PAY YOU EACH, ONE THOUSAND PEZOZEES A WEEK
BLOW ME DOWN, THEY SURE ARE LIBEROUS! WE'LL GET RICH, WON'T WE, CASTOR?
YOU SAID IT, POPEYE!
HEY! JUS'A MINUTE- JUS'A MINUTE-
?
WHAT'S A PEZOZEE?
I KNEW HE'D ASK THAT
WE WOULDN'T TELL!
S-T
EGAR

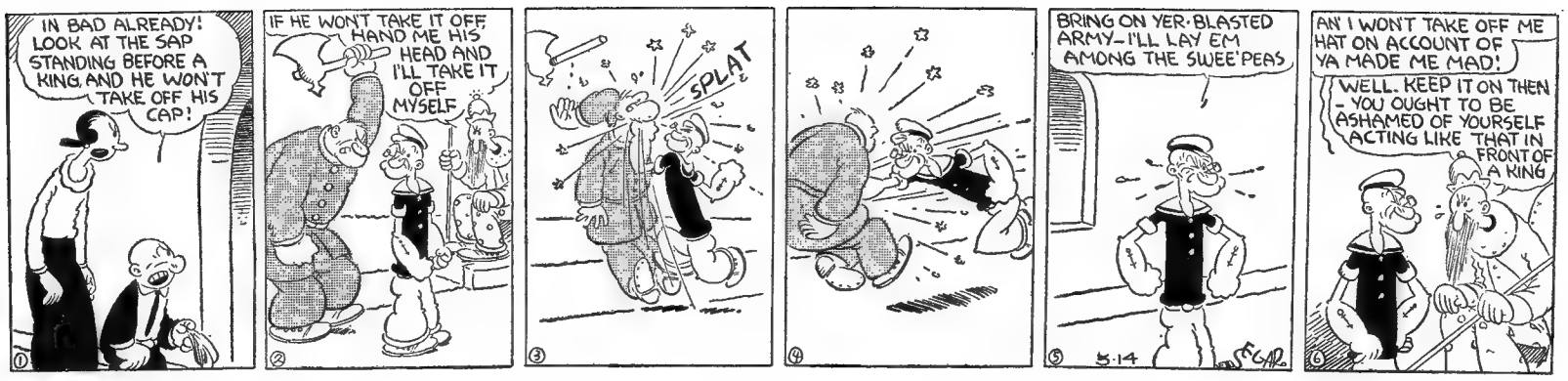

POPEYE AND MYSELF MAY GO TO NAZILIA TO HELP KING BLOZO LICK THE TONSYLANIANS- WE'VE BEEN OFFERED ONE THOUSAND PEZOZEES A WEEK
REALLY?!
JUST THINK- MA- ONE THOUSAND PEZOZEES EVERY WEEK
MY GOSH!
OLIVE, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ALONG AS COOK FOR THE NAZILIAN ARMY? I THINK WE CAN WORK YOU IN AT FIVE HUNDRED PEZOZEES
FINE- I'D LOVE IT!
HE HAD TO ASK THAT! WHAT'LL I TELL HIM?
SAY IT'S A SECRET
THA'S WHAT I SAID— HOW MUCH IS A "PEZOZEE"?
WE'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM
A PEZOZEE IS TWO PAZOOKAS
THA'S BETTER- WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?
JUS'A MINUTE! HOW MUCH IS A "PAZOOKA"?
A PAZOOKA IS TWO PAZINKAS
5-8

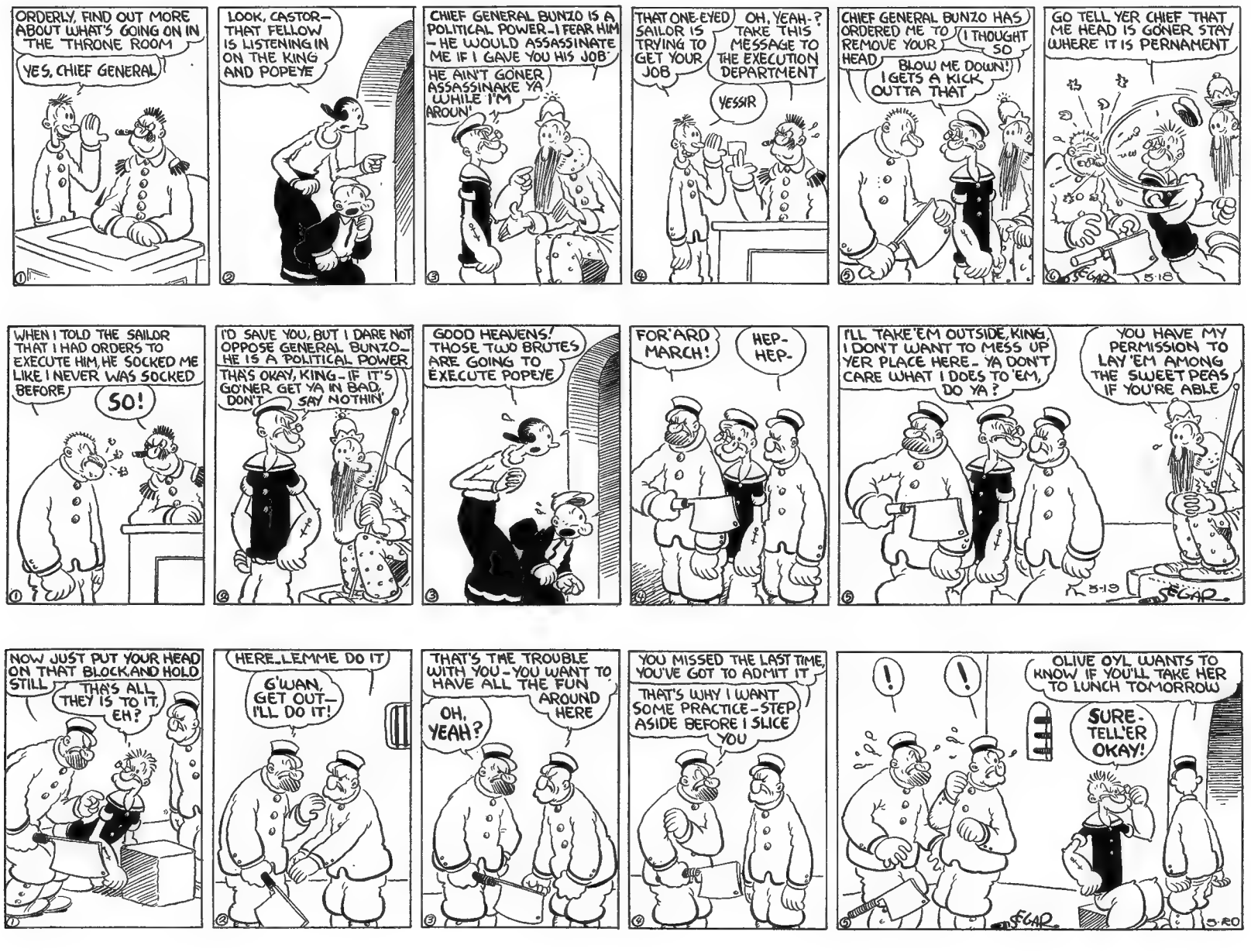

THEN YOU AGREE TO GO TO NAZILIA WITH US AND HELP KING BLOZO WIN THE WAR AGAINST KING GARGILEO AND THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS?
THA'S A FACK
OKAY
MERCY! WE NEARLY FORGOT TO GET THE KING SOME AMERICAN FUNNY PAPERS!
GOOD HEAVENS
YOU SEE, OUR KING READS COMICS TO GET HIS MIND OFF OF THE TERRIBLE WAR
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN
THE KING READS FUNNY PAPERS- IT MUST BE A GOOFY COUNTRY
WHAT DO WE CARE! WE GETS A THOUSING PEZOZEES A WEEK
5-9
EGAR

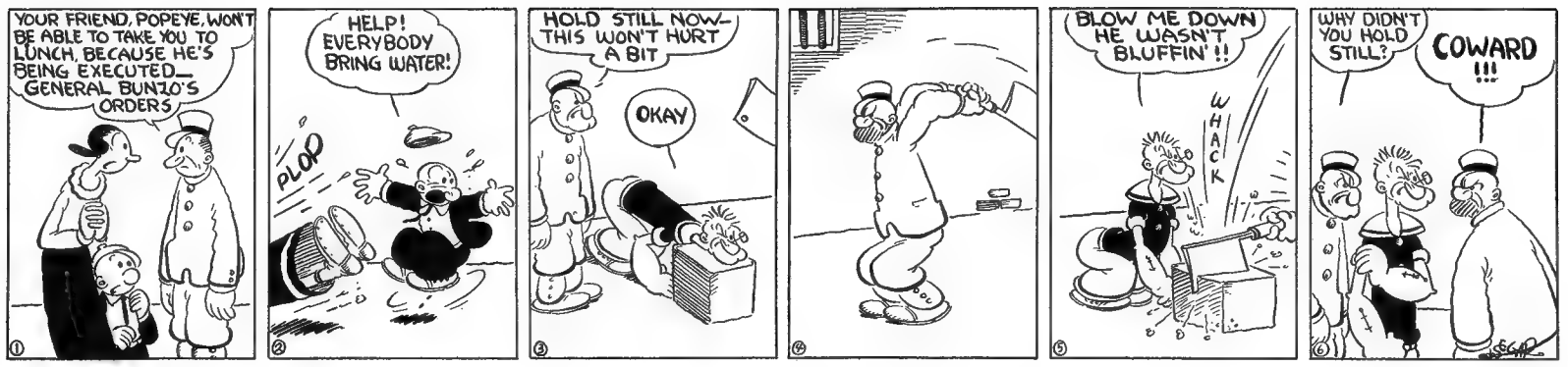

IS THE PLANE READY, NUTSIE?
ALL IS OKE
NUTSIE IS OUR ARMY FLIER- STEP IN, FOLKS, AND WE'LL SOON BE ON OUR WAY TO FIGHT THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS
GOOD HEAVENS!! I FORGOT TO BUY THE KING SOME AMERICAN FUNNY PAPERS! STOP THE SHIP!!
BAM
POP
NO! NO! NUTSIE— I DIDN'T MEAN TO STOP THE ENGINE!
I MEANT GO BACK- TURN IT ON- QUICK!
YOU THINK THIS BIRD IS SAFE?
NUTSIE IS A GOOD FLIER— HE LOOKS COMPLICATED, BUT HE'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE
I'LL GO GET THOSE FUNNY PAPERS
KING BLOZO OF NAZILIA IS A COMIC STRIP HOUND
EGAR


ON THEIR WAY TO TAKE PART IN THE GREAT WAR BETWEEN NAZILIA AND TONSYLANIA— POPEYE AND CASTOR WILL EACH RECEIVE ONE THOUSAND PEZOZEES A WEEK— OLIVE OYL WILL COOK FOR THE ARMY AT A SALARY OF FIVE HUNDRED PEZOZEES
POP
BAM
BAM
BAM
24 HRS. LATER- THE ADDYNOID ISLANDS MAY BE SEEN MILES BELOW
NUTSIE, THE NAZILIAN ARMY FLIER, WILL NOW MAKE A NEAT LANDING
HOLD EVERY-THING!
BAM
THAT WAS A PUNK LANDING- AND TO PUNISH MYSELF I'LL DO IT OVER TEN TIMES— STAY IN
BLOW ME DOWN!
WHO GOES THERE?
EGAR


OH-MIGHTY KING- HERE IS POPEYE, THE SAILOR- WE HAVE HIRED HIM TO HELP US WIN THE WAR
HOW'DY-KINK
DID YOU BRING ME SOME AMERICAN FUNNY PAPERS?
TAKE OFF YOUR HAT!
IT AIN'T A HAT IT'S A CAP
TAKE IT OFF!
SAY PLEASE
TAKE IT OFF!
HEY! HEY THERE! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
RIP
EGAR

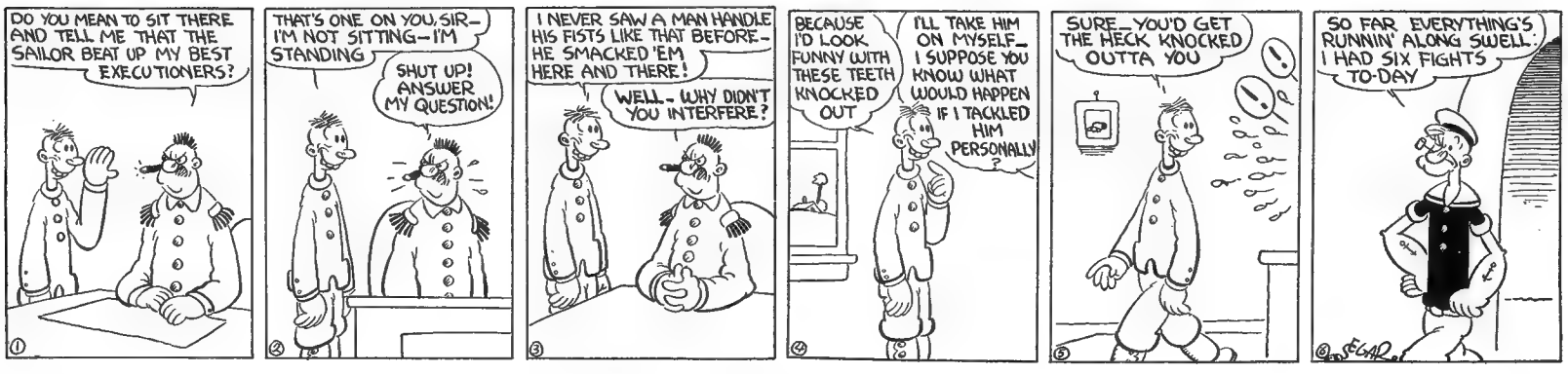

IN BAD ALREADY! LOOK AT THE SAP STANDING BEFORE A KING, AND HE WON'T TAKE OFF HIS CAP!
IF HE WON'T TAKE IT OFF HAND ME HIS HEAD AND I'LL TAKE IT OFF MYSELF
SPLAT
BRING ON YER BLASTED ARMY—I'LL LAY EM AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
5-14
SEGAR
AN' I WON'T TAKE OFF ME HAT ON ACCOUNT OF YA MADE ME MAD!
WELL. KEEP IT ON THEN - YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF ACTING LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF A KING
GENERAL! GENERAL! THIS IS A HECK OF A WAR! EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE A GENERAL
I'M GO'NER BE GENERAL, UNNERSTAN?
WE'VE GOT SEVENTY-FIVE GENERALS NOW!! WORRY! WORRY! SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS A COMIC ARTIST OR A PAPER-HANGER
NOBODY WANTS TO BE A PRIVATE— THAT'S THE @@@!&%! TROUBLE— NOBODY WANTS TO GET SHOT
LISTEN, KING—I WANTS TO BE GENERAL, AN' YOU WANTS ME TO BE A PRIVATE SO LE'S COMPRONIZE— I'LL BE A "PRIVATE GENERAL"
WHAT ON EARTH IS A "PRIVATE GENERAL"?
A PRIVATE GENERAL IS LIKE THIS—HE HAS A PRIVATE ORFICE, A PRIVATE SECKETARY, A PRIVATE BATH
BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH GENERAL BUNZO? HE'S THE REAL HEAD OF MY ARMY
JUS' LEAVE THAT TO ME, KING— WHERE IS HE?
5-15
SEGAR
BUT I CAN'T MAKE YOU CHIEF GENERAL— GENERAL BUNZO HOLDS THAT POSITION
LEAVE THAT TO ME, KING— AFTER I POPS 'IM A COUPLE HE'LL BE GLAD TO BE A PRIVATE
BUT—BUT— HE IS A POLITICAL POWER HERE— EVEN I, THE KING, FEAR HIM— PHOOEY! WHAT A LIFE!!
H-MMMM— DURTY WORK
A GOOFY LOOKING FELLOW IS TRYING TO PERSUADE THE KING TO GIVE HIM YOUR JOB
THERE CAN BE BUT ONE CHIEF GENERAL OF THE NAZILIAN ARMY AND I, BUNZO WILL BE THE ONE
SEGAR

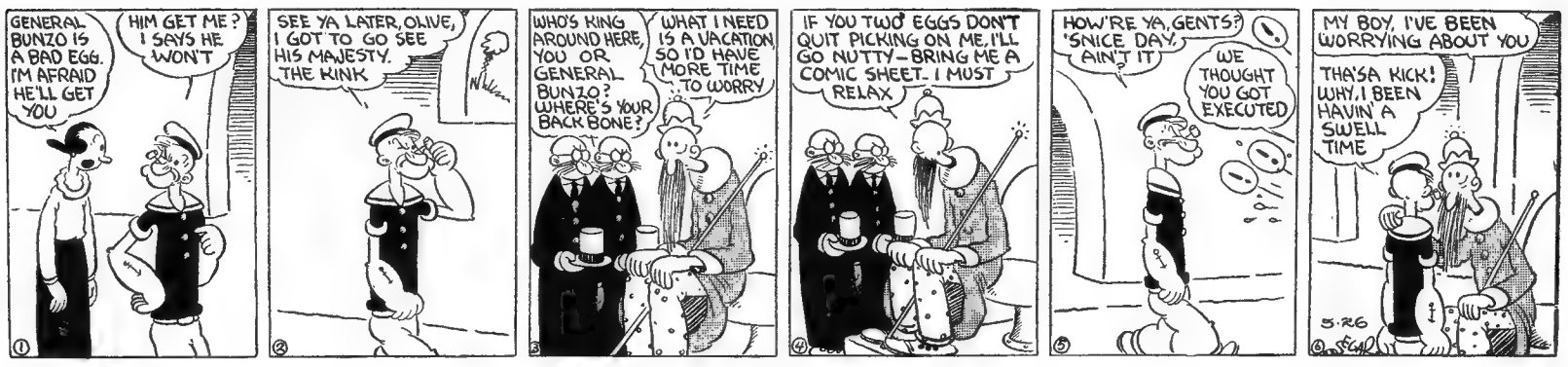

ORDERLY, FIND OUT MORE ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE THRONE ROOM
YES, CHIEF GENERAL
LOOK, CASTOR— THAT FELLOW IS LISTENING IN ON THE KING AND POPEYE
CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO IS A POLITICAL POWER—I FEAR HIM — HE WOULD ASSASSINATE ME IF I GAVE YOU HIS JOB
HE AIN'T GONER ASSASSINAKE YA WHILE I'M AROUN'
THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR IS TRYING TO GET YOUR JOB
OH, YEAH-? TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT
YESSIR
CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO HAS ORDERED ME TO REMOVE YOUR HEAD
I THOUGHT SO
BLOW ME DOWN! I GETS A KICK OUTTA THAT
GO TELL YER CHIEF THAT ME HEAD IS GONER STAY WHERE IT IS PERNAMENT
5-18
SEGAR
WHEN I TOLD THE SAILOR THAT I HAD ORDERS TO EXECUTE HIM, HE SOCKED ME LIKE I NEVER WAS SOCKED BEFORE
SO!
I'D SAVE YOU, BUT I DARE NOT OPPOSE GENERAL BUNZO— HE IS A POLITICAL POWER
THAS OKAY, KING— IF IT'S GO'NER GET YA IN BAD, DON'T SAY NOTHIN'
GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE TWO BRUTES ARE GOING TO EXECUTE POPEYE
FOR'ARD MARCH!
HEP-HEP-
I'LL TAKE 'EM OUTSIDE, KING, I DON'T WANT TO MESS UP YER PLACE HERE— YA DON'T CARE WHAT I DOES TO 'EM, DO YA?
YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO LAY 'EM AMONG THE SWEET PEAS IF YOU'RE ABLE
5-19
SEGAR
NOW JUST PUT YOUR HEAD ON THAT BLOCK, AND HOLD STILL
THAS ALL THEY IS TO IT, EH?
HERE—LEMME DO IT
G'WAN, GET OUT— I'LL DO IT!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU— YOU WANT TO HAVE ALL THE FUN AROUND HERE
OH, YEAH?
YOU MISSED THE LAST TIME, YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT
THAT'S WHY I WANT SOME PRACTICE— STEP ASIDE BEFORE I SLICE YOU
!
!
OLIVE OYL WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'LL TAKE HER TO LUNCH TOMORROW
SURE— TELL'ER OKAY!
SEGAR
5-20


YOUR FRIEND, POPEYE, WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH, BECAUSE HE'S BEING EXECUTED— GENERAL BUNZO'S ORDERS
HELP! EVERYBODY BRING WATER!
PLOP
HOLD STILL NOW— THIS WON'T HURT A BIT
OKAY
BLOW ME DOWN HE WASN'T BLUFFIN'!!
WHACK
WHY DIDN'T YOU HOLD STILL?
COWARD !!!

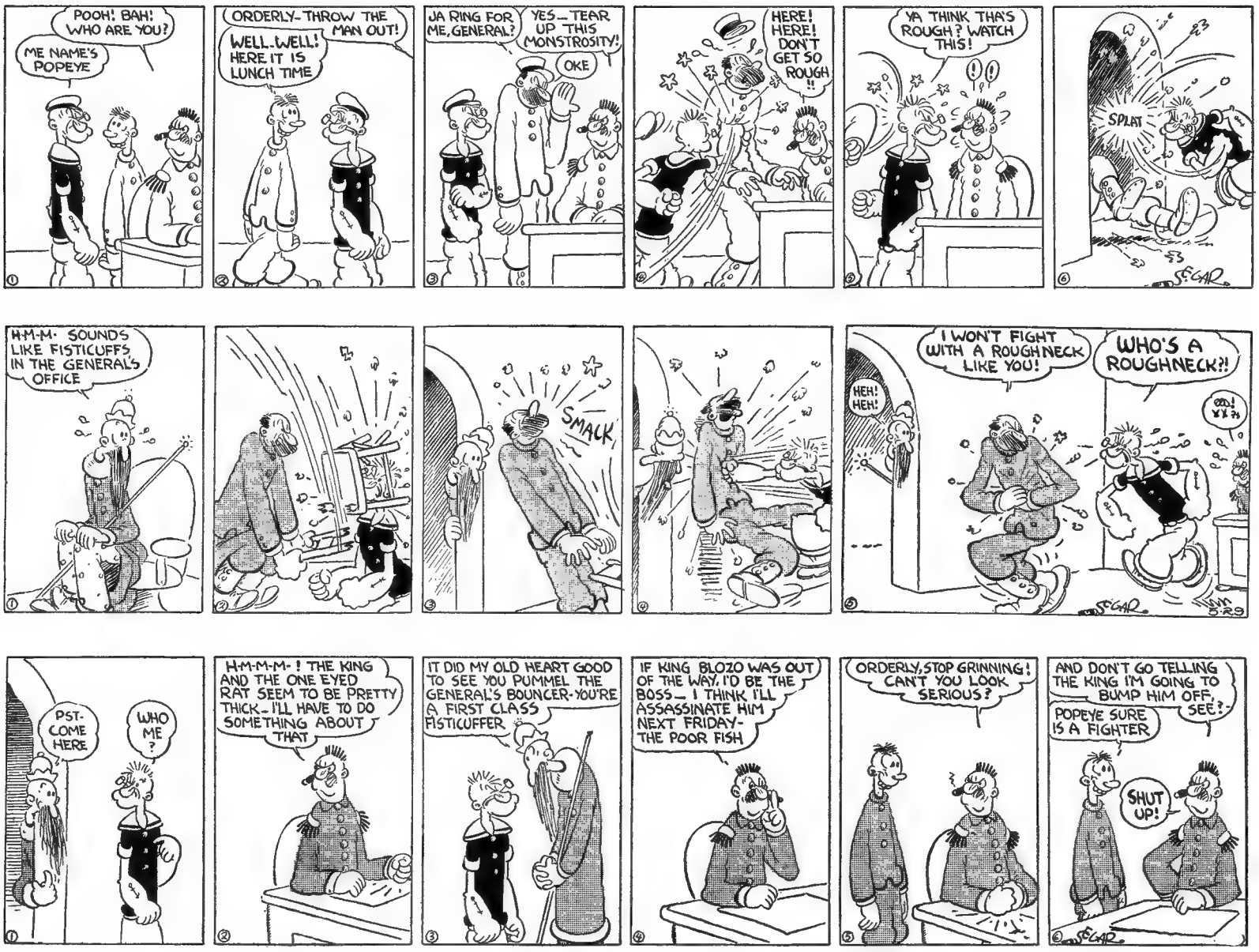

ORDERLY, GO DOWN TO THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT AND SEE IF THAT SAILOR HAS BEEN PROPERLY CROAKED
YES, SIR
YA CAN'T CUT ME NECK OFF— I SAYS YA CAN'T
COME ON, I'M WAITING— YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SMACK ME DOWN
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! SOMETHING TERRIBLE!!
THAT POPEYE FELLOW BEAT YOUR TWO BEST EXECUTIONERS TO A PULP

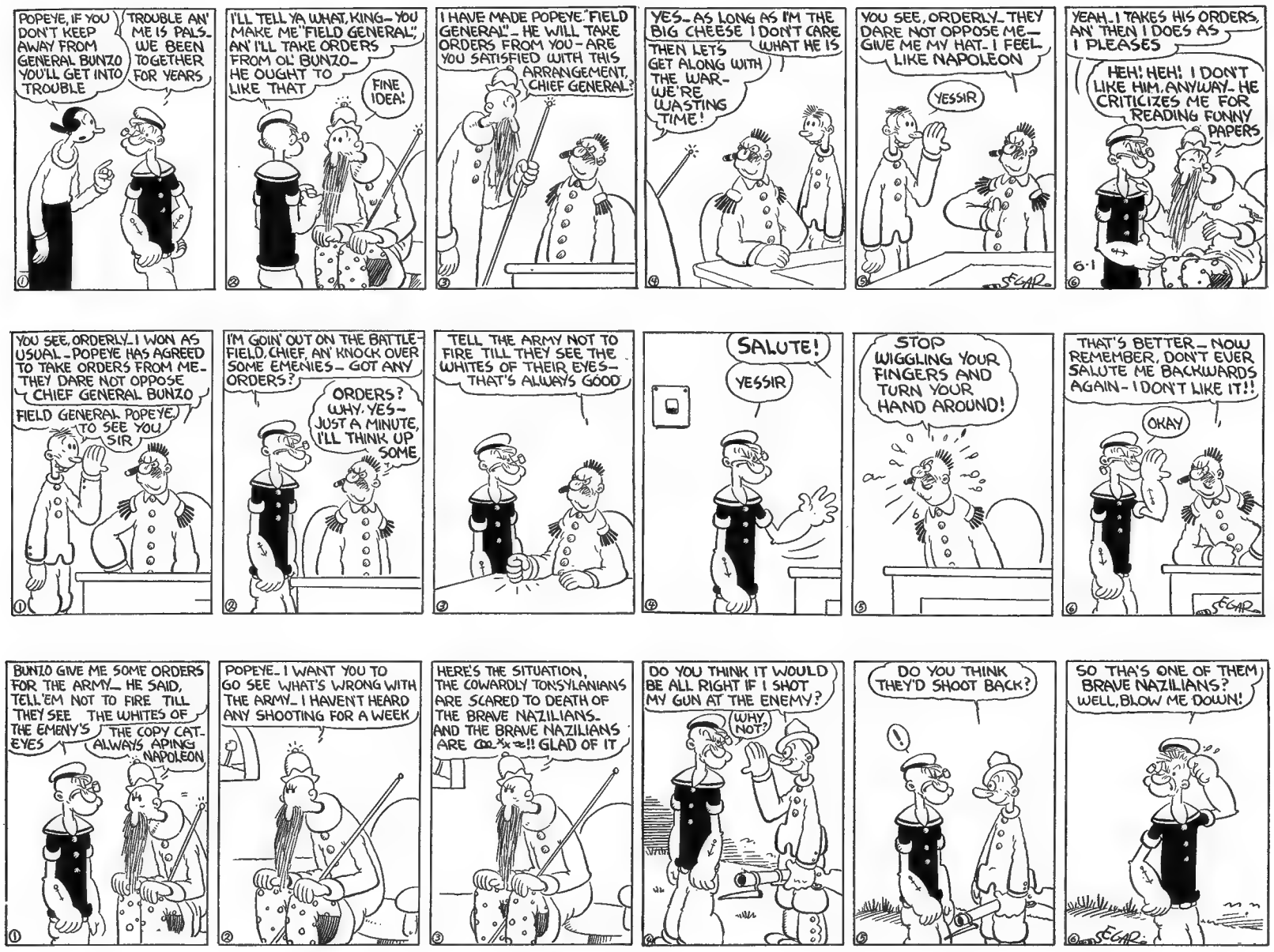

YOU BROUGHT US TO NAZILIA TO HELP WIN YOUR WAR— GENERAL BUNZO IS TRYING TO EXECUTE POPEYE
THAT'S NEWS TO US!
YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT
WE CERTAINLY WILL
HAVE YOU NO BACK BONE? WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS EXECUTION?
WORRY! WORRY! WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!
I'LL BET YOU BIRDS THINK IT'S A CINCH BEING KING— YOU'RE ALL WET!
WE KNOW YOU FEAR GENERAL BUNZO'S POLITICAL POWER, BUT CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?
YES— I CAN— I CAN WORRY OVER-TIME
OH, POPEYE— AREN'T YOU DEAD?!
BLOW ME DOWN, I HAD THE MOST FUN OVER IN THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT!


DO YOU MEAN TO SIT THERE AND TELL ME THAT THE SAILOR BEAT UP MY BEST EXECUTIONERS?
THAT'S ONE ON YOU, SIR— I'M NOT SITTING— I'M STANDING
SHUT UP! ANSWER MY QUESTION!
I NEVER SAW A MAN HANDLE HIS FISTS LIKE THAT BEFORE— HE SMACKED 'EM HERE AND THERE!
WELL— WHY DIDN'T YOU INTERFERE?
BECAUSE I'D LOOK FUNNY WITH THESE TEETH KNOCKED OUT
I'LL TAKE HIM ON MYSELF— I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I TACKLED HIM PERSONALLY?
SURE— YOU'D GET THE HECK KNOCKED OUTTA YOU
SO FAR EVERYTHING'S RUNNIN' ALONG SWELL. I HAD SIX FIGHTS TO-DAY

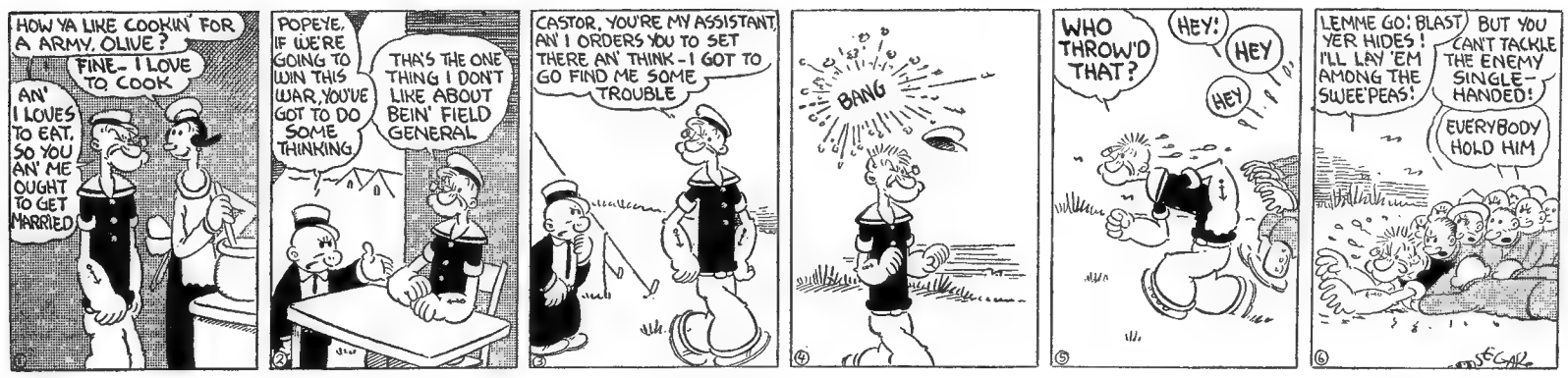

GENERAL BUNZO IS A BAD EGG. I'M AFRAID HE'LL GET YOU
HIM GET ME? I SAYS HE WON'T
SEE YA LATER, OLIVE, I GOT TO GO SEE HIS MAJESTY. THE KINK
WHO'S KING AROUND HERE, YOU OR GENERAL BUNZO? WHERE'S YOUR BACK BONE?
WHAT I NEED IS A VACATION SO I'D HAVE MORE TIME TO WORRY
IF YOU TWO EGGS DON'T QUIT PICKING ON ME, I'LL GO NUTTY— BRING ME A COMIC SHEET— I MUST RELAX
HOW'RE YA, GENTS? 'SNICE DAY, AIN'T IT
WE THOUGHT YOU GOT EXECUTED
MY BOY, I'VE BEEN WORRYING ABOUT YOU
THA'SA KICK! WHY, I BEEN HAVIN' A SWELL TIME
5-26

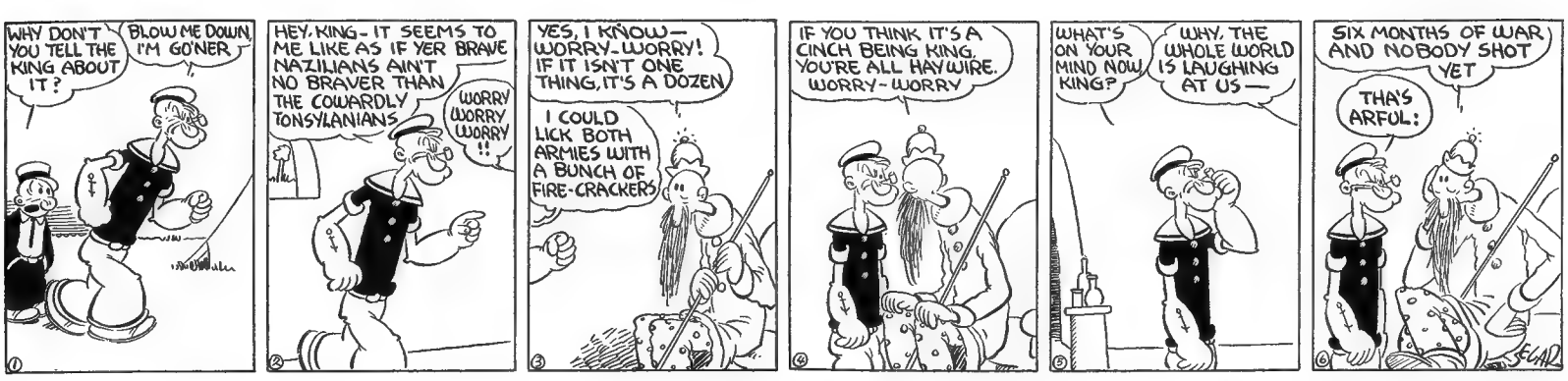

ALL I DO AROUND HERE IS WORRY— DON'T YOU EVER WORRY?
WHO, ME?
WORRY? BLOW ME DOWN I DON'T! WHEN A 'OBSTICKLE' POPS UP I REMOVES IT— THA'S WHAT MAKES LIFE INTRESTIN'
YOU CERTAINLY ARE AN UNUSUAL FELLOW
I YAM WHAT I YAM, AN' THA'S ALL I YAM
I'LL SEE YA LATER, KING. I'M GOIN' IN AN' HAVE A TALK WITH MISTER CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO
BUT YOU'RE NOT DIPLOMATIC— YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TALK TO HIM
I KIN TALK WITH ME HANDS— I SAYS I KIN!
5-27


POOH! BAH! WHO ARE YOU?
ME NAME'S POPEYE
ORDERLY- THROW THE MAN OUT!
WELL-WELL! HERE IT IS LUNCH TIME
JA RING FOR ME, GENERAL?
YES— TEAR UP THIS MONSTROSITY!
OKE
HERE! HERE! DON'T GET SO ROUGH !!
YA THINK THA'S ROUGH? WATCH THIS!
SPLAT
SEGAR
H-M-M- SOUNDS LIKE FISTICUFFS IN THE GENERAL'S OFFICE
SMACK
I WON'T FIGHT WITH A ROUGHNECK LIKE YOU!
WHO'S A ROUGHNECK?!
HEH! HEH!
SEGAR
5-29
PST- COME HERE
WHO ME ?
H-M-M-M-! THE KING AND THE ONE EYED RAT SEEM TO BE PRETTY THICK- I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT
IT DID MY OLD HEART GOOD TO SEE YOU PUMMEL THE GENERAL'S BOUNCER- YOU'RE A FIRST CLASS FISTICUFFER
IF KING BLOZO WAS OUT OF THE WAY, I'D BE THE BOSS— I THINK I'LL ASSASSINATE HIM NEXT FRIDAY- THE POOR FISH
ORDERLY, STOP GRINNING! CAN'T YOU LOOK SERIOUS?
AND DON'T GO TELLING THE KING I'M GOING TO BUMP HIM OFF, SEE?
POPEYE SURE IS A FIGHTER
SHUT UP!
SEGAR

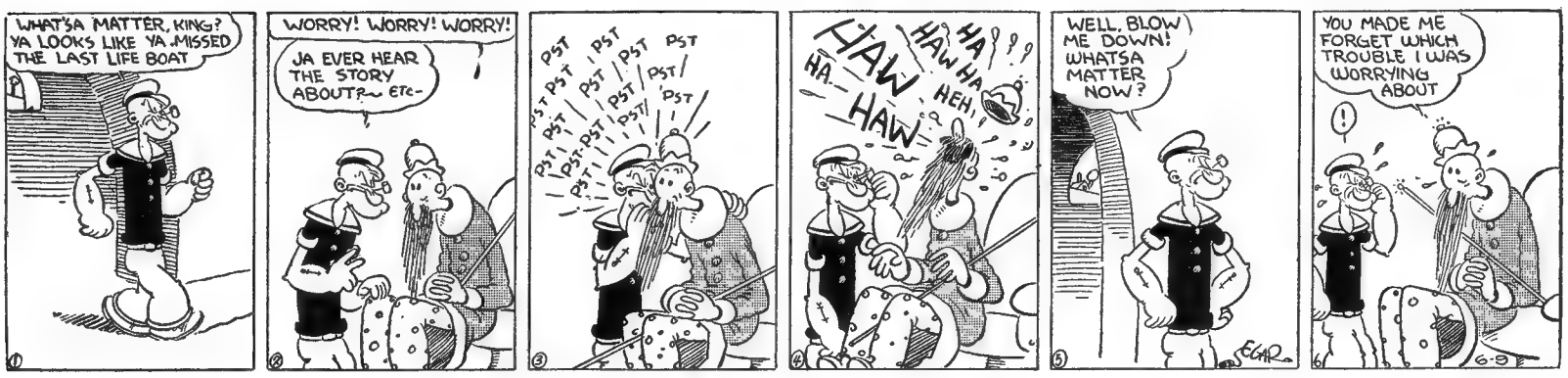

POPEYE, IF YOU DON'T KEEP AWAY FROM GENERAL BUNZO YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE
TROUBLE AN' ME IS PALS- WE BEEN TOGETHER FOR YEARS
I'LL TELL YA WHAT, KING— YOU MAKE ME "FIELD GENERAL", AN' I'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM OL' BUNZO- HE OUGHT TO LIKE THAT
FINE IDEA!
I HAVE MADE POPEYE "FIELD GENERAL" - HE WILL TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU - ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THIS ARRANGEMENT, CHIEF GENERAL?
YES- AS LONG AS I'M THE BIG CHEESE I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS
THEN LET'S GET ALONG WITH THE WAR- WE'RE WASTING TIME!
YOU SEE, ORDERLY- THEY DARE NOT OPPOSE ME— GIVE ME MY HAT- I FEEL LIKE NAPOLEON
YESSIR
YEAH- I TAKES HIS ORDERS, AN' THEN I DOES AS I PLEASES
HEH! HEH! I DON'T LIKE HIM, ANYWAY- HE CRITICIZES ME FOR READING FUNNY PAPERS
6-1
YOU SEE, ORDERLY- I WON AS USUAL - POPEYE HAS AGREED TO TAKE ORDERS FROM ME- THEY DARE NOT OPPOSE CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO
FIELD GENERAL POPEYE, TO SEE YOU SIR
I'M GOIN' OUT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, CHIEF, AN' KNOCK OVER SOME EMENIES— GOT ANY ORDERS?
ORDERS? WHY, YES— JUST A MINUTE, I'LL THINK UP SOME
TELL THE ARMY NOT TO FIRE TILL THEY SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES— THAT'S ALWAYS GOOD
SALUTE!
YESSIR
STOP WIGGLING YOUR FINGERS AND TURN YOUR HAND AROUND!
THAT'S BETTER— NOW REMEMBER, DON'T EVER SALUTE ME BACKWARDS AGAIN- I DON'T LIKE IT!!
OKAY
BUNZO GIVE ME SOME ORDERS FOR THE ARMY— HE SAID, TELL 'EM NOT TO FIRE TILL THEY SEE THE WHITES OF THE EMENY'S EYES
THE COPY CAT- ALWAYS APING NAPOLEON
POPEYE- I WANT YOU TO GO SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ARMY- I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY SHOOTING FOR A WEEK
HERE'S THE SITUATION, THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS ARE SCARED TO DEATH OF THE BRAVE NAZILIANS- AND THE BRAVE NAZILIANS ARE @@*x=!! GLAD OF IT
DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF I SHOT MY GUN AT THE ENEMY?
WHY NOT?
DO YOU THINK THEY'D SHOOT BACK?
!
SO THA'S ONE OF THEM BRAVE NAZILIANS? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
SEGAR

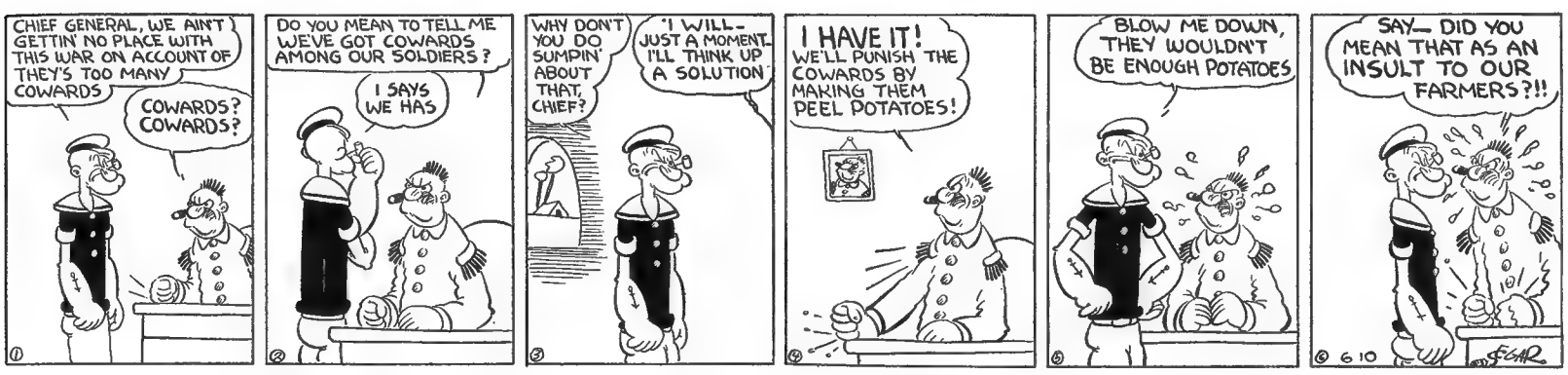

THIS IS THE MOS' QUIET WAR I EVER SEEN - IT'S GETTIN' ON ME NERVES
GIMME THAT GUN!
DON'T SHOOT IT, SIR - PLEASE DON'T SHOOT IT!
BANG
WE GOT TO LET THE EMENY KNOW WE'RE LIVIN' DON'T WE?
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
NOW YOU SEE WHAT YOU DID!!
COME BACK - YA BLASTED COWARDS!
6.4


HOW YA LIKE COOKIN' FOR A ARMY, OLIVE?
FINE - I LOVE TO COOK
AN' I LOVES TO EAT, SO YOU AN' ME OUGHT TO GET MARRIED
POPEYE, IF WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOME THINKING
THA'S THE ONE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT BEIN' FIELD GENERAL
CASTOR, YOU'RE MY ASSISTANT AN' I ORDERS YOU TO SET THERE AN' THINK - I GOT TO GO FIND ME SOME TROUBLE
BANG
WHO THROW'D THAT?
HEY!
HEY
HEY
LEMME GO! BLAST YER HIDES! I'LL LAY 'EM AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS!
BUT YOU CAN'T TACKLE THE ENEMY SINGLE-HANDED!
EVERYBODY HOLD HIM

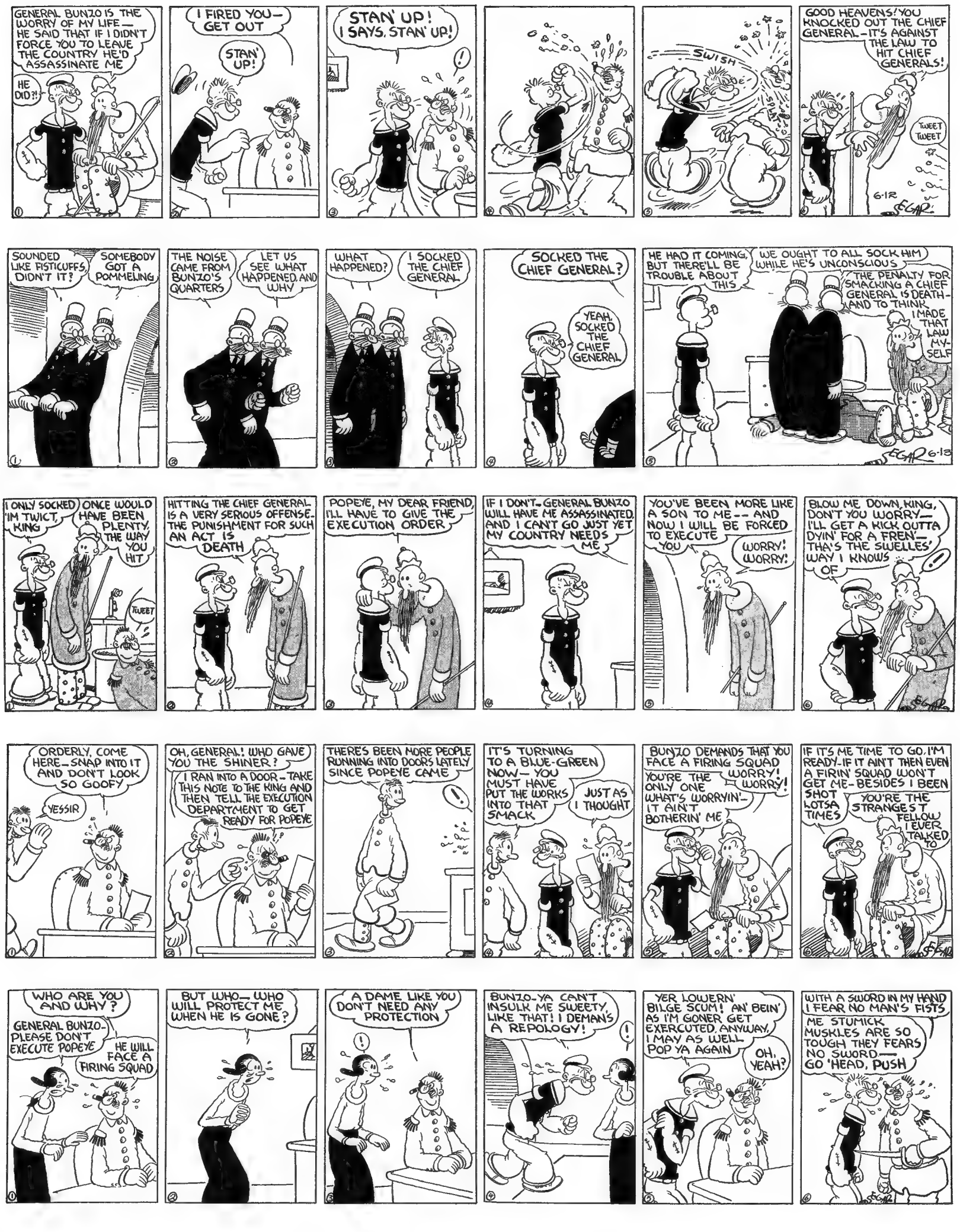

WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE KING ABOUT IT?
BLOW ME DOWN, I'M GO'NER
HEY, KING - IT SEEMS TO ME LIKE AS IF YER BRAVE NAZILIANS AIN'T NO BRAVER THAN THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS
WORRY WORRY WORRY!!
YES, I KNOW - WORRY-WORRY! IF IT ISN'T ONE THING, IT'S A DOZEN
I COULD LICK BOTH ARMIES WITH A BUNCH OF FIRE-CRACKERS
IF YOU THINK IT'S A CINCH BEING KING, YOU'RE ALL HAYWIRE. WORRY-WORRY
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND NOW KING?
WHY, THE WHOLE WORLD IS LAUGHING AT US —
SIX MONTHS OF WAR AND NOBODY SHOT YET
THA'S ARFUL!

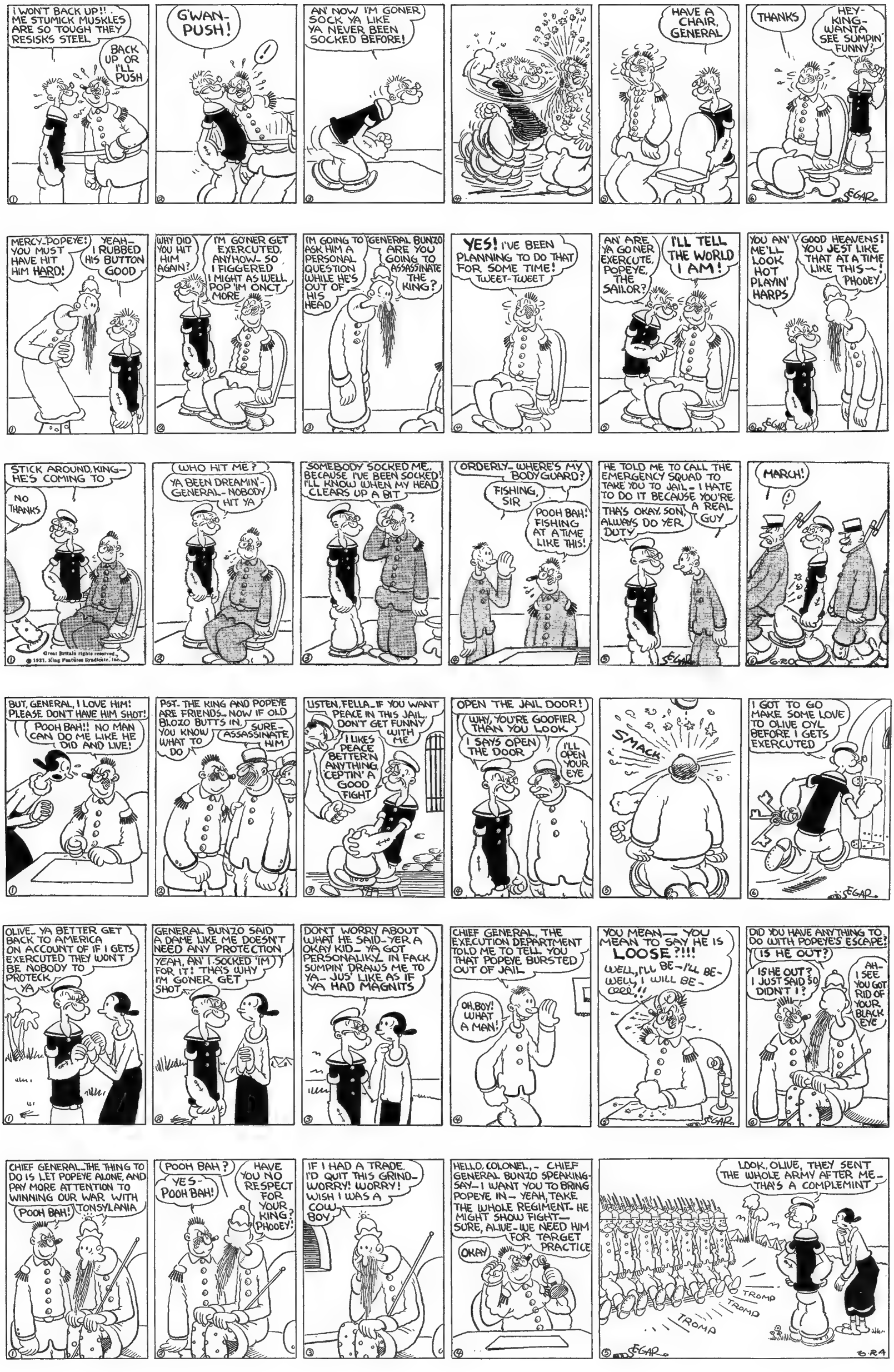

YEAH - THE WHOLE WORLD IS LAUGHING AT US - IMAGINE - SIX MONTHS OF WAR AND NOBODY SHOT YET
THA'S HOT
THINK OF IT! A WAR WITHOUT CASUALTIES! NO KICK TO IT
MAYBE WE BETTER SHOOT ONE OF OUR OWN MEN
I'D THOUGHT OF THAT - I'LL ASK MY ADVISERS - HEY, YOU BIRDS!
THAT'S A PUNK IDEA! WE CAN'T WASTE AMMUNITION ON OUR OWN MEN — THEY'RE NOT WORTH IT
BRAVE NAZILIANS, POOH, BAH!
PHOOEY!
YOU AND ME THINK UP GOOD IDEAS AND THOSE TWIN EGGS VETO 'EM
THA'S LIFE, KING, YA GOT TO EXPECK IT
POPEYE, IF IT WASN'T FOR MY SENSE OF HUMOR, I'D GO NUTS
ARF! ARF!
6-8

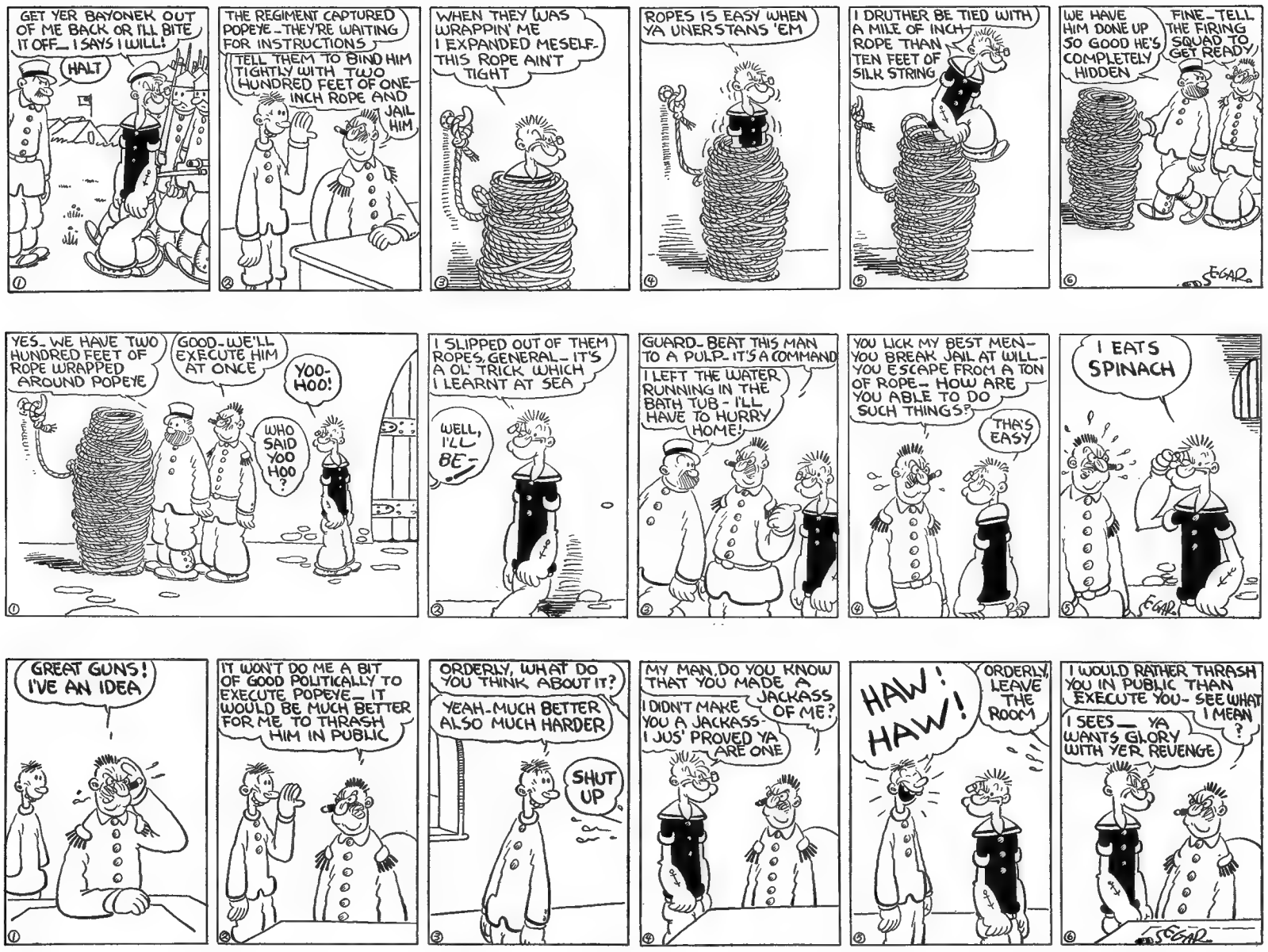

WHAT'SA MATTER, KING? YA LOOKS LIKE YA MISSED THE LAST LIFE BOAT
WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!
JA EVER HEAR THE STORY ABOUT?— ETC-
PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST PST
HAW HAW HAW HA HA HA HEH, HEH
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! WHATSA MATTER NOW?
YOU MADE ME FORGET WHICH TROUBLE I WAS WORRYING ABOUT
!
6-9

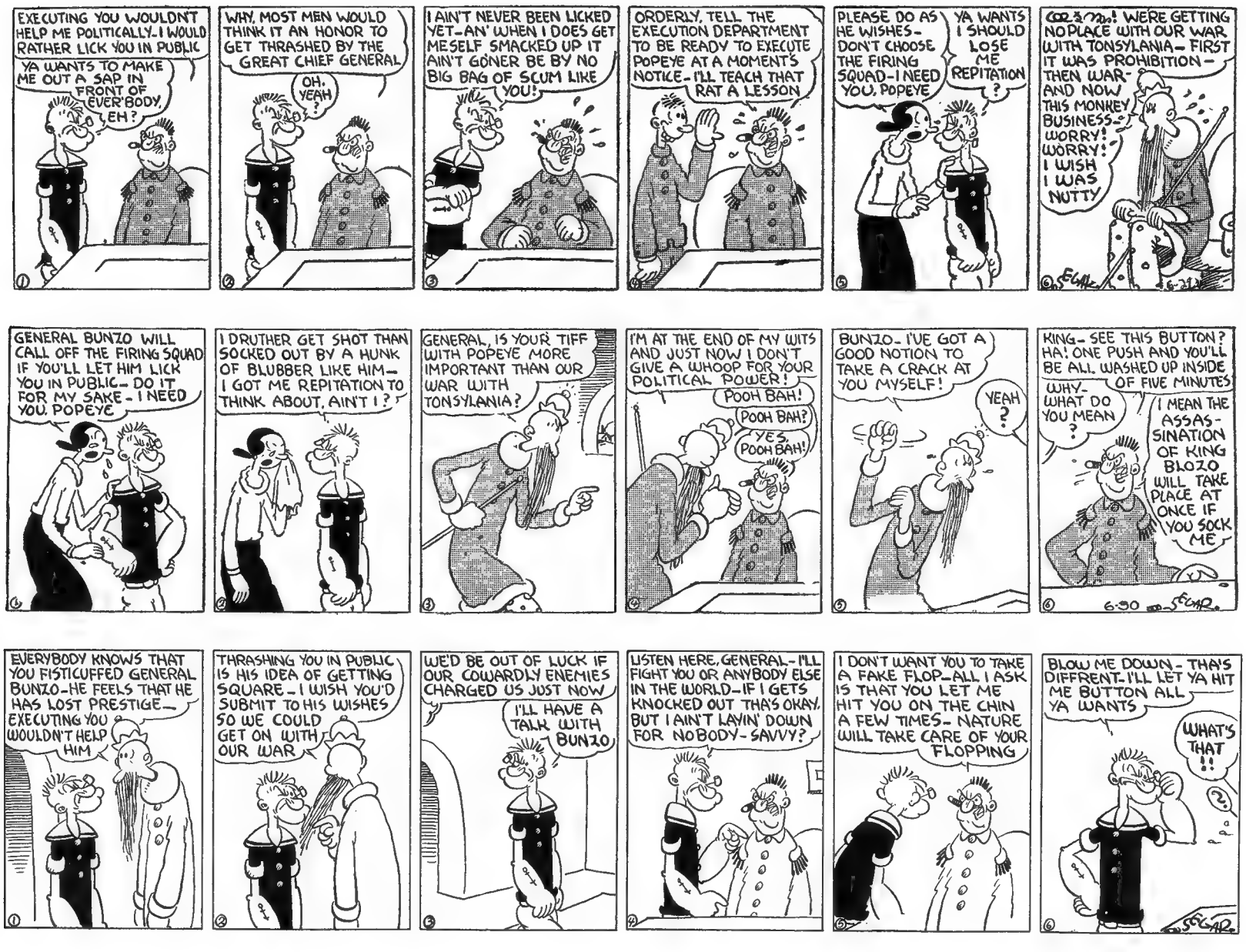

CHIEF GENERAL, WE AIN'T GETTIN' NO PLACE WITH THIS WAR ON ACCOUNT OF THEY'S TOO MANY COWARDS
COWARDS? COWARDS?
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME WE'VE GOT COWARDS AMONG OUR SOLDIERS?
I SAYS WE HAS
WHY DON'T YOU DO SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT, CHIEF?
'I WILL - JUST A MOMENT. I'LL THINK UP A SOLUTION
I HAVE IT! WE'LL PUNISH THE COWARDS BY MAKING THEM PEEL POTATOES!
BLOW ME DOWN, THEY WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH POTATOES
SAY — DID YOU MEAN THAT AS AN INSULT TO OUR FARMERS?!!
6-10


YOU WHELP! I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE KING
HE'LL LAUGH AT YA
THAT RUFFIAN INSULTED OUR FARMERS—INSULTED THE FARMERS OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY
YEAH?
I SUGGESTED PUNISHING THE COWARDS IN THE ARMY BY MAKING THEM PEEL POTATOES, AND HE SAID THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH POTATOES! I CALL THAT AN AGRICULTURAL INSULT
HAW! HAW! HAW!
THAT'S THE BEST JOKE I EVER HEARD
HEH HEH
HE DIDN'T INSULT OUR FARMERS— HE INSULTED YOUR ARMY— HE MEANT MORE COWARDS THAN POTATOES
!
HE DID?
YOU'RE FIRED !!
WORDS DON'T COUNT! YA GOT TO FIRE ME PHIZIKLY
GENERAL BUNZO IS THE WORRY OF MY LIFE— HE SAID THAT IF I DIDN'T FORCE YOU TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY HE'D ASSASSINATE ME
HE DID?!
I FIRED YOU— GET OUT
STAN' UP!
STAN' UP! I SAYS, STAN' UP!
!
SWISH
SPLAT!
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU KNOCKED OUT THE CHIEF GENERAL—IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO HIT CHIEF GENERALS!
TWEET TWEET
6-12
SEGAR
SOUNDED LIKE FISTICUFFS, DIDN'T IT?
SOMEBODY GOT A POMMELING
THE NOISE CAME FROM BUNZO'S QUARTERS
LET US SEE WHAT HAPPENED AND WHY
WHAT HAPPENED?
I SOCKED THE CHIEF GENERAL
SOCKED THE CHIEF GENERAL?
YEAH, SOCKED THE CHIEF GENERAL
HE HAD IT COMING, BUT THERE'LL BE TROUBLE ABOUT THIS
WE OUGHT TO ALL SOCK HIM WHILE HE'S UNCONSCIOUS
THE PENALTY FOR SMACKING A CHIEF GENERAL IS DEATH— AND TO THINK I MADE THAT LAW MYSELF
SEGAR 6-13

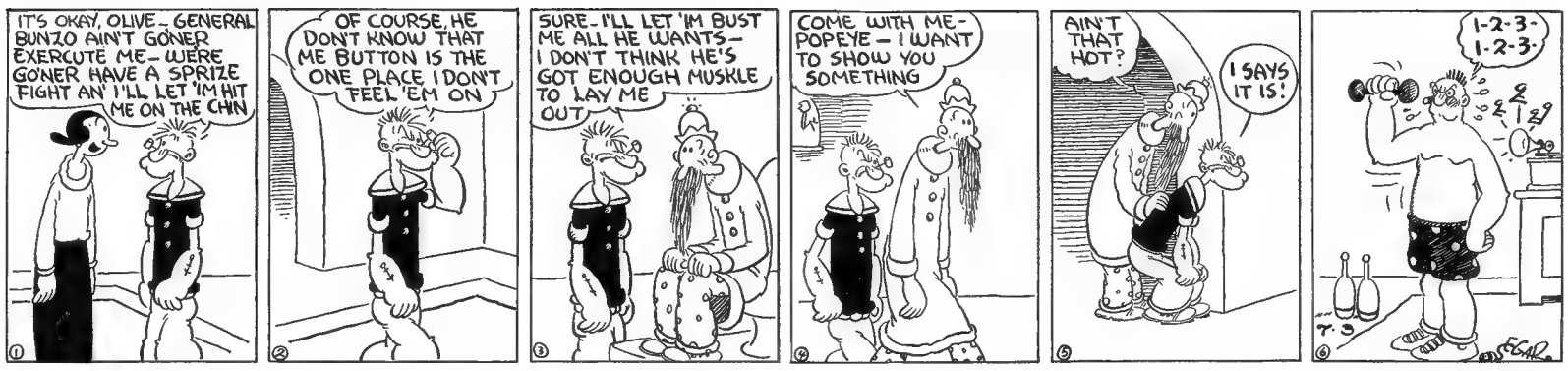

I ONLY SOCKED 'IM TWICT, KING
ONCE WOULD HAVE BEEN PLENTY, THE WAY YOU HIT
TWEET
HITTING THE CHIEF GENERAL IS A VERY SERIOUS OFFENSE— THE PUNISHMENT FOR SUCH AN ACT IS DEATH
POPEYE, MY DEAR FRIEND, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE EXECUTION ORDER
IF I DON'T— GENERAL BUNZO WILL HAVE ME ASSASSINATED, AND I CAN'T GO JUST YET MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME
YOU'VE BEEN MORE LIKE A SON TO ME -- AND NOW I WILL BE FORCED TO EXECUTE YOU
WORRY! WORRY!
BLOW ME DOWN, KING, DON'T YOU WORRY— I'LL GET A KICK OUTTA DYIN' FOR A FREN'— THA'S THE SWELLES' WAY I KNOWS OF
!
ORDERLY, COME HERE— SNAP INTO IT AND DON'T LOOK SO GOOFY
YESSIR
OH, GENERAL! WHO GAVE YOU THE SHINER?
I RAN INTO A DOOR— TAKE THIS NOTE TO THE KING AND THEN TELL THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT TO GET READY FOR POPEYE
THERE'S BEEN MORE PEOPLE RUNNING INTO DOORS LATELY SINCE POPEYE CAME
!
IT'S TURNING TO A BLUE-GREEN NOW— YOU MUST HAVE PUT THE WORKS INTO THAT SMACK
JUST AS I THOUGHT
BUNZO DEMANDS THAT YOU FACE A FIRING SQUAD
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHAT'S WORRYIN'— IT AIN'T BOTHERIN' ME
WORRY! WORRY!
IF IT'S ME TIME TO GO, I'M READY— IF IT AIN'T THEN EVEN A FIRIN' SQUAD WON'T GET ME— BESIDES I BEEN SHOT LOTSA TIMES
YOU'RE THE STRANGEST FELLOW I EVER TALKED TO
WHO ARE YOU AND WHY?
GENERAL BUNZO— PLEASE DON'T EXECUTE POPEYE
HE WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD
BUT WHO— WHO WILL PROTECT ME WHEN HE IS GONE?
A DAME LIKE YOU DON'T NEED ANY PROTECTION
!
BUNZO— YA CAN'T INSULK ME SWEETY, LIKE THAT! I DEMANS A REPOLOGY!
!
YER LOWERN' BILGE SCUM! AN' BEIN' AS I'M GONER GET EXERCUTED, ANYWAY, I MAY AS WELL POP YA AGAIN
OH, YEAH?
WITH A SWORD IN MY HAND I FEAR NO MAN'S FISTS
ME STUMICK MUSKLES ARE SO TOUGH THEY FEARS NO SWORD— GO 'HEAD, PUSH

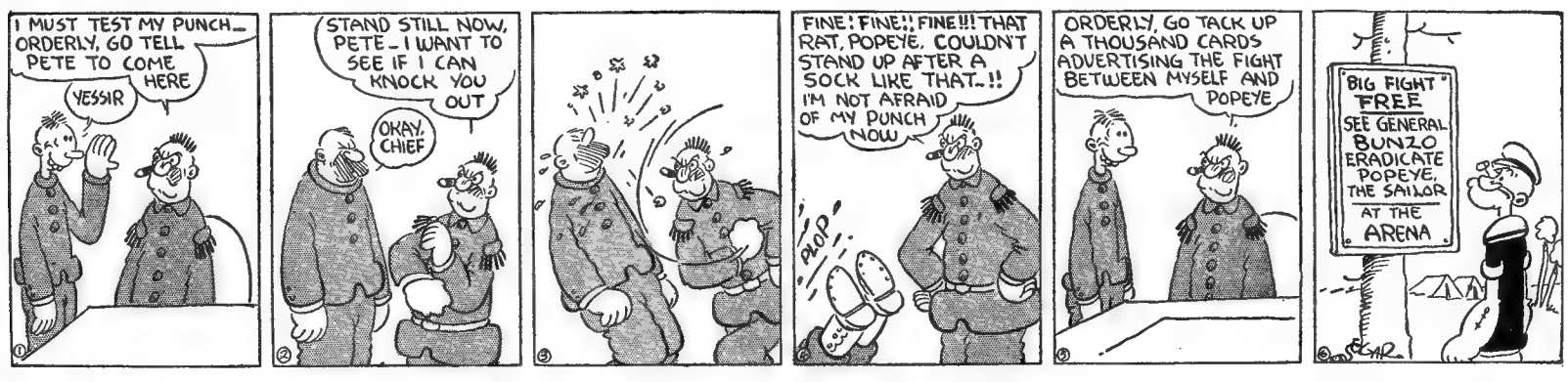

I WON'T BACK UP!! ME STUMICK MUSKLES ARE SO TOUGH THEY RESISKS STEEL
BACK UP OR I'LL PUSH
G'WAN- PUSH!
AN' NOW I'M GONER SOCK YA LIKE YA NEVER BEEN SOCKED BEFORE!
HAVE A CHAIR, GENERAL
THANKS
HEY- KING- WANTA SEE SUMPIN' FUNNY?
SEGAR
MERCY-POPEYE! YOU MUST HAVE HIT HIM HARD!
YEAH- I RUBBED HIS BUTTON GOOD
WHY DID YOU HIT HIM AGAIN?
I'M GO'NER GET EXERCUTED, ANYHOW- SO I FIGGERED I MIGHT AS WELL POP 'IM ONCT MORE
I'M GOING TO ASK HIM A PERSONAL QUESTION WHILE HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD
GENERAL BUNZO ARE YOU GOING TO ASSASSINATE THE KING?
YES! I'VE BEEN PLANNING TO DO THAT FOR SOME TIME!
TWEET-TWEET
AN' ARE YA GO'NER EXERCUTE, POPEYE, THE SAILOR?
I'LL TELL THE WORLD I AM!
YOU AN' ME'LL LOOK HOT PLAYIN' HARPS
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU JEST LIKE THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS—! PHOOEY
STICK AROUND, KING— HE'S COMING TO
NO THANKS
WHO HIT ME?
YA BEEN DREAMIN'- GENERAL- NOBODY HIT YA
SOMEBODY SOCKED ME, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN SOCKED! I'LL KNOW WHEN MY HEAD CLEARS UP A BIT
ORDERLY- WHERE'S MY BODYGUARD?
FISHING, SIR
POOH BAH! FISHING AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
HE TOLD ME TO CALL THE EMERGENCY SQUAD TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL- I HATE TO DO IT BECAUSE YOU'RE A REAL GUY
THA'S OKAY, SON, ALWAYS DO YER DUTY
MARCH!
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BUT, GENERAL, I LOVE HIM! PLEASE DON'T HAVE HIM SHOT!
POOH BAH!! NO MAN CAN DO ME LIKE HE DID AND LIVE!
PST- THE KING AND POPEYE ARE FRIENDS- NOW IF OLD BLOZO BUTTS IN, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO
SURE- ASSASSINATE HIM
LISTEN, FELLA- IF YOU WANT PEACE IN THIS JAIL, DON'T GET FUNNY WITH ME
I LIKES PEACE BETTER'N ANYTHING, CEPTIN' A GOOD FIGHT
OPEN THE JAIL DOOR!
WHY, YOU'RE GOOFIER THAN YOU LOOK
I SAYS OPEN THE DOOR
I'LL OPEN YOUR EYE
SMACK
I GOT TO GO MAKE SOME LOVE TO OLIVE OYL BEFORE I GETS EXERCUTED
OLIVE- YA BETTER GET BACK TO AMERICA ON ACCOUNT OF IF I GETS EXERCUTED THEY WON'T BE NOBODY TO PROTECK YA
GENERAL BUNZO SAID A DAME LIKE ME DOESN'T NEED ANY PROTECTION
YEAH, AN' I SOCKED 'IM FOR IT! THA'S WHY I'M GONER GET SHOT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT HE SAID- YER A OKAY KID- YA GOT PERSONALIKY- IN FACK SUMPIN' DRAWS ME TO YA- JUS' LIKE AS IF YA HAD MAGNITS
CHIEF GENERAL, THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT TOLD ME TO TELL YOU THAT POPEYE BURSTED OUT OF JAIL
OH, BOY! WHAT A MAN!
YOU MEAN— YOU MEAN TO SAY HE IS LOOSE?!!!
WELL, I'LL BE- I'LL BE- WELL, I WILL BE- cee!!!
DID YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH POPEYE'S ESCAPE?
IS HE OUT?
IS HE OUT? I JUST SAID SO DIDN'T I?
AH- I SEE YOU GOT RID OF YOUR BLACK EYE
CHIEF GENERAL- THE THING TO DO IS LET POPEYE ALONE, AND PAY MORE ATTENTION TO WINNING OUR WAR WITH TONSYLANIA
POOH BAH!
POOH BAH?
YES- POOH BAH!
HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR YOUR KING? PHOOEY!
IF I HAD A TRADE, I'D QUIT THIS GRIND- WORRY! WORRY! WISH I WAS A COW BOY
HELLO, COLONEL,- CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO SPEAKING- SAY- I WANT YOU TO BRING POPEYE IN- YEAH, TAKE THE WHOLE REGIMENT- HE MIGHT SHOW FIGHT— SURE, ALIVE- WE NEED HIM FOR TARGET PRACTICE
OKAY
LOOK, OLIVE, THEY SENT THE WHOLE ARMY AFTER ME- THA'S A COMPLEMINT
TROMP
TROMP
TROMP
SEGAR


GET YER BAYONEK OUT OF ME BACK OR I'LL BITE IT OFF— I SAYS I WILL!
HALT
THE REGIMENT CAPTURED POPEYE - THEY'RE WAITING FOR INSTRUCTIONS
TELL THEM TO BIND HIM TIGHTLY WITH TWO HUNDRED FEET OF ONE-INCH ROPE AND JAIL HIM
WHEN THEY WAS WRAPPIN' ME I EXPANDED MESELF- THIS ROPE AIN'T TIGHT
ROPES IS EASY WHEN YA UNERSTANS 'EM
I DRUTHER BE TIED WITH A MILE OF INCH-ROPE THAN TEN FEET OF SILK STRING
WE HAVE HIM DONE UP SO GOOD HE'S COMPLETELY HIDDEN
FINE - TELL THE FIRING SQUAD TO GET READY
EGAR
YES - WE HAVE TWO HUNDRED FEET OF ROPE WRAPPED AROUND POPEYE
GOOD - WE'LL EXECUTE HIM AT ONCE
YOO-HOO!
WHO SAID YOO HOO?
I SLIPPED OUT OF THEM ROPES, GENERAL - IT'S A OL' TRICK WHICH I LEARNT AT SEA
WELL, I'LL BE -!
GUARD - BEAT THIS MAN TO A PULP - IT'S A COMMAND
I LEFT THE WATER RUNNING IN THE BATH TUB - I'LL HAVE TO HURRY HOME!
YOU LICK MY BEST MEN - YOU BREAK JAIL AT WILL - YOU ESCAPE FROM A TON OF ROPE - HOW ARE YOU ABLE TO DO SUCH THINGS?
THA'S EASY
I EATS SPINACH
EGAR
GREAT GUNS! I'VE AN IDEA
IT WON'T DO ME A BIT OF GOOD POLITICALLY TO EXECUTE POPEYE — IT WOULD BE MUCH BETTER FOR ME TO THRASH HIM IN PUBLIC
ORDERLY, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?
YEAH - MUCH BETTER ALSO MUCH HARDER
SHUT UP
MY MAN, DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU MADE A JACKASS OF ME?
I DIDN'T MAKE YOU A JACKASS - I JUS' PROVED YA ARE ONE
HAW! HAW!
ORDERLY, LEAVE THE ROOM
I WOULD RATHER THRASH YOU IN PUBLIC THAN EXECUTE YOU - SEE WHAT I MEAN?
I SEES — YA WANTS GLORY WITH YER REVENGE
EGAR

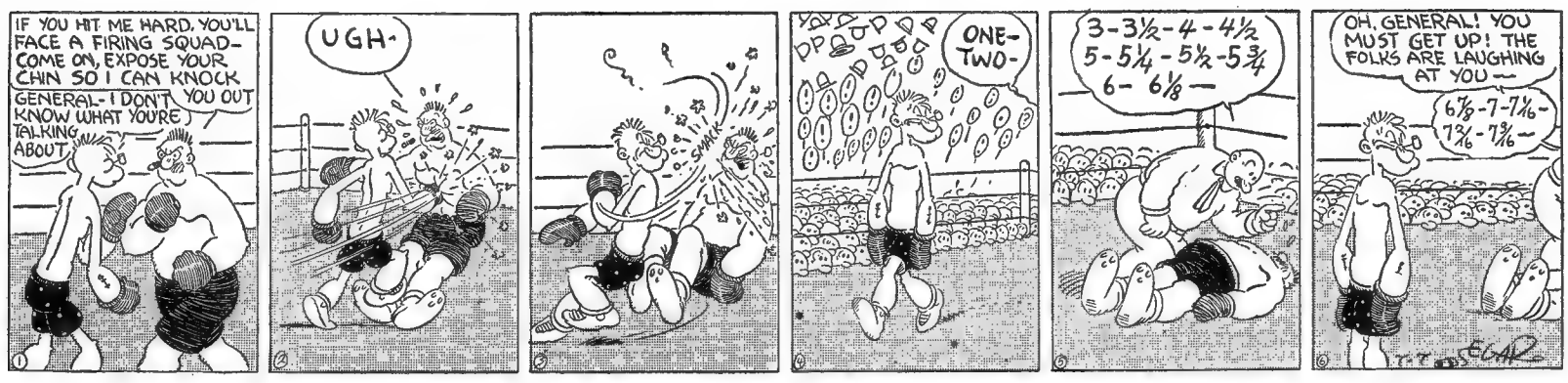

EXECUTING YOU WOULDN'T HELP ME POLITICALLY - I WOULD RATHER LICK YOU IN PUBLIC
YA WANTS TO MAKE ME OUT A SAP IN FRONT OF EVER'BODY, EH?
WHY, MOST MEN WOULD THINK IT AN HONOR TO GET THRASHED BY THE GREAT CHIEF GENERAL
OH, YEAH?
I AIN'T NEVER BEEN LICKED YET - AN' WHEN I DOES GET MESELF SMACKED UP IT AIN'T GONER BE BY NO BIG BAG OF SCUM LIKE YOU!
ORDERLY, TELL THE EXECUTION DEPARTMENT TO BE READY TO EXECUTE POPEYE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE - I'LL TEACH THAT RAT A LESSON
PLEASE DO AS HE WISHES - DON'T CHOOSE THE FIRING SQUAD - I NEED YOU, POPEYE
YA WANTS I SHOULD LOSE ME REPITATION?
COR-RAM-BA! WE'RE GETTING NO PLACE WITH OUR WAR WITH TONSYLANIA - FIRST IT WAS PROHIBITION - THEN WAR - AND NOW THIS MONKEY BUSINESS - WORRY! WORRY! - I WISH I WAS NUTTY
6-30
EGAR
GENERAL BUNZO WILL CALL OFF THE FIRING SQUAD IF YOU'LL LET HIM LICK YOU IN PUBLIC - DO IT FOR MY SAKE - I NEED YOU, POPEYE
I DRUTHER GET SHOT THAN SOCKED OUT BY A HUNK OF BLUBBER LIKE HIM — I GOT ME REPITATION TO THINK ABOUT, AIN'T I?
GENERAL, IS YOUR TIFF WITH POPEYE MORE IMPORTANT THAN OUR WAR WITH TONSYLANIA?
I'M AT THE END OF MY WITS AND JUST NOW I DON'T GIVE A WHOOP FOR YOUR POLITICAL POWER!
POOH BAH!
POOH BAH?
YES, POOH BAH!
BUNZO - I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO TAKE A CRACK AT YOU MYSELF!
YEAH?
KING - SEE THIS BUTTON? HA! ONE PUSH AND YOU'LL BE ALL WASHED UP INSIDE OF FIVE MINUTES
WHY - WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN THE ASSASSINATION OF KING BLOZO WILL TAKE PLACE AT ONCE IF YOU SOCK ME
6-30
EGAR
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT YOU FISTICUFFED GENERAL BUNZO - HE FEELS THAT HE HAS LOST PRESTIGE — EXECUTING YOU WOULDN'T HELP HIM
THRASHING YOU IN PUBLIC IS HIS IDEA OF GETTING SQUARE - I WISH YOU'D SUBMIT TO HIS WISHES SO WE COULD GET ON WITH OUR WAR
WE'D BE OUT OF LUCK IF OUR COWARDLY ENEMIES CHARGED US JUST NOW
I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH BUNZO
USTEN HERE, GENERAL - I'LL FIGHT YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE IN THE WORLD - IF I GETS KNOCKED OUT THA'S OKAY, BUT I AIN'T LAYIN' DOWN FOR NOBODY - SAVVY?
I DON'T WANT YOU TO TAKE A FAKE FLOP — ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET ME HIT YOU ON THE CHIN A FEW TIMES - NATURE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR FLOPPING
BLOW ME DOWN - THA'S DIFFRENT - I'LL LET YA HIT ME BUTTON ALL YA WANTS
WHAT'S THAT!!
EGAR

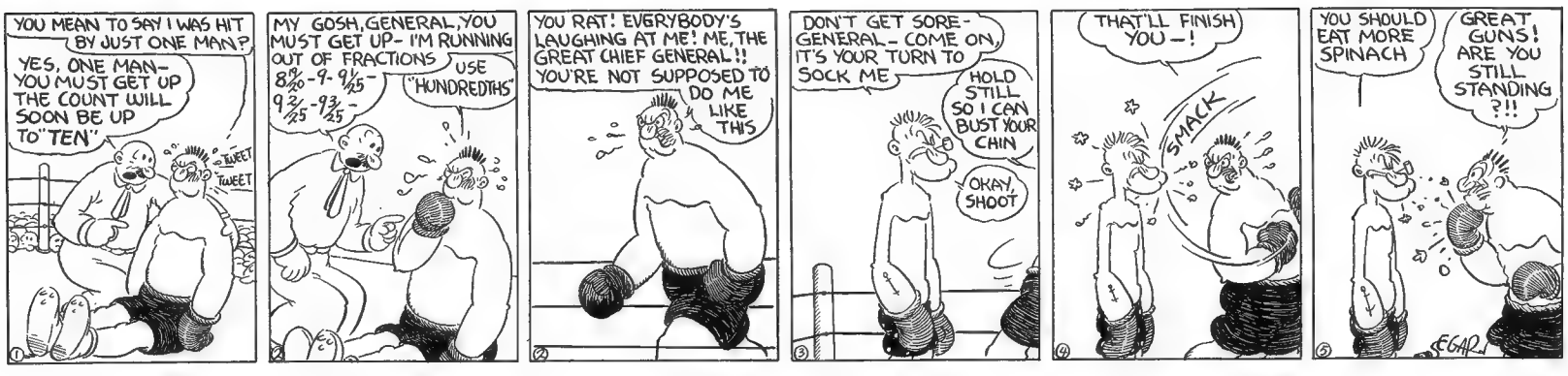

YES, IF I THRASH YOU IN PUBLIC YOU GO FREE— OTHERWISE, IT'S THE FIRING SQUAD FOR YOU
I DON'T WANT YOU TO TAKE A PHONY FLOP— JUST EXPOSE YOUR CHIN SO I CAN SOCK IT
WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT ?
I WAS JUS' THINKIN'
SUSPOSE YOU KEEPS PECKIN' ME ON THE BUTTON, AN' SUSPOSE I DON'T PAY NO 'TENTION TO IT— I'LL BET YOU'D BE SUSPRISED
I WAS JUS' 'MAGINING, GENERAL. DON'T GET SORE
WHY, THE IDEA!! SAY, WHEN I HIT YOUR CHIN YOU'LL DROP!
GOOD HEAVENS! IF HE DOESN'T FALL WHEN I SMACK HIM THE JOKE WILL BE ON ME— OUW! THAT WOULD BE TERRIBLE!!
EGAR

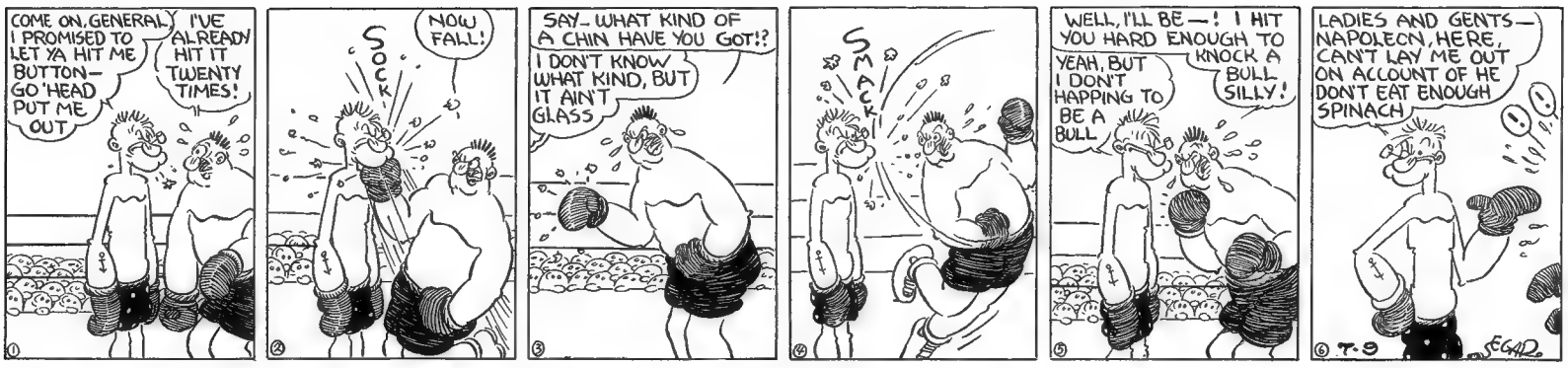

IT'S OKAY, OLIVE— GENERAL BUNZO AIN'T GONER EXERCUTE ME— WERE GONER HAVE A SPRIZE FIGHT AN' I'LL LET 'IM HIT ME ON THE CHIN
OF COURSE, HE DON'T KNOW THAT ME BUTTON IS THE ONE PLACE I DON'T FEEL 'EM ON
SURE— I'LL LET 'IM BUST ME ALL HE WANTS— I DON'T THINK HE'S GOT ENOUGH MUSKLE TO LAY ME OUT
COME WITH ME— POPEYE— I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
AIN'T THAT HOT?
I SAYS IT IS!
1-2-3- 1-2-3-
7-3
EGAR

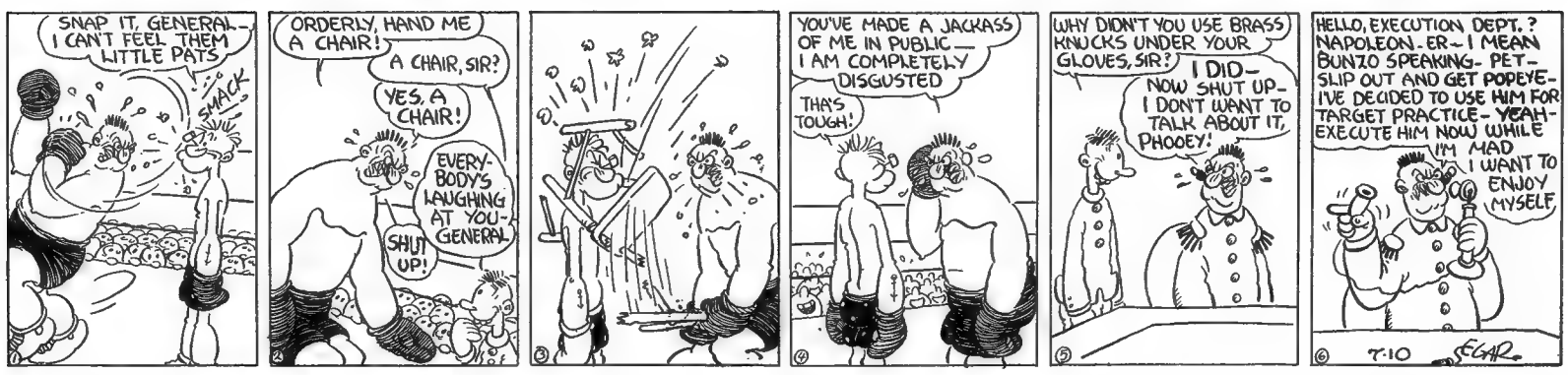

I MUST TEST MY PUNCH— ORDERLY, GO TELL PETE TO COME HERE
YESSIR
STAND STILL NOW, PETE— I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN KNOCK YOU OUT
OKAY, CHIEF
FINE! FINE!! FINE!!! THAT RAT, POPEYE, COULDN'T STAND UP AFTER A SOCK LIKE THAT..!! I'M NOT AFRAID OF MY PUNCH NOW
FLOP
ORDERLY, GO TACK UP A THOUSAND CARDS ADVERTISING THE FIGHT BETWEEN MYSELF AND POPEYE
BIG FIGHT FREE SEE GENERAL BUNZO ERADICATE POPEYE, THE SAILOR AT THE ARENA
EGAR


HERE'S THE DOPE
CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO HAS LOST MUCH PRESTIGE SINCE POPEYE LICKED HIM IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE. BUNZO WAS ALL SET TO EXECUTE THE SAILOR WHEN HE SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT THRASHING HIM IN PUBLIC WOULD BE BETTER—
THE POPULATION OF NAZILIA WILL TURN OUT TO SEE THEIR GENERAL TIP OVER THE OLD SALT
REMEMBER, IF YOU DO NOT LIVE UP TO OUR AGREEMENT YOU'LL BE SHOT AT SUNRISE— I'LL STAND FOR NO MONKEY BUSINESS
CERTAINLY I WANT THE FIGHT TO LOOK REAL— YOU CAN HIT ME NOW AND THEN— BUT GO EASY— THEN EXPOSE YOUR CHIN SO I CAN KNOCK YOU OUT
-IN THIS CORNER— THE GREAT CHIEF GENERAL BUNZO
PST— MENTION MY SIMILARITY TO NAPOLEON
AND IN THAT CORNER OVER THERE— POPEYE, THE SAILOR
BLOW ME DOWN, GENERAL, I GOT A PUNK MEMBERY THA'S WHY I'VE FORGOT WHAT OUR AGREEMENT WAS
!
EGAR


IF YOU HIT ME HARD, YOU'LL FACE A FIRING SQUAD— COME ON, EXPOSE YOUR CHIN SO I CAN KNOCK
GENERAL— I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT
YOU OUT
UGH-
SMACK
ONE- TWO-
3-3½-4-4½ 5-5¼-5½-5¾ 6-6⅛—
OH, GENERAL! YOU MUST GET UP! THE FOLKS ARE LAUGHING AT YOU—
6⅞-7-7⅛- 7⅜-7⅝—
EGAR

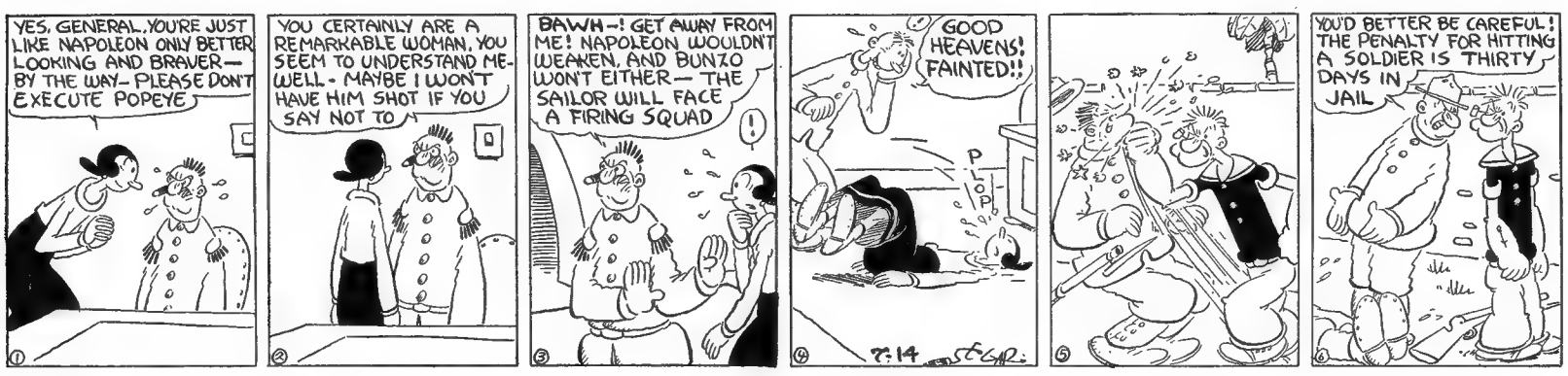

YOU MEAN TO SAY I WAS HIT BY JUST ONE MAN?
YES, ONE MAN— YOU MUST GET UP THE COUNT WILL SOON BE UP TO "TEN"
TWEET TWEET
MY GOSH, GENERAL, YOU MUST GET UP— I'M RUNNING OUT OF FRACTIONS
8/20-9-9½5- 9 2/25-9 3/25-
USE "HUNDREDTHS"
YOU RAT! EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING AT ME! ME, THE GREAT CHIEF GENERAL!! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO ME LIKE THIS
DON'T GET SORE— GENERAL— COME ON, IT'S YOUR TURN TO SOCK ME
HOLD STILL SO I CAN BUST YOUR CHIN
OKAY, SHOOT
THAT'LL FINISH YOU—!
SMACK
YOU SHOULD EAT MORE SPINACH
GREAT GUNS! ARE YOU STILL STANDING ?!!
EGAR

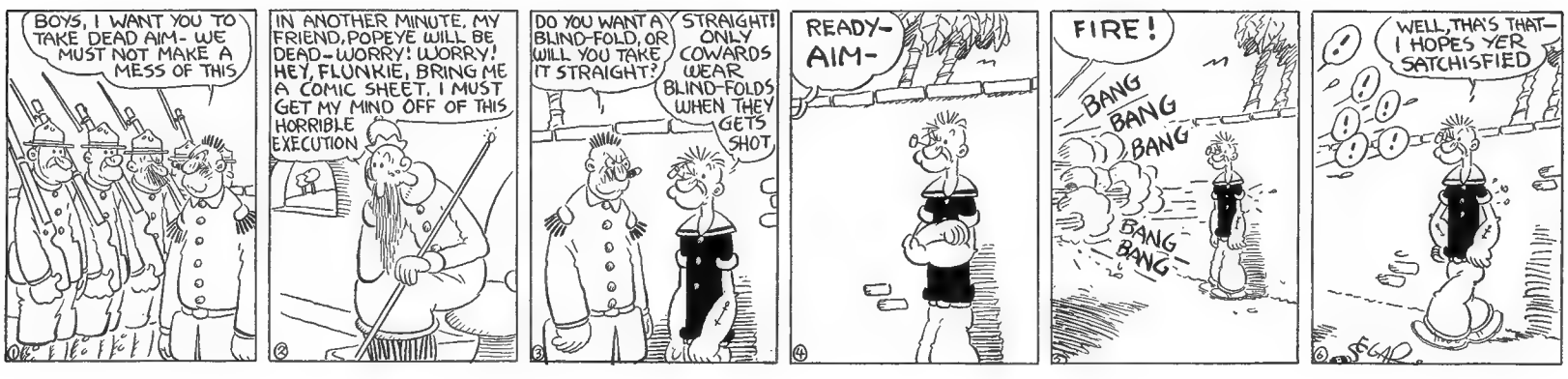

COME ON, GENERAL I PROMISED TO LET YA HIT ME BUTTON— GO 'HEAD PUT ME OUT
I'VE ALREADY HIT IT TWENTY TIMES!
SOCK
NOW FALL!
SAY— WHAT KIND OF A CHIN HAVE YOU GOT!?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND, BUT IT AIN'T GLASS
SMACK
WELL, I'LL BE—! I HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK A BULL SILLY!
YEAH, BUT I DON'T HAPPING TO BE A BULL
LADIES AND GENTS— NAPOLEON, HERE, CAN'T LAY ME OUT ON ACCOUNT OF HE DON'T EAT ENOUGH SPINACH
T-9
SEGAR

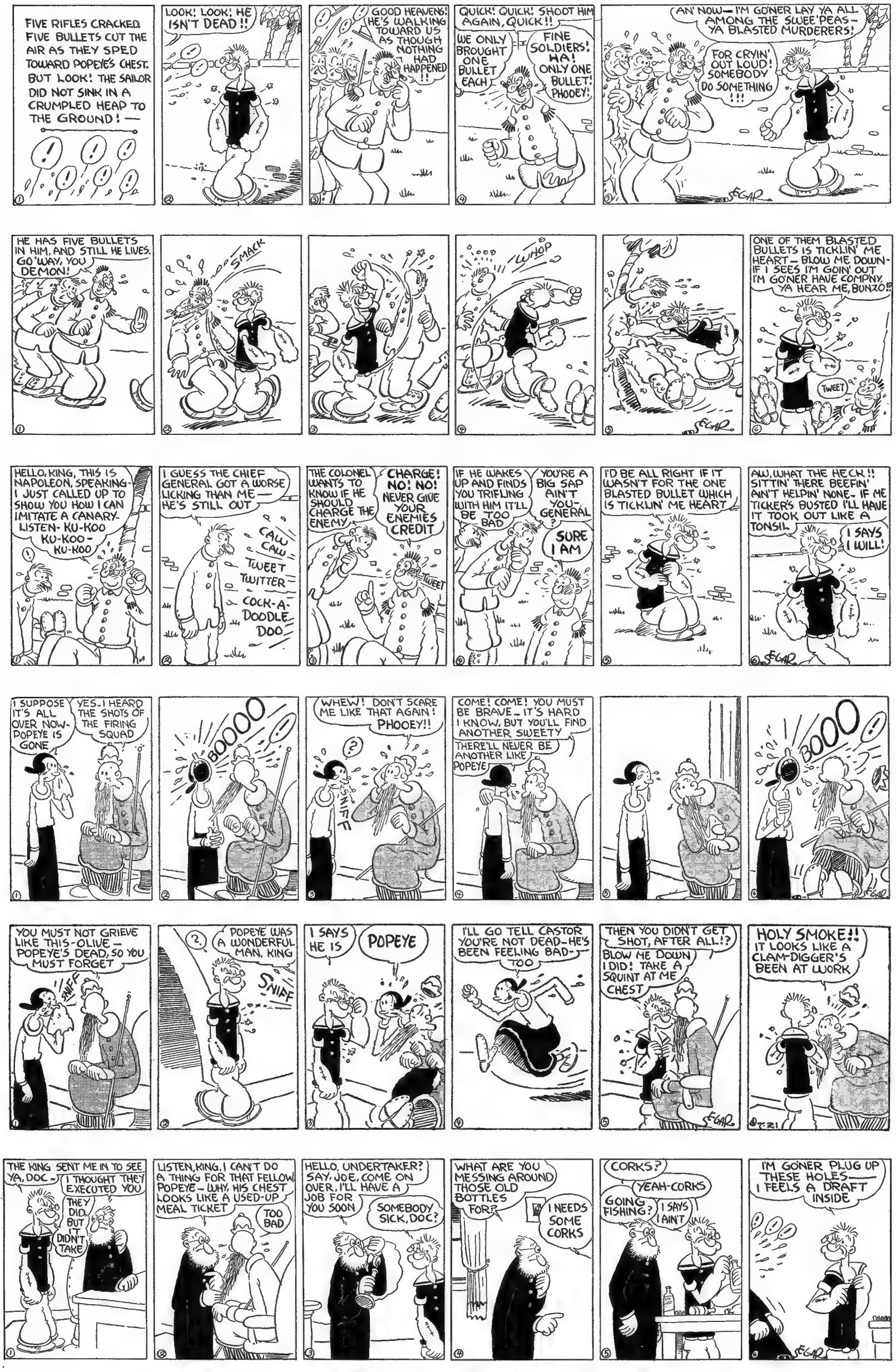

SNAP IT, GENERAL— I CAN'T FEEL THEM LITTLE PATS
SMACK
ORDERLY, HAND ME A CHAIR!
A CHAIR, SIR?
YES, A CHAIR!
EVERY-BODY'S LAUGHING AT YOU-GENERAL
SHUT UP!
YOU'VE MADE A JACKASS OF ME IN PUBLIC— I AM COMPLETELY DISGUSTED
THAT'S TOUGH!
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE BRASS KNUCKS UNDER YOUR GLOVES, SIR?
I DID— NOW SHUT UP— I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, PHOOEY!
HELLO, EXECUTION DEPT.? NAPOLEON-ER— I MEAN BUNZO SPEAKING- PET-SLIP OUT AND GET POPEYE- I'VE DECIDED TO USE HIM FOR TARGET PRACTICE- YEAH- EXECUTE HIM NOW WHILE I'M MAD I WANT TO ENJOY MYSELF
T-10
SEGAR


SO YOU'RE GOING TO EXECUTE POPEYE, ARE YOU, GENERAL? YOU COULDN'T KNOCK HIM OUT EVEN WHEN HE LET YOU BUST HIM ON THE CHIN- THE PEOPLE ARE STILL LAUGHING
!
ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL- I'LL ——
YOU'LL ASSASSINATE ME, EH?
WE ONLY ASSASSINATE KINGS —— WE MURDER SAPS LIKE YOU
HELLO, CHIEF GENERAL— THEY'RE BRINGING POPEYE IN NOW
FINE! FINE! SET 'IM UP IN THE ALLEY AND GIVE HIM THE WORKS
T-11
SEGAR

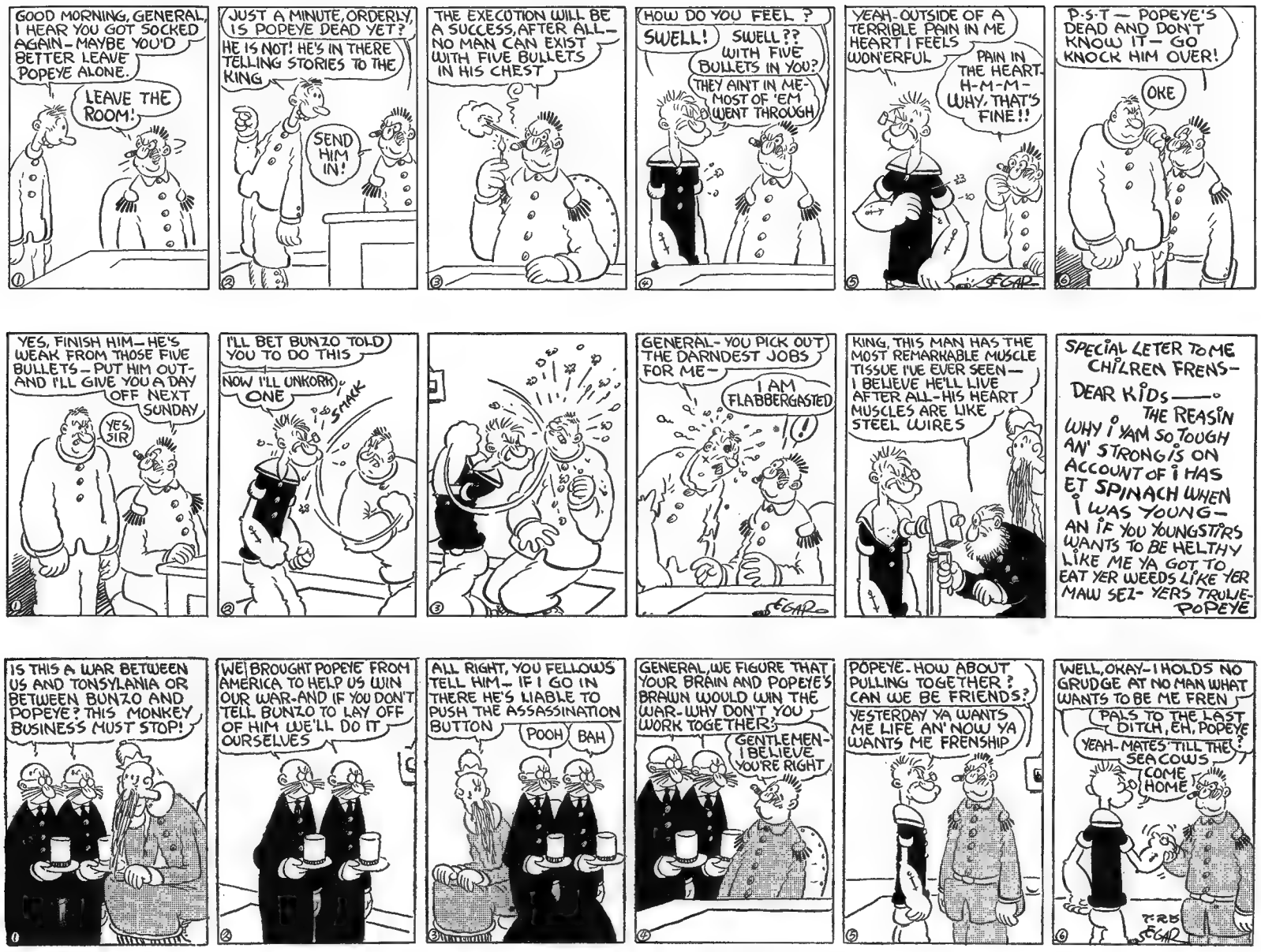

SIS, I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO LOSE OUR OLD FRIEND, POPEYE
I MUST SEE GENERAL BUNZO
OH, GENERAL! YOU HAVE EYES LIKE NAPOLEON HAD! WHY, YOU'RE THE IMAGE OF NAPOLEON!
I KNOW IT
?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE BAD MANS AN' EXECUTE POOR LIL' POPEYE, ARE YOU, GEN? SAY NO FOR OLIVE OYL
POOH BAH- HUMPH PHOOEY
YOU REALLY THINK I LOOK LIKE NAPOLEON?
YOU CERTAINLY DO, GENNY
DON'T CALL ME JENNY
PLEASE DON'T EXECUTE HIM
I HATE TO CALL IT OFF NOW— SAY YOU'RE THE FIRST WOMAN WHO EVER UNDERSTOOD ME- YOU'RE NOT TRIFLING WITH ME, ARE YOU?
OH, MY NO!
WHEN YOU SWABS GO'NER EXERCUTE ME? I BEEN STANDIN' AROUN' FOR A GEE- YOU AIN'T GOT HOUR A BIT OF PATIENCE!

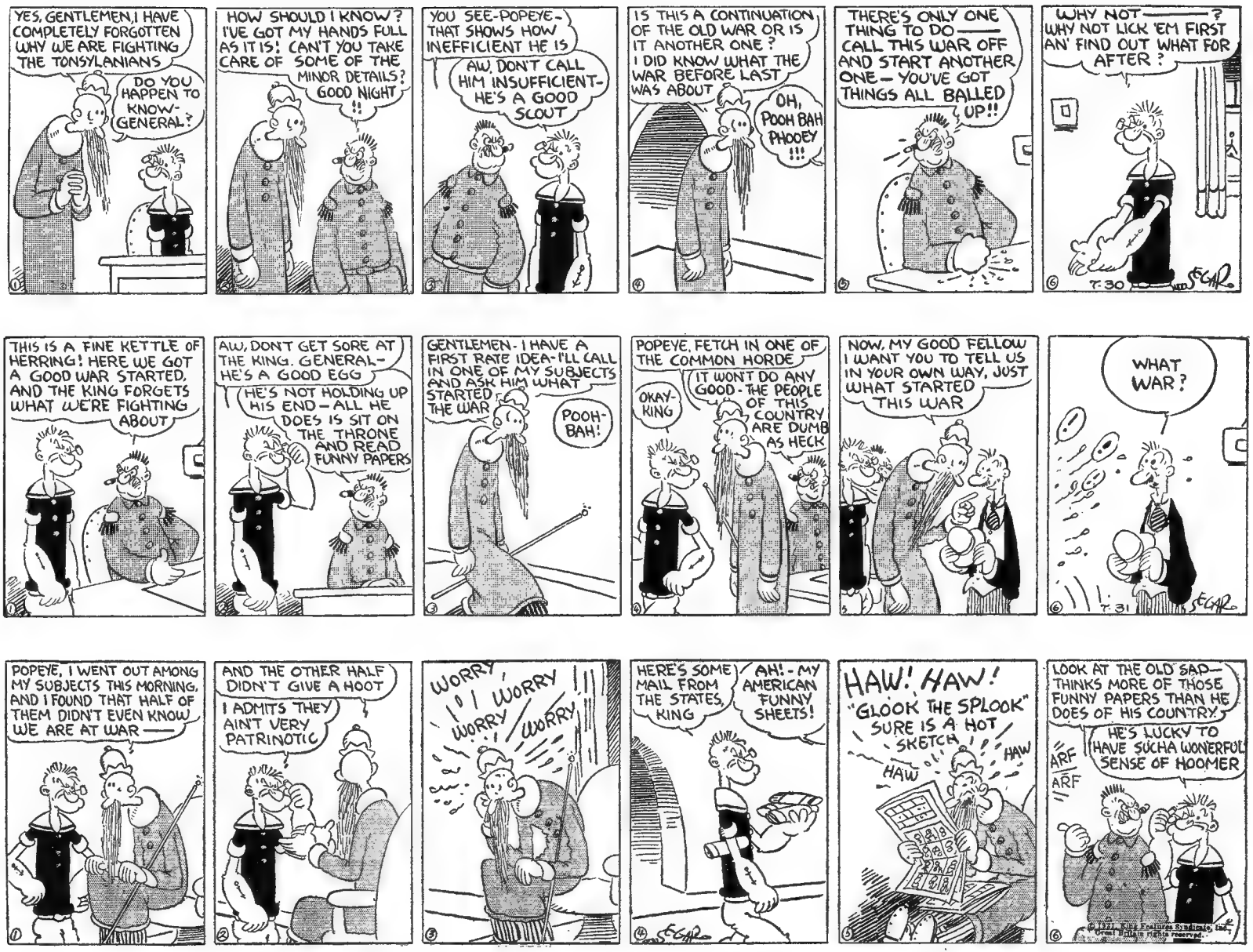

YES, GENERAL, YOU'RE JUST LIKE NAPOLEON ONLY BETTER LOOKING AND BRAVER— BY THE WAY- PLEASE DON'T EXECUTE POPEYE
YOU CERTAINLY ARE A REMARKABLE WOMAN, YOU SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME- WELL- MAYBE I WON'T HAVE HIM SHOT IF YOU SAY NOT TO
BAWH—! GET AWAY FROM ME! NAPOLEON WOULDN'T WEAKEN, AND BUNZO WON'T EITHER— THE SAILOR WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD
!
GOOD HEAVENS! FAINTED!!
PLOP
T-14
SEGAR
YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! THE PENALTY FOR HITTING A SOLDIER IS THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL


BOYS, I WANT YOU TO TAKE DEAD AIM- WE MUST NOT MAKE A MESS OF THIS
IN ANOTHER MINUTE, MY FRIEND, POPEYE WILL BE DEAD- WORRY! WORRY! HEY, FLUNKIE, BRING ME A COMIC SHEET, I MUST GET MY MIND OFF OF THIS HORRIBLE EXECUTION
DO YOU WANT A BLIND-FOLD, OR WILL YOU TAKE IT STRAIGHT?
STRAIGHT! ONLY COWARDS WEAR BLIND-FOLDS WHEN THEY GETS SHOT
READY- AIM-
FIRE!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
WELL, THA'S THAT— I HOPES YER SATCHISFIED


FIVE RIFLES CRACKED. FIVE BULLETS CUT THE AIR AS THEY SPED TOWARD POPEYE'S CHEST. BUT LOOK! THE SAILOR DID NOT SINK IN A CRUMPLED HEAP TO THE GROUND! —
LOOK! LOOK! HE ISN'T DEAD!!
GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S WALKING TOWARD US AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED!!
QUICK! QUICK! SHOOT HIM AGAIN, QUICK!!
WE ONLY BROUGHT ONE BULLET EACH
FINE SOLDIERS! HA! ONLY ONE BULLET! PHOOEY!
AN' NOW— I'M GONER LAY YA ALL AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS— YA BLASTED MURDERERS!
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!!!
SEGAR
HE HAS FIVE BULLETS IN HIM, AND STILL HE LIVES. GO 'WAY, YOU DEMON!
SMACK
WHOP
ONE OF THEM BLASTED BULLETS IS TICKLIN' ME HEART— BLOW ME DOWN- IF I SEES I'M GOIN' OUT I'M GONER HAVE COMP'NY, YA HEAR ME, BUNZO!!
TWEET
HELLO, KING, THIS IS NAPOLEON, SPEAKING- I JUST CALLED UP TO SHOW YOU HOW I CAN IMITATE A CANARY- LISTEN- KU-KOO KU-KOO- KU-KOO
I GUESS THE CHIEF GENERAL GOT A WORSE LICKING THAN ME— HE'S STILL OUT
CAW CAW TWEET TWITTER COCK-A-DOODLE DOO!
THE COLONEL WANTS TO KNOW IF HE SHOULD CHARGE THE ENEMY
CHARGE! NO! NO! NEVER GIVE YOUR ENEMIES CREDIT
TWEET
IF HE WAKES UP AND FINDS YOU TRIFLING WITH HIM IT'LL BE TOO BAD
YOU'RE A BIG SAP AIN'T YOU- GENERAL?
SURE I AM
I'D BE ALL RIGHT IF IT WASN'T FOR THE ONE BLASTED BULLET WHICH IS TICKLIN' ME HEART
AW, WHAT THE HECK!! SITTIN' THERE BEEFIN' AIN'T HELPIN' NONE- IF ME TICKER'S BUSTED I'LL HAVE IT TOOK OUT LIKE A TONSIL
I SAYS I WILL!
SEGAR

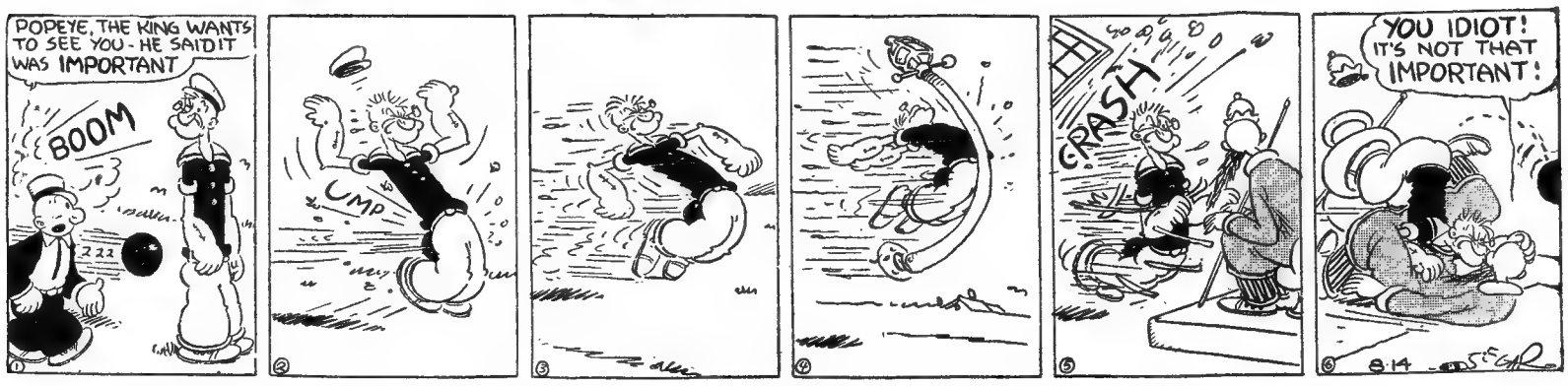
I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL OVER NOW- POPEYE IS GONE
YES- I HEARD THE SHOTS OF THE FIRING SQUAD
BOOOO
WHEW! DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT AGAIN! PHOOEY!!
SNIFF
COME! COME! YOU MUST BE BRAVE- IT'S HARD I KNOW, BUT YOU'LL FIND ANOTHER SWEETY
THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER LIKE POPEYE
BOOO
YOU MUST NOT GRIEVE LIKE THIS- OLIVE— POPEYE'S DEAD, SO YOU MUST FORGET
SNIFF
POPEYE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN, KING
SNIFF
I SAYS HE IS
POPEYE
I'LL GO TELL CASTOR YOU'RE NOT DEAD- HE'S BEEN FEELING BAD- TOO
THEN YOU DIDN'T GET SHOT, AFTER ALL!?
BLOW ME DOWN I DID! TAKE A SQUINT AT ME CHEST
HOLY SMOKE!! IT LOOKS LIKE A CLAM-DIGGER'S BEEN AT WORK
THE KING SENT ME IN TO SEE YA, DOC- I THOUGHT THEY EXECUTED YOU
THEY DID, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE
LISTEN, KING, I CAN'T DO A THING FOR THAT FELLOW POPEYE— WHY, HIS CHEST LOOKS LIKE A USED-UP MEAL TICKET
TOO BAD
HELLO, UNDERTAKER? SAY, JOE, COME ON OVER, I'LL HAVE A JOB FOR YOU SOON
SOMEBODY SICK, DOC?
WHAT ARE YOU MESSING AROUND THOSE OLD BOTTLES FOR?
I NEEDS SOME CORKS
CORKS?
YEAH- CORKS
GOING FISHING?
I SAYS I AIN'T
I'M GONER PLUG UP THESE HOLES— I FEELS A DRAFT INSIDE

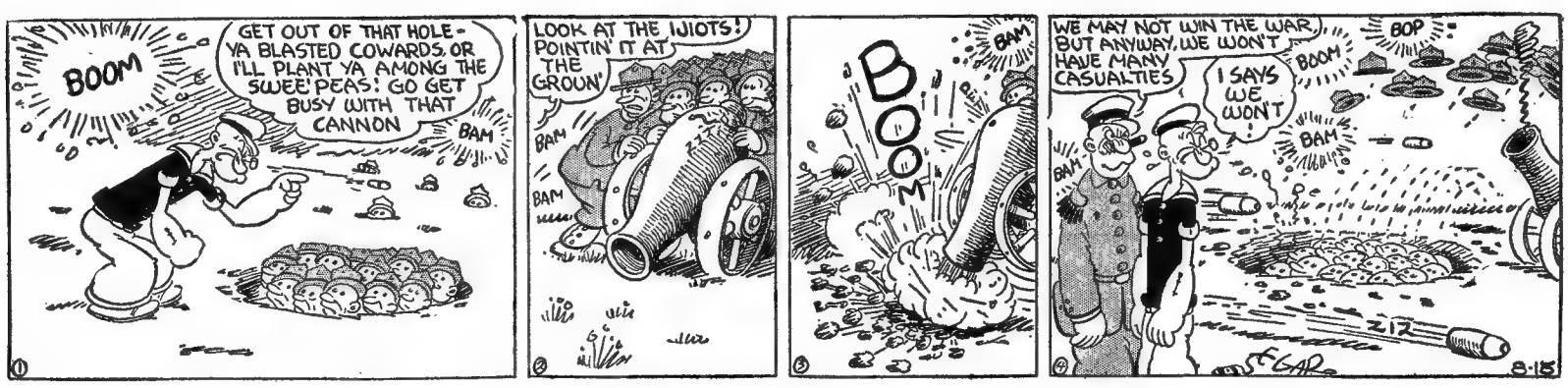

GOOD MORNING, GENERAL, I HEAR YOU GOT SOCKED AGAIN - MAYBE YOU'D BETTER LEAVE POPEYE ALONE.
LEAVE THE ROOM!
JUST A MINUTE, ORDERLY, IS POPEYE DEAD YET?
HE IS NOT! HE'S IN THERE TELLING STORIES TO THE KING
SEND HIM IN!
THE EXECUTION WILL BE A SUCCESS, AFTER ALL - NO MAN CAN EXIST WITH FIVE BULLETS IN HIS CHEST
HOW DO YOU FEEL ?
SWELL!
SWELL?? WITH FIVE BULLETS IN YOU?
THEY AIN'T IN ME - MOST OF 'EM WENT THROUGH
YEAH - OUTSIDE OF A TERRIBLE PAIN IN ME HEART I FEELS WON'ERFUL
PAIN IN THE HEART. H-M-M- WHY, THAT'S FINE!!
P·S·T — POPEYE'S DEAD AND DON'T KNOW IT — GO KNOCK HIM OVER!
OKE
YES, FINISH HIM — HE'S WEAK FROM THOSE FIVE BULLETS — PUT HIM OUT - AND I'LL GIVE YOU A DAY OFF NEXT SUNDAY
YES, SIR
I'LL BET BUNZO TOLD YOU TO DO THIS
NOW I'LL UNKORK ONE
SMACK
GENERAL - YOU PICK OUT THE DARNDEST JOBS FOR ME -
I AM FLABBERGASTED
!
KING, THIS MAN HAS THE MOST REMARKABLE MUSCLE TISSUE I'VE EVER SEEN — I BELIEVE HE'LL LIVE AFTER ALL - HIS HEART MUSCLES ARE LIKE STEEL WIRES
SPECIAL LETER TO ME CHILREN FRENS -
DEAR KIDS ——.
THE REASIN WHY I YAM SO TOUGH AN' STRONG IS ON ACCOUNT OF I HAS ET SPINACH WHEN I WAS YOUNG - AN IF YOU YOUNGSTERS WANTS TO BE HELTHY LIKE ME YA GOT TO EAT YER WEEDS LIKE YER MAW SEZ - YERS TRULIE - POPEYE
IS THIS A WAR BETWEEN US AND TONSYLANIA OR BETWEEN BUNZO AND POPEYE? THIS MONKEY BUSINESS MUST STOP!
WE BROUGHT POPEYE FROM AMERICA TO HELP US WIN OUR WAR - AND IF YOU DON'T TELL BUNZO TO LAY OFF OF HIM WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES
ALL RIGHT, YOU FELLOWS TELL HIM — IF I GO IN THERE HE'S LIABLE TO PUSH THE ASSASSINATION BUTTON
POOH
BAH
GENERAL, WE FIGURE THAT YOUR BRAIN AND POPEYE'S BRAWN WOULD WIN THE WAR - WHY DON'T YOU WORK TOGETHER?
GENTLEMEN - I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT
POPEYE - HOW ABOUT PULLING TOGETHER ? CAN WE BE FRIENDS?
YESTERDAY YA WANTS ME LIFE AN' NOW YA WANTS ME FRENSHIP
WELL, OKAY - I HOLDS NO GRUDGE AT NO MAN WHAT WANTS TO BE ME FREN
PALS TO THE LAST DITCH, EH, POPEYE?
YEAH - MATES 'TILL THE SEACOWS COME HOME!
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU CAUSED BUNZO TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH POPEYE?
WE DID EXACTLY THAT
HOW ?
WE USED DIPLOMACY AND FLATTERY - WE TOLD BUNZO THAT HIS GREAT BRAIN AND POPEYE'S BRAWN WORKING TOGETHER, WOULD WIN THE WAR —
THOSE TWIN EGGS ARE NOT SO DUMB, AFTER ALL!
TWIN EGGS? WHAT DOES HE MEAN?
I GOT ME HAND OVER ME CHEST-GENERAL - I DON'T WANT NONE OF THIS STUFF TO RUN OUT OF THEM BULLET HOLES
GRAPE JUICE
POPEYE, OLD BOY, I'M SORRY I HAD MY FIRING SQUAD WORK ON YOU
AW, THA'S OKAY, GEN - IT'S A PLEASURE TO GET SHOT EITHER BY YOU OR WITH YOU. I SAYS IT IS
WELL - BLOW ME DOWN!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, CASTOR! GENERAL BUNZO AND POPEYE MADE UP - THEY'RE GOOD FRIENDS NOW
WELL, I'LL BE!
YOU DID A BIG THING WHEN YOU BROUGHT POPEYE AND BUNZO TOGETHER - I SHALL REWARD YOU WITH ONE MILLION PEZOZEES
OH, MIGHTY KING, YOUR APPRECIATION IS SUFFICIENT REMUNERA - TION
I SAY, BOYS, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU CELEBRATING YOUR FRIENDSHIP - BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WE HAVE PROHIBITION IN THIS COUNTRY?
WHY, KING, THA'S NOTHIN' BUT GRAPE JUICE - SEE, IT SAYS "GRAPE JUICE" ON THE BOTTLE
SURE
GRAPE JUICE
IT PROBABLY WAS GRAPE JUICE FIFTY YEARS AGO
SNIFF
ISN'T KINGY FUNNY ?
I SAYS HE IS
ARF! ARF!
HE DON'T TRUSK US
I CERTAINLY AM GLAD YOU BOYS MADE UP - NOW WE CAN GET BUSY AND WIN THE WAR
POPEYE, WE MUST DRAW A PLAN OF ATTACK — YOU MAY HELP ME THINK IF YOU LIKE
THINKIN' MAKES ME DIZZY - YOU JUS' GO AHEAD, AN' WHEN YA GETS FINISHED I'LL TELL YA IF IT'S OKAY
HOW'S THAT FOR TEN MINUTE'S WORK - I CLAIM THAT IF WE FOLLOW THIS PLAN WE'LL DEFEAT OUR ENEMIES
I SEES ONE WEAK SPOT
YOU DO?!
THE EMENY IS GONER BUST THROUGH RIGHT THERE
YES, OUR LINE IS WEAK AT THAT POINT — I'LL USE A SOFTER PENCIL
OH-MY GOSH!!
GENTLEMEN, I HAVE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN WHAT OUR WAR WITH TONSYLANIA IS ABOUT
AW-WHAT'S THE DIFFRENCE ?

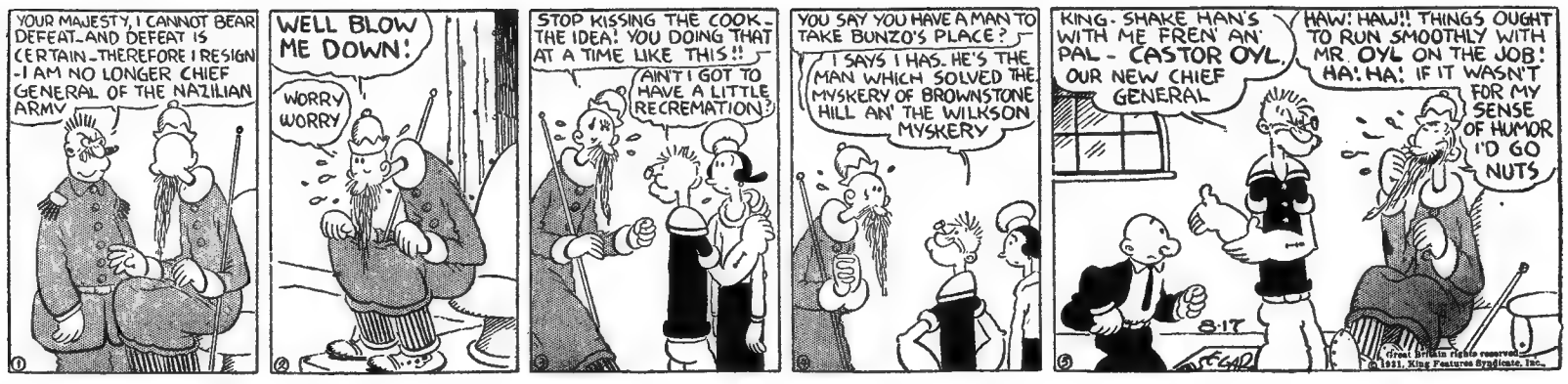

YES, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN WHY WE ARE FIGHTING THE TONSYLANIANS
DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW-GENERAL?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL AS IT IS! CAN'T YOU TAKE CARE OF SOME OF THE MINOR DETAILS? GOOD NIGHT !!
YOU SEE-POPEYE-THAT SHOWS HOW INEFFICIENT HE IS
AW, DON'T CALL HIM INSUFFICIENT-HE'S A GOOD SCOUT
IS THIS A CONTINUATION OF THE OLD WAR OR IS IT ANOTHER ONE? I DID KNOW WHAT THE WAR BEFORE LAST WAS ABOUT
OH, POOH BAH PHOOEY !!!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO — CALL THIS WAR OFF AND START ANOTHER ONE — YOU'VE GOT THINGS ALL BALLED UP!!
WHY NOT — — — ? WHY NOT LICK 'EM FIRST AN' FIND OUT WHAT FOR AFTER ?
7-30
EGAR
THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF HERRING! HERE WE GOT A GOOD WAR STARTED, AND THE KING FORGETS WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING ABOUT
AW, DON'T GET SORE AT THE KING. GENERAL-HE'S A GOOD EGG
HE'S NOT HOLDING UP HIS END — ALL HE DOES IS SIT ON THE THRONE AND READ FUNNY PAPERS
GENTLEMEN - I HAVE A FIRST RATE IDEA - I'LL CALL IN ONE OF MY SUBJECTS AND ASK HIM WHAT STARTED THE WAR
POOH-BAH!
POPEYE, FETCH IN ONE OF THE COMMON HORDE
OKAY-KING
IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD - THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ARE DUMB AS HECK
NOW, MY GOOD FELLOW I WANT YOU TO TELL US IN YOUR OWN WAY, JUST WHAT STARTED THIS WAR
WHAT WAR?
7-31
EGAR
POPEYE, I WENT OUT AMONG MY SUBJECTS THIS MORNING, AND I FOUND THAT HALF OF THEM DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WE ARE AT WAR —
AND THE OTHER HALF DIDN'T GIVE A HOOT
I ADMITS THEY AIN'T VERY PATRIOTIC
WORRY WORRY WORRY WORRY
HERE'S SOME MAIL FROM THE STATES, KING
AH! - MY AMERICAN FUNNY SHEETS!
HAW! HAW! "GLOOK THE SPLOOK" SURE IS A HOT SKETCH
HAW
HAW
LOOK AT THE OLD SAD— THINKS MORE OF THOSE FUNNY PAPERS THAN HE DOES OF HIS COUNTRY.
HE'S LUCKY TO HAVE SUCHA WONERFUL SENSE OF HOOMER
ARF ARF
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POPEYE. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE — THIS MESSAGE SAYS THAT THE COWARDLY TONSYLANIANS ARE ADVANCING UPON OUR BRAVE NAZILIANS
PHOOEY
I'LL GO TELL OUR ARMY THAT THEY ARE SUSPOSED TO RESISK ALL SUSPRIZE ATTACKS
WHERE'S OUR ARMY? THEY OUGHTER BE AROUN' HERE SOMEPLACE
BOOM
BAM
BANG
AHOY-ARMY! WHERE ARE YOU AT?
BAM
BOOM
BANG
WHAM
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
HERE WE ARE, SIR-WE'RE "FOXING" THE ENEMY!
8-3
KING-OUR ARMY HAS DUG HUNNERDS OF HOLES- EACH MAN HAS A INDEWIDUAL HOLE WHICH HE HIDES IN PERSNALLY FROM THE EMENY
COWARDS !!
ASK 'EM IF THEY AIN'T ASHAMED DOING IT
COWARDS THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE-COWARDS!
WE'RE FOXING THE ENEMY
BANG
POP
BAM
SWISH
BOOM
BAM
SWISH
BAM
BOOM
THAT'S RIGHT, PULL THE COWARD OUT
BANG
BAM
BAM
BAM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
SWISH
BOOM
BAM
SWISH
8-4
EGAR
WE GOT ONE SPECIAL-EXTER COWARD - HE CARRIES A SHOVEL, AN' WHEN SOMEBODY SHOOTS HE DIGS A HOLE AN' JUMPS IN
BREAK HIM!
YER GONER STAN' RIGHT HERE IN 'NOMAN'S LAN' TILL YA GETS OVER BEIN' ASCARED- I THROW'D YER SHOVEL AWAY
BAM
BOOM
BAM
COWARD- WHAT YA 'FRAID OF, ANYHOW?
BOOM
I BEEN IN MUTINIES WHICH WOULD MAKE THIS WAR SEEM PEACEABLE
SWISH
BANG
BAM
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
I 'MEMBERS ONCT WE BLOW'D OUR SHIP CLEAN UP, AN' WE DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO STAN' ON! ARF! ARF!
BAM
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
GET OUT OF THAT HOLE, AN' THEN TRIM YER BLASTED FINGER-NAILS!
BOOM
BAM
8-5
EGAR


GENERAL - SUSPOSE I TAKES OUR ARMY AN' CHARGES THE EMENY - I WILL TRY TO WIN VICKORY TODAY
GO TO IT! I'LL BE WITH YOU — ER- IN SPIRIT
FOR'ARD MARCH
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
HALK!
READY-AIM- FIRE!!
I SAID "FIRE" !! EVER'BODY SHOOT AT THE EMENY
WE FORGOT TO BRING OUR GUNS
8·6
SEGAR
FIELD GENERAL POPEYE - I DO NOT ADVISE CHARGING THE ENEMY — I HAVE INFORMATION WHICH LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THEY HAVE BEEN DOING HEAVY TARGET PRACTICE
IDEA
BOOM
BANG
BAM
NO MAN'S LAND
BOOM
ONE OF THE ENEMY
BOOM
BRZZ
BRZZ
SMACK
SEGAR
8·7
HOW YA LIKE COOKIN' FOR A ARMY, OLIVE?
ISN'T WAR TERRIBLE — ? IT CAUSES SO MUCH SUFFER- ING'
BOOM
YA BAKED A CAKE SPECIALLY FOR ME PERSNALLY? BLOW ME DOWN - I APPRESHEATES IT!! I SAYS I DOES!
FOR YOU - POPEYE
BAM
BOOM
!
SWISH
?
THA'SA IGEA GIVE 'EM @ee!!
BOOM
8·8
SEGAR
KING, THEY'S ONE THING I WANTS TO KNOW — HOW MUCH IS A PEZOZEE?
WHY BRING UP THAT?
YER MEN HIRED ME TO HELP LICK YER EMENY AT A THOUSING PEZOZEES A WEEK - THA'S WHY I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IS A PEZOZEE
A PEZOZEE IS TWO PAZOOKAS
WHAT'S A PAZOOKY?
A PAZOOKA IS TWO PAZINKAS
WHAT'S A PAZINKY?
A PAZINKA IS TWO PAZOONIES
PHOOEY - I WISH YOU WOULD QUIT FOLLOWING ME!! A PAZOONY IS TWO PAZEENYAS
WHAT'S A PAZEENYA?
TWO PAZIMEES
HEY! WHAT'S A PAZIMEE WORTH?
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
BLOW ME DOWN, I'M GLAD I AIN'T GETTIN' PAID IN PAZIMEES !!
POPEYE - THE NAZILIANS ARE NOT ALL COWARDS, THIS MAN CAPTURED TWO OF THE ENEMY SINGLE-HANDED!
YES, SIR
IS THIS A FACK?!
BOP
BAM
BOOM
I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING - HE FACED A HUNDRED MACHINE GUNS, WALKED RIGHT THROUGH THEIR BULLETS AND GRABBED TWO TONSYLANIANS
BOOM
BAM
FREN, YER A MAN AFTER ME OWN HEART - AN' I WANTS TO CONGRAKULAKE YA ON ACCOUNT OF BEIN' SO BRAVE
POW
BOP
I'M NOT BRAVE -
I'M CRAZY
BAM
BOOM
SAY, I HEAR THAT THE MACKEREL ARE BITING GOOD OVER IN THE BAY
WAR IS HECK! I'D LIKE TO TAKE A DAY OFF
THEY'S TWO THINGS I LIKES BEST OF ALL AN' THA'S FIGHTIN' AN FISHIN' — LE'S GO
THE ARMY MUST NOT KNOW THAT WE WENT FISHING
IT AIN'T EGGZACKLY RIGHT- US GOIN' FISHIN' WHILE OUR SOJERS ARE OUT THERE RISKIN' THEIR LIVES


KING-I HIRED A ORKITSTRY TO PLAY MUSIC TO OUR SOJERS
WHAT'S THE IDEA? PHOOEY
I CLAIMS THAT MUSIC WILL MAKE 'EM PATRINOTIC, IT'LL GIVE 'EM THE FIGHTIN' SPIRIK
WHY ALL THE MUSIC, POPEYE?
IT'S TO PUT PATRIKISM IN OUR SOJERS
BAM
BOOM
IT TAKES STRAGEDY TO WIN A WAR-I'LL BET THEY'RE ALL SET TO CHARGE ON THE EMENY
BOOM
BOOM
BANG
EGAR


POPEYE, THE KING WANTS TO SEE YOU-HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT
BOOM
UMP
CRASH
YOU IDIOT! IT'S NOT THAT IMPORTANT!
8-14
EGAR

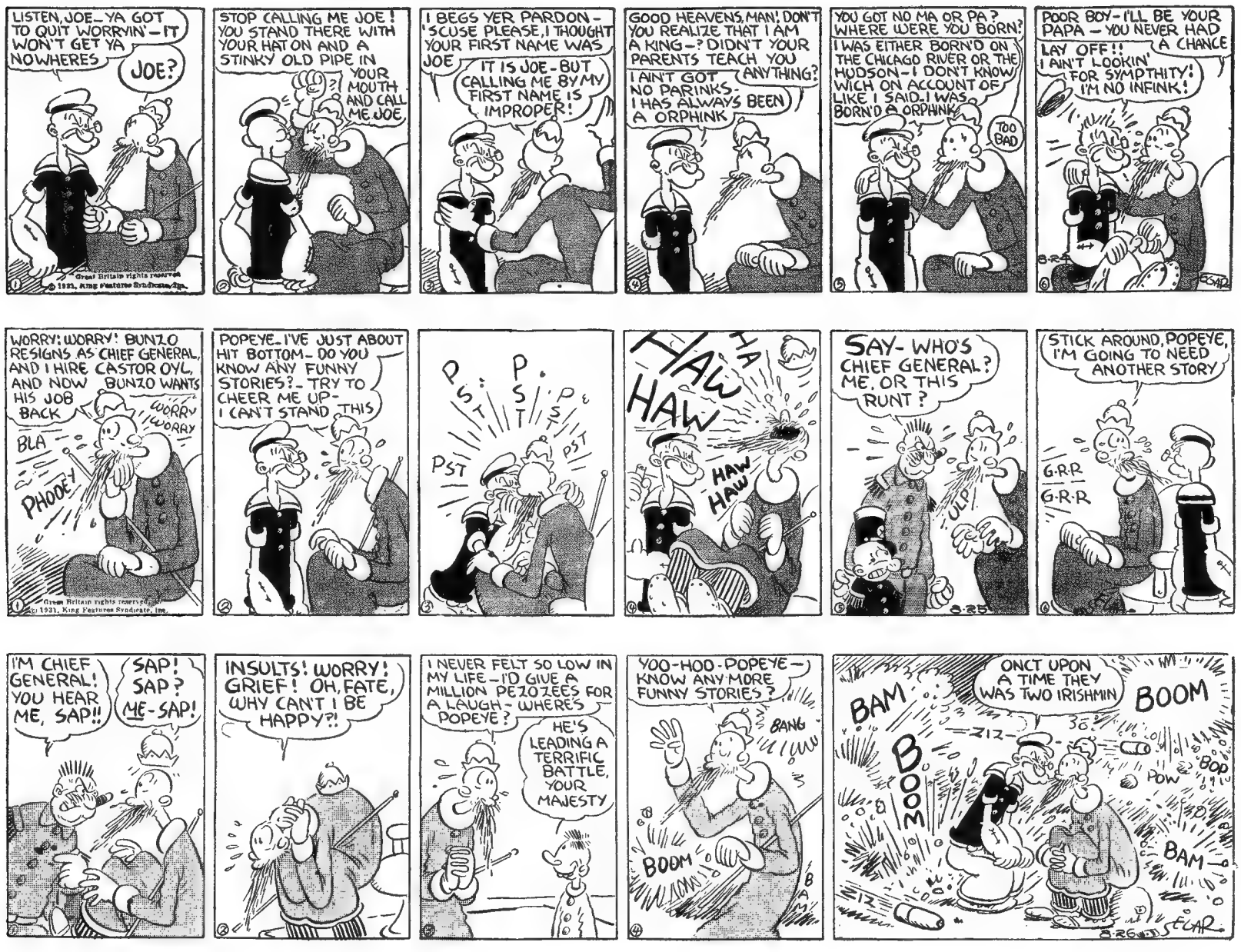

BOOM
GET OUT OF THAT HOLE-YA BLASTED COWARDS OR I'LL PLANT YA AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS! GO GET BUSY WITH THAT CANNON
BAM
LOOK AT THE IJIOTS! POINTIN' IT AT THE GROUN'
BAM
BAM
BOOM
BAM
WE MAY NOT WIN THE WAR, BUT ANYWAY, WE WON'T HAVE MANY CASUALTIES
I SAYS WE WON'T
BOP
BOOM
BAM
BAM
8-15
EGAR


YOUR MAJESTY, I CANNOT BEAR DEFEAT-AND DEFEAT IS CERTAIN-THEREFORE I RESIGN -I AM NO LONGER CHIEF GENERAL OF THE NAZILIAN ARMY
WELL BLOW ME DOWN!
WORRY WORRY
STOP KISSING THE COOK-THE IDEA! YOU DOING THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!!
AIN'T I GOT TO HAVE A LITTLE RECREMATION?
YOU SAY YOU HAVE A MAN TO TAKE BUNZO'S PLACE?
I SAYS I HAS. HE'S THE MAN WHICH SOLVED THE MYSKERY OF BROWNSTONE HILL AN' THE WILKSON MYSKERY
KING-SHAKE HAN'S WITH ME FREN' AN' PAL-CASTOR OYL, OUR NEW CHIEF GENERAL
HAW! HAW!! THINGS OUGHT TO RUN SMOOTHLY WITH MR. OYL ON THE JOB! HA! HA! IF IT WASN'T FOR MY SENSE OF HUMOR I'D GO NUTS
8-17
EGAR
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POPEYE ADVISED ME TO HIRE CASTOR OYL AS CHIEF GENERAL OF THE NAZILIAN ARMY-I WONDER IF I MADE A MISTAKE? I'LL SNOOP A BIT
AHOY, CHIEF GENERAL, ANY ORDERS?
YES, FIELD GENERAL YOU ONE-EYED RAT-BRING IN SOME PRISONERS
THA'S THE KIND OF ORDERS I LIKES-WE GOT A CHIEF WITH INSIDES IN 'IM NOW
I CAN'T IMAGINE POPEYE OBEYING THAT LITTLE RUNT
BOOM
BAM
SMACK
ONLY SIX!! WHAT'S THE MATTER, GETTING OLD?
8-18
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EGAR


BOYS, WE NOW HAVE AN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT-I HAVE PICKED THREE OF THE SMARTEST MEN IN MY KINGDOM
GENTLEMEN, MEET MISTER OYL, OUR CHIEF GENERAL, AND POPEYE, OUR FIELD GENERAL
HUMPH
THEY ARE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE THREE SMARTEST MEN IN THE WORLD
GENTLEMEN-IT PLEASES ME GREATLY TO HAVE YOU MENTAL GIANTS WORKING FOR ME
WE WILL GO NOW AND LEAVE YOU TO YOUR CONCENTRATIONS
IF YOU EVER GET STUCK GENTLEMEN ASK ME
SURE AST US
8-19
EGAR


BOOM
THEY AIN'T HOOMANS. THEY'RE AMINALS! BLOW THE EMENY DOWN
POW
BOOM
BAM
A TERRIFIC BATTLE IS RAGING OUTSIDE! I WONDER WHO'S WINNING? I WONDER WHO'S LOSING? WAR IS A TERRIBLE THING!
PHOOEY
IF POPEYE DOES AS I TOLD HIM WE'LL MAKE A GAIN TO-DAY
AHOY, KING! WE WIN'D A BATTLE - OUR LINES MOVED FOR'ARD SIX FEET
SIX FEET!! HA-ROO!! I'LL MAKE THIS A NATIONAL HOLIDAY
HA-ROO FOR OUR SIDE!
OUR NEW CHIEF GENERAL HAS GOT STRAGEDY
WHOOPEEE!
WE FOXED 'EM
8-20
I RESIGNED AS CHIEF GENERAL, AND RIGHT AWAY THE ARMY WINS A BATTLE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HAVE NO ABILIKY, MISTER BUNZO
I HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE BACK MY POSITION AS CHIEF GENERAL OF THE NAZILIAN ARMY
I BEG PARDON?
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I SAID - I'M CHIEF GENERAL AGAIN, I WAS ONLY KIDDING WHEN I RESIGNED
BUT-
BUT- WE'VE GOT A NEW CHIEF GENERAL
DON'T BE SILLY
THIS IS THE @@#%&! WAR I EVER SAW — OF ALL THE *#!! MONKEY BUSINESS!! - HE HEARD ABOUT THE ARMY ADVANCING SIX FEET - AND HE WANTS TO GET IN ON THE GLORY - WORRY! WORRY!
PHOOEY
AHOY, KING!! HERE'S A WHOLE BATCH OF FRESH FUNNY PAPERS FROM AMERICA
8-21
HEH! HEH! HEH! HAW HA
ARF! ARF!!
SOCIAL REGISTER
WHAT IN THE -!? SAY, WHAT'S EATIN' YA NOW!
MORE MONKEY BUSINESS - POPEYE - MORE MONKEY BUSINESS
OLD BUNZO WANTS HIS JOB BACK AS CHIEF GENERAL @@!!x!
NOW, LISTEN, JOE - YA DON'T WANTA BE LIKE THAT
DON'T CALL ME JOE
WORRY WORRY
HEY!! YOU WANT TO BE KING?
DON'T BE SILLISH - I AIN'T GOT ROYAL BLEED
YOU DON'T NEED ROYAL BLOOD - ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS SIT HERE AND WORRY
I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO WORRY - SO THA'S OUT!
HA! SO YOU'RE THE NEW CHIEF GENERAL, HEH?
WHO LET YOU IN?
G'WAN, BLOW!!
8-22


LISTEN, JOE - YA GOT TO QUIT WORRYIN' - IT WON'T GET YA NOWHERES
JOE?
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STOP CALLING ME JOE! YOU STAND THERE WITH YOUR HAT ON AND A STINKY OLD PIPE IN YOUR MOUTH AND CALL ME JOE
I BEGS YER PARDON - 'SCUSE PLEASE, I THOUGHT YOUR FIRST NAME WAS JOE
IT IS JOE - BUT CALLING ME BY MY FIRST NAME IS IMPROPER!
GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT I AM A KING -? DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS TEACH YOU ANYTHING?
I AIN'T GOT NO PARINKS, I HAS ALWAYS BEEN A ORPHINK
YOU GOT NO MA OR PA? WHERE WERE YOU BORN?
I WAS EITHER BORN'D ON THE CHICAGO RIVER OR THE HUDSON - I DON'T KNOW WICH ON ACCOUNT OF LIKE I SAID, I WAS BORN'D A ORPHINK
TOO BAD
POOR BOY - I'LL BE YOUR PAPA - YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE
LAY OFF!! I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR SYMPTHITY! I'M NO INFINK!
WORRY! WORRY! BUNZO RESIGNS AS CHIEF GENERAL, AND I HIRE CASTOR OYL, AND NOW BUNZO WANTS HIS JOB BACK
WORRY WORRY
BLA
PHOOEY
POPEYE - I'VE JUST ABOUT HIT BOTTOM - DO YOU KNOW ANY FUNNY STORIES? - TRY TO CHEER ME UP - I CAN'T STAND THIS
PST
HAW HAW
SAY - WHO'S CHIEF GENERAL? ME, OR THIS RUNT?
ULP!
8-25
STICK AROUND, POPEYE, I'M GOING TO NEED ANOTHER STORY
G-R-R
I'M CHIEF GENERAL! YOU HEAR ME, SAP!!
SAP! SAP? ME - SAP!
INSULTS! WORRY! GRIEF! OH, FATE, WHY CAN'T I BE HAPPY?!
I NEVER FELT SO LOW IN MY LIFE - I'D GIVE A MILLION PEZOZEES FOR A LAUGH - WHERE'S POPEYE?
HE'S LEADING A TERRIFIC BATTLE, YOUR MAJESTY
YOO-HOO - POPEYE - KNOW ANY MORE FUNNY STORIES?
BANG
BOOM
BAM
ONCT UPON A TIME THEY WAS TWO IRISHMIN
BAM
BOOM
ZIZ
BOOM
POW
BOP
BAM
8-26

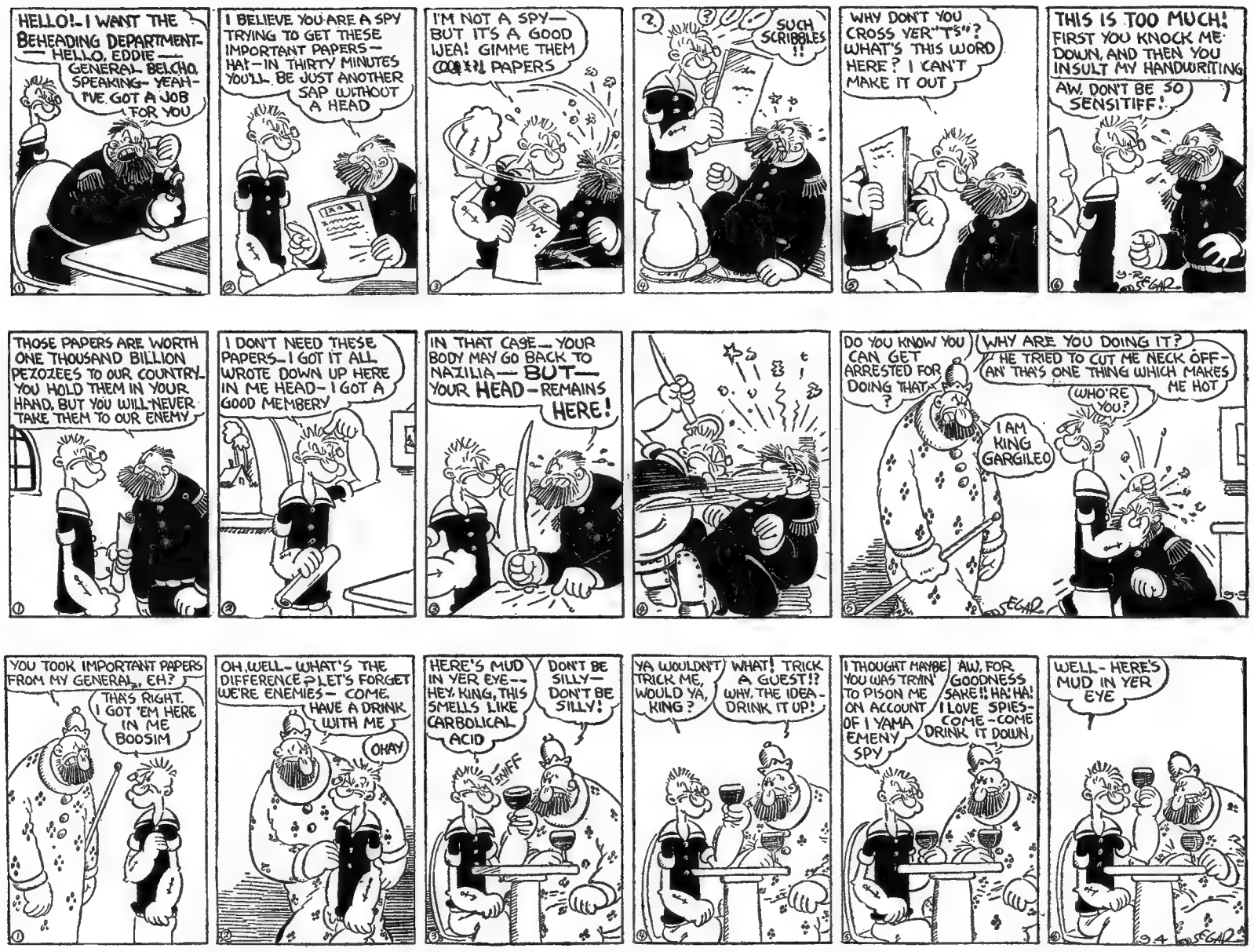


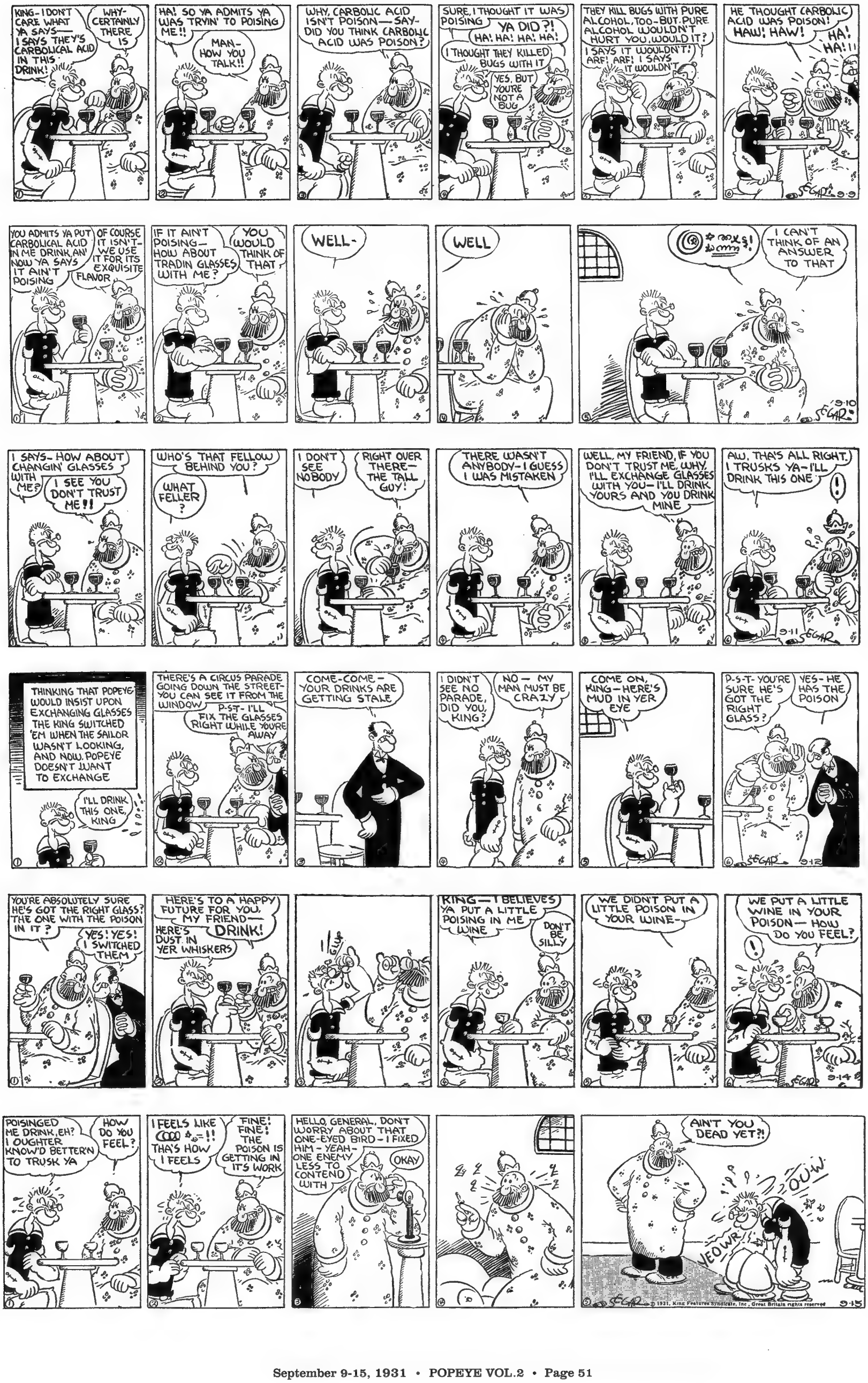




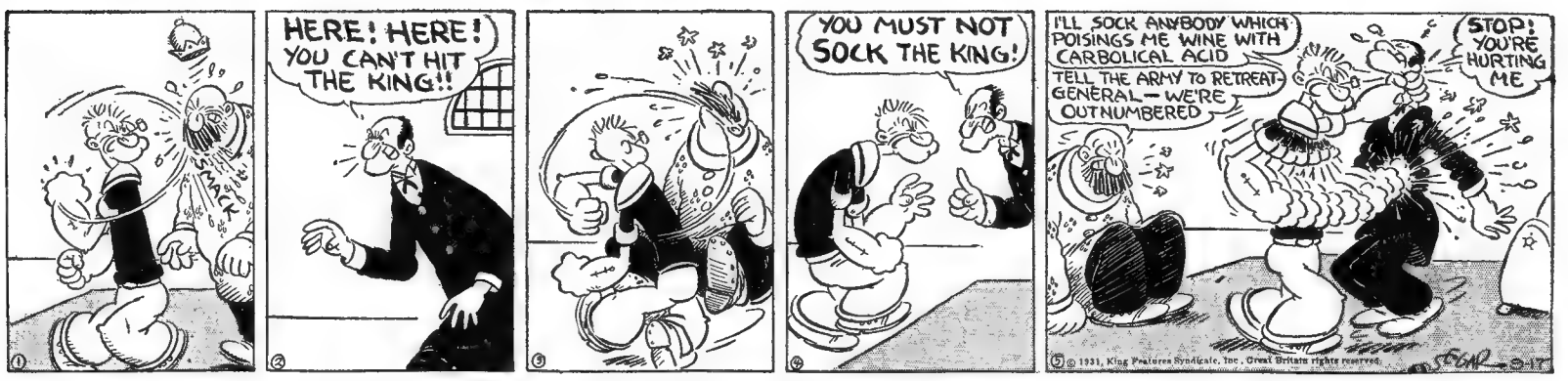
CHAPTER IV:

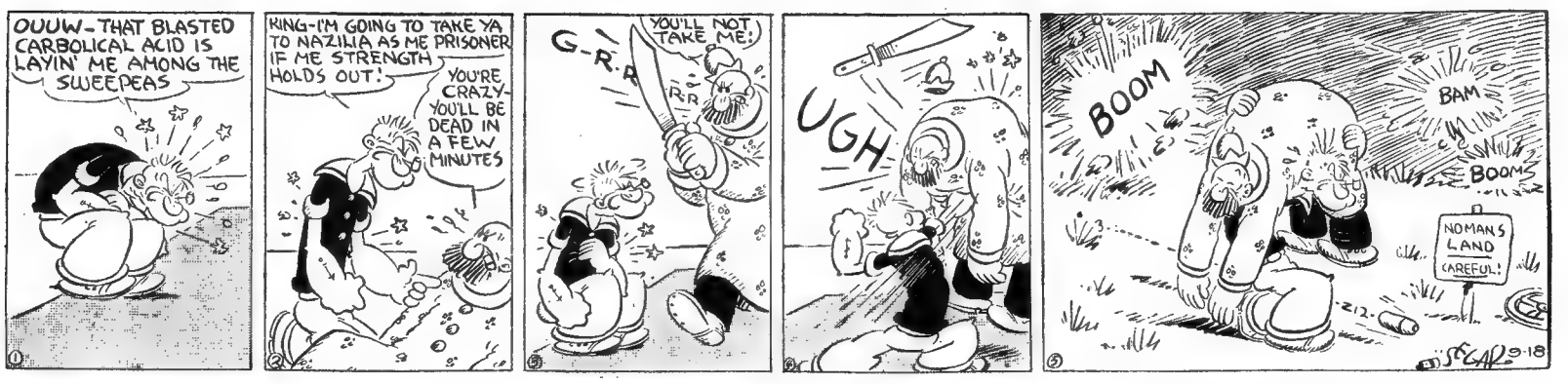
TOO MANY KINGS


HELLO!-I WANT THE BEHEADING DEPARTMENT- —HELLO, EDDIE— GENERAL BELCHO SPEAKING- YEAH- I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU
I BELIEVE YOU ARE A SPY TRYING TO GET THESE IMPORTANT PAPERS— HA!—IN THIRTY MINUTES YOU'LL BE JUST ANOTHER SAP WITHOUT A HEAD
I'M NOT A SPY— BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA! GIMME THEM PAPERS
SUCH SCRIBBLES !!
WHY DON'T YOU CROSS YER "T"S"? WHAT'S THIS WORD HERE? I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT
THIS IS TOO MUCH! FIRST YOU KNOCK ME DOWN, AND THEN YOU INSULT MY HANDWRITING
AW, DON'T BE SO SENSITIFF!
THOSE PAPERS ARE WORTH ONE THOUSAND BILLION PEZOZEES TO OUR COUNTRY- YOU HOLD THEM IN YOUR HAND, BUT YOU WILL NEVER TAKE THEM TO OUR ENEMY
I DON'T NEED THESE PAPERS- I GOT IT ALL WROTE DOWN UP HERE IN ME HEAD- I GOT A GOOD MEMBERY
IN THAT CASE— YOUR BODY MAY GO BACK TO NAZILIA— BUT— YOUR HEAD - REMAINS HERE!
DO YOU KNOW YOU CAN GET ARRESTED FOR DOING THAT?
WHY ARE YOU DOING IT?
HE TRIED TO CUT ME NECK OFF- AN' THA'S ONE THING WHICH MAKES ME HOT
WHO'RE YOU?
I AM KING GARGILEO
YOU TOOK IMPORTANT PAPERS FROM MY GENERAL, EH?
THA'S RIGHT. I GOT 'EM HERE IN ME BOOSIM
OH, WELL- WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? LET'S FORGET WE'RE ENEMIES— COME. HAVE A DRINK WITH ME
OKAY
HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE-- HEY, KING, THIS SMELLS LIKE CARBOLICAL ACID
DON'T BE SILLY— DON'T BE SILLY!
SNIFF
YA WOULDN'T TRICK ME, WOULD YA, KING?
WHAT! TRICK A GUEST!? WHY, THE IDEA- DRINK IT UP!
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WAS TRYIN' TO PISON ME ON ACCOUNT OF I YAMA EMENY SPY
AW, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!! HA! HA! I LOVE SPIES- COME-COME DRINK IT DOWN
WELL- HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE
HERE'S A SECRET MESSAGE FROM ONE OF OUR SPIES OVER IN TONSYLANIA- IT SAYS- DEAR KING-
GIVE IT TO ME! I CAN READ
"POPEYE IS ABOUT TO DRINK A GLASS OF WINE WITH KING GARGILEO — I THINK IT'S POISONED - WILL LET YOU KNOW AFTER HE DRINKS IT"
WELL, I'LL BE !!
ANY NEWS OF POPEYE?
OH! OH! OH!
NO! NO! DON'T SWOON LIKE THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS
I CAN'T UNERSTAN' IT- KING- EVER' TIME I GOES TO DRINK IT- I SMELLS CARBOLICAL ACID
SNIFF
DON'T BE SILLY- TASTE IT, AND SEE IF IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT- TAKE A BIG SWALLOW- COME- COME- MY FRIEND- DRINK UP
WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN- HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE
DRINK, MY FRIEND— DRINK AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YA SAID THAT- MAYBE I WILL FORGET ME TROUBLES— I TELLS YA I SMELLS SOMETHING LIKE CARBOLICAL ACID
YOU DO!!
SAP- WHY DID YOU PUT SO MUCH IN? YOU COULD SMELL IT A MILE
TELL HIM HE SMELLS THE GARDENER SPRAYING BUGS ON THE FRUIT TREES
WHAT YOU SMELL IS THE GARDENER— HE'S SPRAYING CARBOLIC ACID ON THE APPLE BLOSSOMS
SO THA'S IT!
HA! HA! GOOD JOKE ON YOU
ARF! ARF!
I THOUGHT YA WAS TRYIN' TO POISING ME
HA! HA!
WELL- HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE
CLINK
HERE'S TO A LONG LIFE!
AN' HOW!
DON'T SIP IT- GULP IT DOWN
GLK GLK
PS-T- DON'T "CLINK" GLASSES SO MUCH- IF ANY OF HIS STUFF SPILLS INTO YOURS WE'LL HAVE A NEW KING TOMORROW
LOOK! A BLASTED FLY FELL INTO MY CLASS- 'SA GOOD THING I DIDN'T SWALLER 'IM. I HEAR FLIES ARE POISING
I'LL GET IT OUT
ZIP
THERE- HE'S OUT-
DIED PERTY QUICK, DIDN'T HE?
P-S-T- DO SOMETHING, WILL YOU?
P-S-T- HAVEN'T YOU GOT BETTER SENSE THAN TO STICK YOUR FINGER IN IT?
BLOW ME DOWN, KING! WHERE'S YER FINGER NAIL?
AW- DON'T GET SO PERSONAL

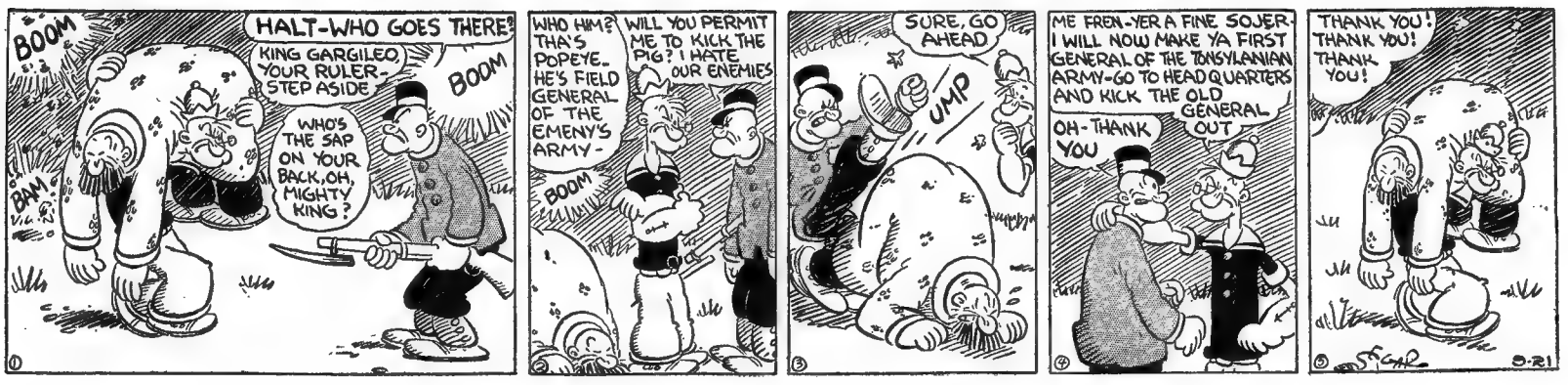

KING-I DON'T CARE WHAT YA SAYS— I SAYS THEY'S CARBOLICAL ACID IN THIS DRINK!
WHY-CERTAINLY THERE IS
HA! SO YA ADMITS YA WAS TRYIN' TO POISING ME!!
MAN-HOW YOU TALK!!
WHY, CARBOLIC ACID ISN'T POISON—SAY-DID YOU THINK CARBOLIC ACID WAS POISON?
SURE, I THOUGHT IT WAS POISING
YA DID?! HA! HA! HA! HA!
I THOUGHT THEY KILLED BUGS WITH IT
YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT A BUG
THEY KILL BUGS WITH PURE ALCOHOL, TOO-BUT, PURE ALCOHOL WOULDN'T HURT YOU, WOULD IT?
I SAYS IT WOULDN'T! ARF! ARF! I SAYS IT WOULDN'T
HE THOUGHT CARBOLIC ACID WAS POISON! HAW! HAW!
HA! HA!!
SEGAR 9-9
YOU ADMITS YA PUT CARBOLICAL ACID IN ME DRINK, AN' NOW YA SAYS IT AIN'T POISING
OF COURSE IT ISN'T-WE USE IT FOR ITS EXQUISITE FLAVOR
IF IT AIN'T POISING—HOW ABOUT TRADIN GLASSES WITH ME?
YOU WOULD THINK OF THAT
WELL-
WELL
I CAN'T THINK OF AN ANSWER TO THAT
SEGAR 9-10
I SAYS-HOW ABOUT CHANGIN' GLASSES WITH ME?
I SEE YOU DON'T TRUST ME!!
WHO'S THAT FELLOW BEHIND YOU?
WHAT FELLER?
I DON'T SEE NOBODY
RIGHT OVER THERE—THE TALL GUY!
THERE WASN'T ANYBODY-I GUESS I WAS MISTAKEN
WELL, MY FRIEND, IF YOU DON'T TRUST ME, WHY, I'LL EXCHANGE GLASSES WITH YOU-I'LL DRINK YOURS AND YOU DRINK MINE
AW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I TRUSKS YA-I'LL DRINK THIS ONE
!
SEGAR 9-11
THINKING THAT POPEYE WOULD INSIST UPON EXCHANGING GLASSES THE KING SWITCHED 'EM WHEN THE SAILOR WASN'T LOOKING, AND NOW, POPEYE DOESN'T WANT TO EXCHANGE
I'LL DRINK THIS ONE, KING
THERE'S A CIRCUS PARADE GOING DOWN THE STREET-YOU CAN SEE IT FROM THE WINDOW
P-S-T- I'LL FIX THE GLASSES RIGHT WHILE YOU'RE AWAY
COME-COME-YOUR DRINKS ARE GETTING STALE
I DIDN'T SEE NO PARADE, DID YOU, KING?
NO— MY MAN MUST BE CRAZY
COME ON, KING—HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE
P-S-T- YOU'RE SURE HE'S GOT THE RIGHT GLASS?
YES- HE HAS THE POISON
SEGAR 9-12
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE HE'S GOT THE RIGHT GLASS? THE ONE WITH THE POISON IN IT?
YES! YES! I SWITCHED THEM
HERE'S TO A HAPPY FUTURE FOR YOU, MY FRIEND— DRINK!
HERE'S DUST IN YER WHISKERS
GLUG
KING—I BELIEVES YA PUT A LITTLE POISING IN ME WINE
DON'T BE SILLY
WE DIDN'T PUT A LITTLE POISON IN YOUR WINE-
WE PUT A LITTLE WINE IN YOUR POISON— HOW DO YOU FEEL?
!
SEGAR 9-14
POISINGED ME DRINK, EH? I OUGHTER KNOW'D BETTER'N TO TRUSK YA
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
I FEELS LIKE
THA'S HOW I FEELS
FINE! FINE! THE POISON IS GETTING IN IT'S WORK
HELLO, GENERAL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT ONE-EYED BIRD-I FIXED HIM-YEAH-ONE ENEMY LESS TO CONTEND WITH
OKAY
AIN'T YOU DEAD YET?!
OUW
YEOWR
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9-15


I GAVE HIM ENOUGH POISON TO KNOCK OVER A HORSE— FUNNY HE HASN'T GONE OUT
I WISH HE'D QUIT MOANING. IT MAKES ME FEEL TERRIBLE
OUUW
THROW HIM OUT! HE'S BREAKING MY HEART
YEOW
OUW
MY CONSCIENCE HURTS- I'M SORRY- MY GOOD MAN, I'M SORRY I DID IT!
YEOW
OH- THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHERE DOES IT HURT YOU THE MOST?
RIGHT ABOUT THERE!
AN' I DON'T WANT YER SYMPTHITY NEITHER!
9-16
SEGAR


SMACK
HERE! HERE! YOU CAN'T HIT THE KING!!
YOU MUST NOT SOCK THE KING!
I'LL SOCK ANYBODY WHICH POISINGS ME WINE WITH CARBOLICAL ACID
TELL THE ARMY TO RETREAT- GENERAL— WE'RE OUTNUMBERED
STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME
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SEGAR 9-17


OUUW- THAT BLASTED CARBOLICAL ACID IS LAYIN' ME AMONG THE SWEEPEAS
KING- I'M GOING TO TAKE YA TO NAZILIA AS ME PRISONER IF ME STRENGTH HOLDS OUT!
YOU'RE CRAZY- YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A FEW MINUTES
G-R-R
YOU'LL NOT TAKE ME!
UGH
BOOM
BAM
BOOMS
NOMAN'S LAND CAREFUL!
9-18
SEGAR

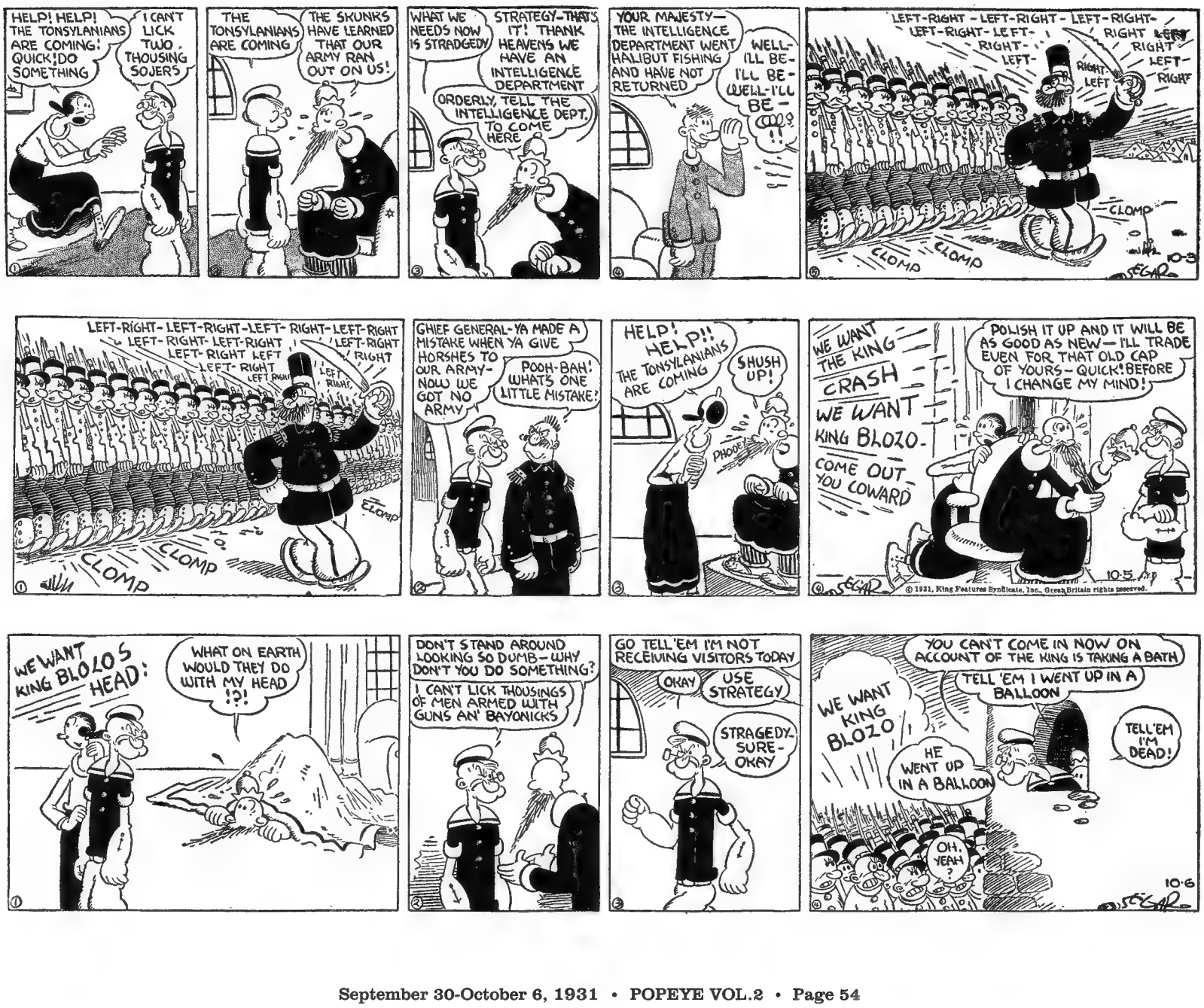

ANY NEWS OF POPEYE, MR. OYL?
NO NEWS, KING
NO- NO NEWS
CHEER UP, OLIVE, NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS
CATCH ME! I SWOON!
BOOO
OH! I FEEL SO DEJECTED
THERE-THERE- DON'T BE LIKE THAT
IF POPEYE FELL INTO THE HANDS OF KING GARGILEO IT'S CURTAINS FOR THE SAILOR— GARGILEO WILL POISON HIM— HE'S A BRUTE
BAM
BOOM
9-19
SEGAR


BOOM
HALT- WHO GOES THERE?
KING GARGILEO, YOUR RULER- STEP ASIDE
WHO'S THE SAP ON YOUR BACK, OH, MIGHTY KING?
BAM
BOOM
WHO HIM? THA'S POPEYE- HE'S FIELD GENERAL OF THE EMENY'S ARMY-
WILL YOU PERMIT ME TO KICK THE PIG? I HATE OUR ENEMIES
BOOM
SURE, GO AHEAD
UMP
ME FREN- YER A FINE SOJER I WILL NOW MAKE YA FIRST GENERAL OF THE TONSYLANIAN ARMY- GO TO HEAD QUARTERS AND KICK THE OLD GENERAL OUT
OH- THANK YOU
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
9-21
SEGAR


LOOK- THE BIG CHEESE HAD A UNIFORM MADE JUST LIKE MINE- NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S CHIEF GENERAL- HIM OR ME?
POPEYE GOT CAPTURED, AND OUR ARMY'S ALL WET- AND NOW YOU BRING THIS UP TO WORRY ME
PHOOEY
INFORM THAT RUNT THAT I, BUNJO, AM CHIEF GENERAL OR I'LL HAVE YOU ASSASSINATED
OKAY
YOU CAN BE ASSISTANT CHIEF GENERAL
OH, YEAH?!
NOW DON'T START ANYTHING, OR I'LL SLAP YOU DOWN— I'M SICK OF THIS MONKEY BUSINESS
AHOY!
AHOY!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
9-22
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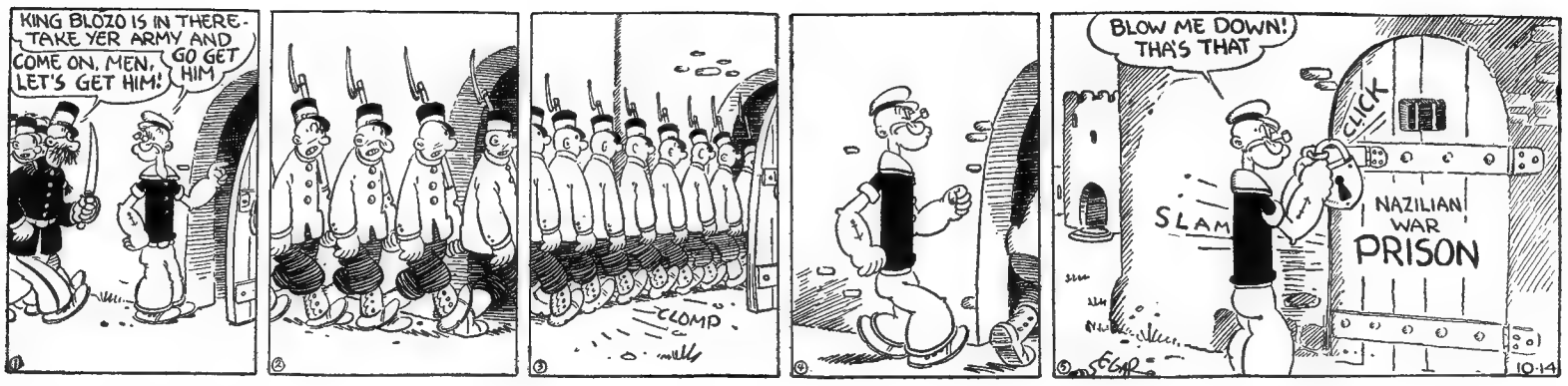

WELL-I CAPTURED YER OL' EMENY, KING GARGILEO OF TONSYLANIA
PLOP
BLESS MY SOUL! I KNOW IT'S TRUE, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
MY GOOD FRIEND, POPEYE, THIS IS THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!
WHAT'LL I DO WITH HIM?
BRING HIM TO- I WANT TO LAUGH IN HIS FACE
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
YOU HICK KING!!!
WELL, GARGILEO - YOU HICK KING - YOU'RE MY PRISONER - YOU SEE NOW WHO IS THE GREATEST KING IN THE ADDYNOID ISLANDS
YOU ONE-EYED SNAKE! WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD? HOW COULD YOU CARRY ME ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND AFTER DRINKING POISON
EASY
I GOT WILL POWER - WHEN I SAYS I'M GONER DO A THING I DOES IT IN SPITE OF ALL OBSTICKLES!
I IGNORES POISING !!
COME - WE MUST SEE A DOCTOR - HOW DO YOU FEEL?
OKAY - CEPTIN' FOR A STUMICK ACHE LIKE WHAT YA GETS FROM EATIN' GREEN APPLES
I THOUGHT IT WAS POISING THE FIRST SWALLER I TOOK, BUT I WASN'T SURE SO I DRUNK IT ALL
YOUR MAJESTY - THIS IS THE STRANGEST CASE I'VE EVER SEEN - HE HAS COMPLETELY DIGESTED THE POISON - I SEE NO ILL EFFECTS
9-24
I FEELS OKAY PERSNALLY, DOC - AN' I FEELS AWRIGHT PHIZICKLY, TOO
YOU MUST HAVE A CAST IRON INTERIOR
KING, I'M GOIN' OUT ON THE BATTLE FIELD AND SEE IF OUR ARMY IS AS DUMB AS EVER
ISN'T THIS FUN?! I'M ENJOYING IT GREATLY
BANG
BOOM
BAM
WHAT ARE YA SHOOTIN' YER GUN UP IN THE AIR FOR? WHY NOT SHOOT AT THE EMENY?
ENEMY? HA! HA! THIS IS JUST A PRACTICE WAR, AIN'T IT?
BAM
NO! THIS IS A REAL WAR
BOOM
BAM
!
OH! GOOD HEAVENS!!
!
BAM
BOOM
SWISH
9-25
ONE OF OUR SOJERS THOUGHT THIS WAS A PRACTICE WAR - AN' WHEN I TOLD HIM IT WAS A REAL WAR HE RUN
HEH! HEH! HEH!
!
5-SH - YOU MUST NOT MENTION SUCH THINGS IN FRONT OF OUR PRISONER. THE ENEMY KING - SEE - HE'S GIVING US THE HORSE LAUGH
HAW! HAW!
WHICH PROVES THAT YOUR ARMY IS NOTHING BUT A PACK OF COWARDLY DUMB-BELLS
HOLD HIM TIGHTLY, POPEYE!
YER NOT GONER CUT HIS NECK OFF! SAVVY?
I'LL LAY HIM AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
9-26
REMOVIN' KING GARGILEO'S HEAD WON'T GET YA NOTHIN'
BUT
BUT
BUT HE SAID OUR SOLDIERS WERE COWARDLY DUMB-BELLS
WELL - IT'S THE TRUTH, AIN'T IT?
SURE IT'S THE TRUTH - THAT'S WHAT HURTS. !! THAT'S WHAT HURTS
AW, FORGET IT
WHAT A MESS!! THIS IS THE GOOFIEST WAR I EVER WAS IN!
BAM
BOOM
I'M A BIGGER COWARD THAN YOU - YA DERN RIGHT I AM
AW, YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M A BIGGER COWARD THAN YOU
BOOM
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THEY BRAGS ABOUT IT!
9-27
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EGAR
AHOY! YA SWABS! WHAT DIDJA QUIT FIRIN' FOR? THE WAR AIN'T OVER!!
WHY DID YOU BIRDS STOP SHOOTIN' AT THE EMENY?
THE CAPTAIN SAID, "STOP" SO WE STOPPED
WHERE IS THAT BLASTED CAPTIN?!
WHAT'SA BIG IDEAR?!
WELL, SIR— IT'S LIKE THIS
MRS. SMITH JUST NOW GOT HER BABY TO SLEEP—
?
AND SHE TOLD US TO STOP THE WAR TILL HE HAD HIS NAP
PLOP
9-29
EGAR



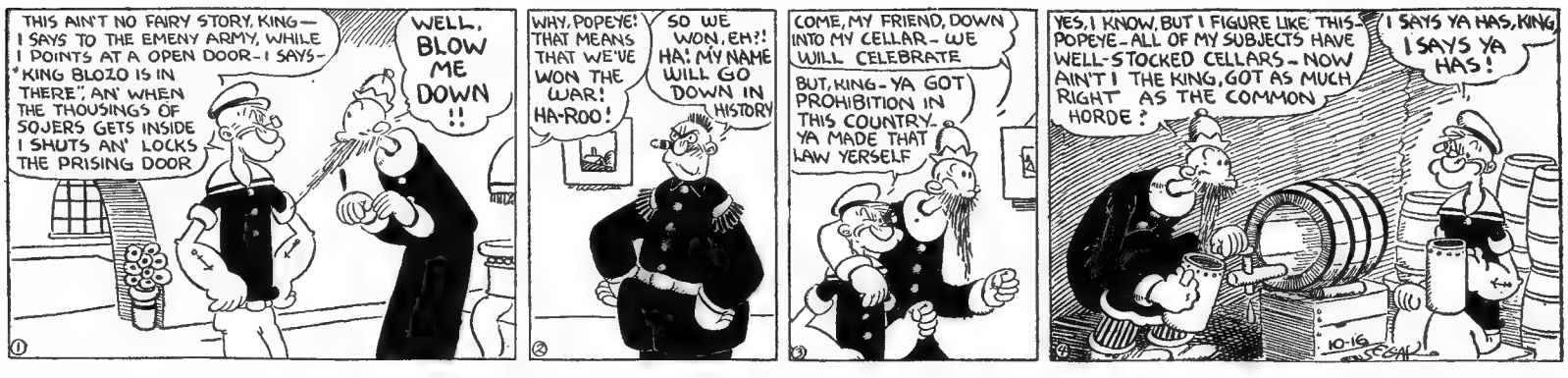

HELP! HELP! THE TONSYLANIANS ARE COMING! QUICK! DO SOMETHING
I CAN'T LICK TWO THOUSING SOJERS
THE TONSYLANIANS ARE COMING
THE SKUNKS HAVE LEARNED THAT OUR ARMY RAN OUT ON US!
WHAT WE NEEDS NOW IS STRADGEDY
STRATEGY - THAT'S IT! THANK HEAVENS WE HAVE AN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT
ORDERLY, TELL THE INTELLIGENCE DEPT. TO COME HERE
YOUR MAJESTY— THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT WENT HALIBUT FISHING AND HAVE NOT RETURNED
WELL - I'LL BE - I'LL BE - WELL - I'LL BE —
LEFT-RIGHT - LEFT-RIGHT - LEFT-RIGHT -


DOWN WITH NAZILIA
WE WANT KING BLOZO'S HEAD
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POPEYE, THEY WON'T BE HAPPY 'TILL THEY GET MY HEAD
LISTEN, JOE -
DON'T CALL ME JOE
DON'T BE SO RUDE! WHEN YOU ADDRESS ME, SAY "YOUR MAJESTY, OR YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS" - NOT JOE
IF THAT MOB GETS IN, YOU'LL BE JUS' PLAIN JOE
ARF ARF
I CAPTURED THEIR KING, AN' HE'S IN OUR JAIL - HOW ABOUT TELLIN' THE MOB WE'LL CHOP HIS NECK OFF IF THEY DON'T GO 'WAY
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ESPECIALLY THE CHOPPING PART
OH, GREAT AND NOBLE KING, I BEG TO REPORT THAT GARGILEO THE ENEMY KING, ESCAPED FOUR DAYS AGO - I FORGOT TO TELL YOU
WHAT'S THAT!!
WHAT'S THIS!!
THAT'S THE STRAW THAT CRACKED THE CAMEL'S BACK! I'M GOING TO BUMP MYSELF OFF
HEY! HOL' EVERTHING
SEGAR
10-7
DOWN WITH NAZILIA!! FOUR CHEERS FOR TONSYLANIA!
HA-ROO! WE WON THE WAR
BEFORE I BUMP MYSELF OFF I'D LIKE TO HAVE A DRINK - HAS ANYBODY GOT SOMETHING TO DRINK?
AHOY, ORDERLY, GOT A DRINK ON YA?
YEAH - I ALWAYS CARRY A LITTLE FOR SNAKE BITES
HEY, KING, EVERTHING IS GONER BE ALL RIGHT AFTER ALL
YOU MUST EXPECT TO MEET A BOA-CONSTRICTOR - SAY - DO YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT PROHIBITION HERE ???
SURE, DO YOU?
I CAN'T BREAK THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT - AND TO THINK I MADE THAT LAW MYSELF - PHOOEY
LEMME TAKE IT INTO THE NEX' ROOM AN' DESTROY IT
NO - I'LL SMASH IT HERE, AND NOW
SMASH
I DON'T CARE - YOUR MAJESTY - I SWIPED IT OUT OF YOUR OWN CELLAR
!
ARF ARF
WELL, I'LL BE
10-8
SEGAR
KING - IF I WAS YOU I WOULDN'T SHOOT MESELF
WELL - YOU'RE NOT ME, SO KEEP STILL
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE WORRIED - NOTHING BUT WORRY - AND NOW THE ENEMY ARMY IS OUTSIDE YELLING FOR MY HEAD
PHOOEY
MY MIND IS MADE UP - I WILL BUMP MYSELF OFF! GOOD-BYE, POPEYE - GOOD~
BANG
!
WHO THREW THAT!?
SEGAR
10-9


DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE, KING - YOU'LL BE SORRY
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS
NO! NO! YOU MUST NOT DO IT!
THE TONSYLANIANS OUTSIDE THE PALACE WILL BE CHEATED OF THEIR FUN - I WILL FALL UPON MY SWORD AND END IT ALL
AT LAST I'M THROUGH WORRYING
PLOP
!
THE SWORD STRUCK A BUTTON AND BUSTED - I BUMPED MY NOSE AND SPRAINED MY ANKLE - WHEW ——
I NEARLY BROKE MY NECK
YA GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL, KING
SEGAR
10-10
THE TONSYLANIAN ARMY IS AT MY DOOR - MY OWN ARMY IS HIDING AWAY IN THE HILLS - WHAT HAVE I TO LIVE FOR? PHOOEY - HERE GOES
:O-
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HOLD OFF, KING! HERE'S A FRESH BATCH OF FUNNY PAPERS FROM AMERICA
REALLY!!
HA-ROO!! GIMME! GIMME! I MUST SEE THEM BEFORE I COMMIT SUICIDE
YA! YA! ARF ARF
YAH-HAW! HAW! HAW!
SAY, THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE ABOUT "WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YUH WITH"?
HAW! HAW! HA! HA!
HAW! HA! HA! HA!
SAY, KING, HOW MANY PEZOZEES WILL YA GIVE ME IF I GETS RID OF THE EMENY ARMY?
I'LL GIVE YOU, ONE - TWO - THREE MILLION PEZOZEES! WHY, I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE PEZOZEES I'VE GOT
10-12
SEGAR
WHERE IS KING BLOZO? WE WANT HIS HEAD!
WE WON THE WAR! WE WANT SPOILS !!
DON'T WORRY, KING - I'LL GO TALK TO THE EMENY
DON'T WORRY? PHOOEY! HOW YOU TALK!
AHOY! WHAT DO YOU BIRDS WANT?
WE WANT KING BLOZO, AND NOBODY ELSE BUT! WHERE IS HE?
OKAY
FOLLOW ME, AN' I WILL TAKE YA TO WHERE THE KING IS AT
LEFT RIGHT
LEFT RIGHT
LEFT RIGHT
LEFT RIGHT
DON'T MISS TOMORROW'S THE CLIMAX TO ALL THESE MONTHS OF WAR
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SEGAR
10-13


KING BLOZO IS IN THERE- TAKE YER ARMY AND GO GET HIM
COME ON, MEN, LET'S GET HIM!
CLOMP
BLOW ME DOWN! THA'S THAT
CLICK
SLAM
NAZILIAN WAR PRISON
EGAR
10-14

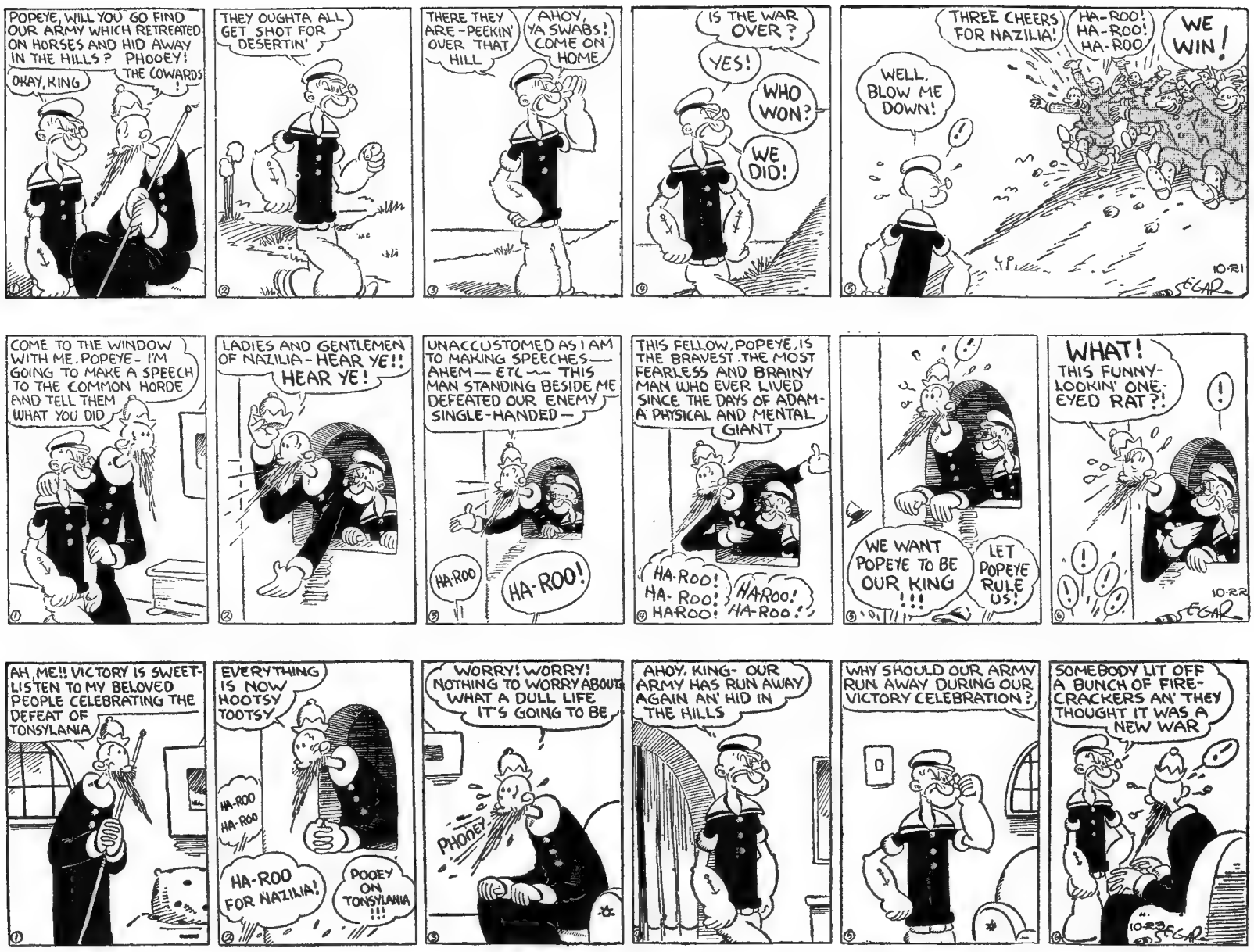

WELL OLD SOCK, YA KIN QUIT TREMBLIN' NOW— I PUT THE EMENY ARMY IN PRISING
YOU WHICH?
WHAT? WHAT! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? DON'T KID ME, YOUNG MAN!
IT'S LIKE THIS, JOE— THE EMENY GENERAL SAID TO ME—"SHOW US WHERE THE KING OF NAZILIA IS AT."
AN' I POINTED TO A OPEN DOOR IN A BIG STONE BUILDIN' AN' SAYS— "KING BLOZO IS IN THERE. GO IN AN' HELP YERSELVES"
SO WHEN THE THOUSINGS OF SOJERS GOT INSIDE I SHUTS AN' LOCKS THE PRISING DOOR— THA'S ALL THEY IS TO IT
HERE I AM LOADED DOWN WITH WORRY AND TROUBLE AND YOU STAND THERE TELLING FAIRY STORIES!
PHOOEY
10-15
EGAR

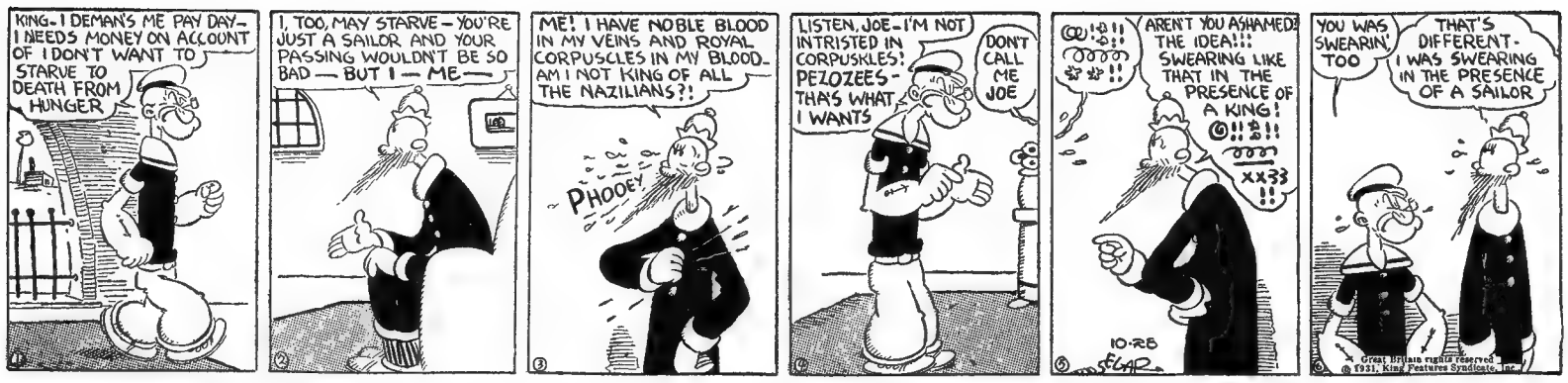

THIS AIN'T NO FAIRY STORY, KING— I SAYS TO THE EMENY ARMY, WHILE I POINTS AT A OPEN DOOR- I SAYS- "KING BLOZO IS IN THERE", AN' WHEN THE THOUSINGS OF SOJERS GETS INSIDE I SHUTS AN' LOCKS THE PRISING DOOR
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!
WHY, POPEYE! THAT MEANS THAT WE'VE WON THE WAR! HA-ROO!
SO WE WON, EH?! HA! MY NAME WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY
COME, MY FRIEND, DOWN INTO MY CELLAR- WE WILL CELEBRATE
BUT, KING- YA GOT PROHIBITION IN THIS COUNTRY- YA MADE THAT LAW YERSELF
YES, I KNOW, BUT I FIGURE LIKE THIS, POPEYE- ALL OF MY SUBJECTS HAVE WELL-STOCKED CELLARS- NOW AIN'T I THE KING, GOT AS MUCH RIGHT AS THE COMMON HORDE?
I SAYS YA HAS, KING, I SAYS YA HAS!
10-16
EGAR


THREE CHEERS FOR NAZILIA! HA-ROO-HA-ROO HA-ROOO! THREE SNEERS FOR TONSYLANIA- POOIE! POOIE! POOIE!
POPEYE- YOU ARE THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH! YOU'RE A HERO!! HA-ROO!
YA MEANS ME?
WHO, ME?
YOU WON THE WAR WITH BRAINS AND STRATEGY!
IT WASN'T STRAGEDY, KING- AN' IT WASN'T BRAINS- I JUS' SEEN A CHANCE TO WIN THE WAR SO I WIN'D IT
HUMPH! HOW ABOUT ME? AIN'T I THE CHIEF GENERAL?
10-17
EGAR

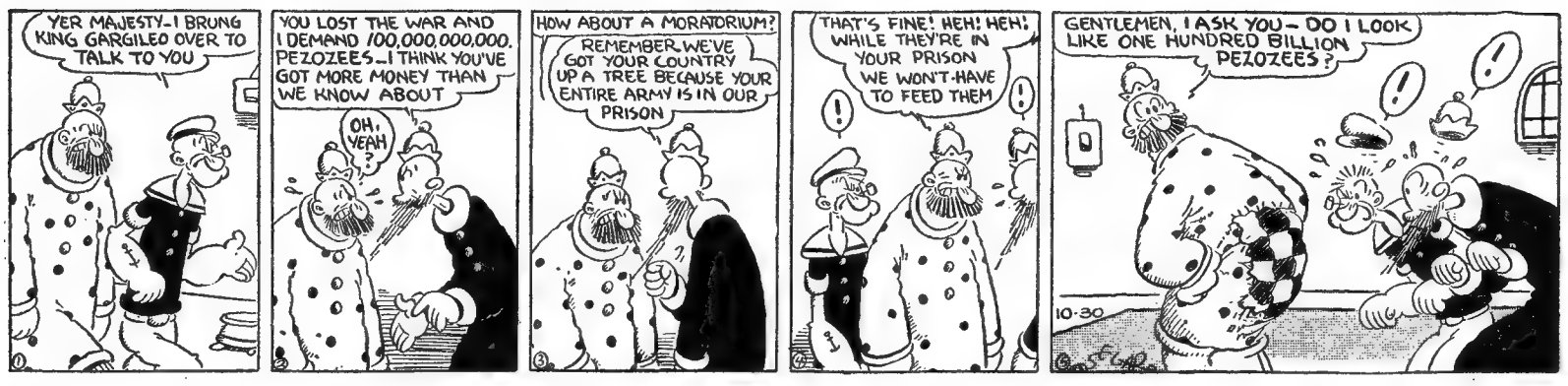

YOU GIVE POPEYE ALL THE CREDIT FOR WINNING THE WAR- YOU FORGET THAT I AM THE CHIEF GENERAL
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WHAT DID I DO? HUMPH—! DIDN'T I STRENGTHEN OUR SOLDIERS WITH MY NAPOLEONIC PERSONALITY? HAVEN'T I BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO THE NAZILIAN ARMY?
POO-BAH- AND WHAT DID YOUR MAJESTY DO?
WHAT DID I DO? PHOOEY!! DIDN'T I WORRY-WORRY-WORRY FOR MONTHS AND MONTHS? DIDN'T I SIT UP NIGHTS SO I COULD WORRY OVERTIME?
YOU SAT UP READING COMIC SHEETS, HA!
KING- QUIT RAZZIN' ME FREN', BUNZO- HE IS THE GREATEST GENERAL WHICH WAS EVER BORN'D
THAT'S RIGHT
DIDN'T HE GIVE EACH SOJER A HORSH? AN' DIDN'T EACH SOJER BEAT IT ON HORSHBACK, AN' HIDE IN THE HILLS FROM OUR EMENY?
HE HAD ONE IDEAR- COULD HE HELP IT IF IT DIDN'T WORK?
HEH HEH
HEH HEH
10-19
EGAR


POPEYE- I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LIST OF THE CASUALTIES OF THE NAZILIAN-TONSYLANIAN WAR
THIS REPORT I GOT HERE SAYS 'NOBODY KILLED ON NEITHER SIDE.'
WHAT! A ROUGH-HOUSE WAR LIKE OURS AND NOBODY KILLED? PHOOEY! PHOOEY! THE WORLD WILL LAUGH AT US— ANYBODY CRIPPLED?
I'LL READ THE REPORT- PRIVATE JONES GOT POISON IVY— CAP'N DOODLE SPRAINED HIS BACK DUCKIN' BULLITS- PRIVATE SMITH SKINNED HIS KNUCKLES SHOOTIN CRAPS— ETC— ETC ——— ETC-
——GENERAL BUNZO GOT SPLINTERS IN HIS NOSE FROM HIDIN' BEHIND TREES"
ARF ARF
THAT'S A LIE!!
10-20
EGAR


POPEYE, WILL YOU GO FIND OUR ARMY WHICH RETREATED ON HORSES AND HID AWAY IN THE HILLS? PHOOEY!
OKAY, KING
THE COWARDS!
THEY OUGHTA ALL GET SHOT FOR DESERTIN'
THERE THEY ARE-PEEKIN' OVER THAT HILL
AHOY, YA SWABS! COME ON HOME
IS THE WAR OVER?
YES!
WHO WON?
WE DID!
THREE CHEERS FOR NAZILIA!
HA-ROO! HA-ROO! HA-ROO
WE WIN!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
10-21
SEGAR
COME TO THE WINDOW WITH ME, POPEYE- I'M GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH TO THE COMMON HORDE AND TELL THEM WHAT YOU DID
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF NAZILIA-HEAR YE!!
HEAR YE!
UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO MAKING SPEECHES— AHEM— ETC— THIS MAN STANDING BESIDE ME DEFEATED OUR ENEMY SINGLE-HANDED—
HA-ROO
HA-ROO!
THIS FELLOW, POPEYE, IS THE BRAVEST, THE MOST FEARLESS AND BRAINY MAN WHO EVER LIVED SINCE THE DAYS OF ADAM- A PHYSICAL AND MENTAL GIANT
HA-ROO! HA-ROO! HA-ROO!
HA-ROO! HA-ROO! HA-ROO!
WE WANT POPEYE TO BE OUR KING!!!
LET POPEYE RULE US!
WHAT! THIS FUNNY-LOOKIN' ONE-EYED RAT?!
10-22
SEGAR
AH, ME!! VICTORY IS SWEET- LISTEN TO MY BELOVED PEOPLE CELEBRATING THE DEFEAT OF TONSYLANIA
EVERYTHING IS NOW HOOTSY TOOTSY
HA-ROO HA-ROO
HA-ROO FOR NAZILIA!
POOEY ON TONSYLANIA!!!
WORRY! WORRY! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! WHAT A DULL LIFE IT'S GOING TO BE
PHOOEY!
AHOY, KING- OUR ARMY HAS RUN AWAY AGAIN AN' HID IN THE HILLS
WHY SHOULD OUR ARMY RUN AWAY DURING OUR VICTORY CELEBRATION?
SOMEBODY LIT OFF A BUNCH OF FIRE-CRACKERS AN' THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW WAR
10-23
SEGAR
WELL, KING, I WIN'D YER WAR, SO NOW IT'S TIME FOR PAYDAY
MY FRIEND, YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL- I WILL LOAD THEE DOWN WITH EMUNERATION
EMOOMERATION, ME EYE, I-WANTS PEZOZEES!
REMEMBER, KING, YA PROMISED TO GIMME HUNNERDS, AN' THOUSINGS AN' MILLINGS OF PEZOZEES
I WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE PEZOZEES YOU WANT
BOY- GO TELL THE SECRETARY OF THE PEZOZEE DEPARTMENT TO COME HITHER
AS YOU SAY- SO SHALL IT BE
YES— WE HAVE NO PEZOZEES
WHAT! NO PEZOZEES?
10-24
SEGAR
I WIN'D YER WAR AN' NOW I DEMAN'S A PAY DAY— YA PROMISED TO GIMME MILLINGS OF PEZOZEES
WHAT! NO PEZOZEES?
YES- WE HAVE NO PEZOZEES
YA MEANS TO STAN' THERE AN' TELL ME YA GOT NO PEZOZEES?
YES— NO PEZOZEES
WHAT BECAME OF OUR MONEY? I THOUGHT THE TREASURY WAS FULL
WE SPENT ALL THERE WAS, AND THERE ISN'T ANY MORE
THAT'S ALL THERE IS, THERE ISN'T ANY MORE
BUT, ANYWAY— WHAT'S A FEW MILLION PEZOZEES BETWEEN FRIENDS?
10-25
SEGAR
YA OWES ME FIVE MILLING PEZOZEES AN' I WANTS 'EM!!
I CAN'T PAY YOU, POPEYE, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL FIX UP A MORATORIUM
WHAT'S A MORYTORUM?
IT'S LIKE THIS-SUPPOSE I OWE YOU FIVE MILLION PEZOZEES
SUSPOSE, ME EYE, YA DOES OWE ME IT!
YES- YES- I KNOW
AT ANY RATE I CAN'T PAY, SO I'LL PULL OFF A MORATORIUM. IN OTHER WORDS, I PROMISE TO PAY YOU PROVIDING YOU DO NOT ASK FOR IT
I DON'T LIKE PROMISES
REMEMBER, MY FRIEND- KING BLOZO'S PROMISE IS THE SAME AS MONEY IN THE BANK
YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS- HERE IS A TELEGRAM FROM THE EMPEROR OF ZUKILANIA- HE WANTS TO KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THE TWO BILLION PEZOZEES YOU BORROWED TEN YEARS AGO
GOOD HEAVENS! I THOUGHT HE'D FORGOTTEN THAT!
10-27
SEGAR
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KING-I DEMAN'S ME PAY DAY-I NEEDS MONEY ON ACCOUNT OF I DON'T WANT TO STARVE TO DEATH FROM HUNGER
I, TOO, MAY STARVE-YOU'RE JUST A SAILOR AND YOUR PASSING WOULDN'T BE SO BAD — BUT I — ME —
ME! I HAVE NOBLE BLOOD IN MY VEINS AND ROYAL CORPUSCLES IN MY BLOOD. AM I NOT KING OF ALL THE NAZILIANS?!
PHOOEY
LISTEN, JOE-I'M NOT INTRISTED IN CORPUSKLES! PEZOZEES-THAS WHAT I WANTS
DON'T CALL ME JOE
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED! THE IDEA!!! SWEARING LIKE THAT IN THE PRESENCE OF A KING!
XX33
10-28
YOU WAS SWEARIN' TOO
THAT'S DIFFERENT-I WAS SWEARING IN THE PRESENCE OF A SAILOR
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AHOY, KING-I GOT A SWELL IDEAR-WE WIN'D THE WAR, DIDN'T WE?
WHY NOT MAKE THE EMENIES PAY INDEMITY? THEY OUGHT TO PAY FOR LOSIN'
POPEYE, YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN I'VE EVER MET!
I'LL CALL UP KING GARGILEO, AND TELL HIM HE'S GOT TO COME THROUGH WITH A HUNDRED BILLION PEZOZEES
100,000,000,000 PEZOZEES, OR I'LL—
WHAT THU-?!
YOU HEARD ME! — OH, YEAH?
WHAT'S THAT?
I GUESS HE'S BROKE, TOO-HE WANTED TO BORROW A PAIR OF PAJAMAS
10-29


YER MAJESTY-I BRUNG KING GARGILEO OVER TO TALK TO YOU
YOU LOST THE WAR AND I DEMAND 100,000,000,000 PEZOZEES-I THINK YOU'VE GOT MORE MONEY THAN WE KNOW ABOUT
OH, YEAH?
HOW ABOUT A MORATORIUM?
REMEMBER WE'VE GOT YOUR COUNTRY UP A TREE BECAUSE YOUR ENTIRE ARMY IS IN OUR PRISON
THAT'S FINE! HEH! HEH! WHILE THEY'RE IN YOUR PRISON WE WON'T HAVE TO FEED THEM
GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU-DO I LOOK LIKE ONE HUNDRED BILLION PEZOZEES?
10-30

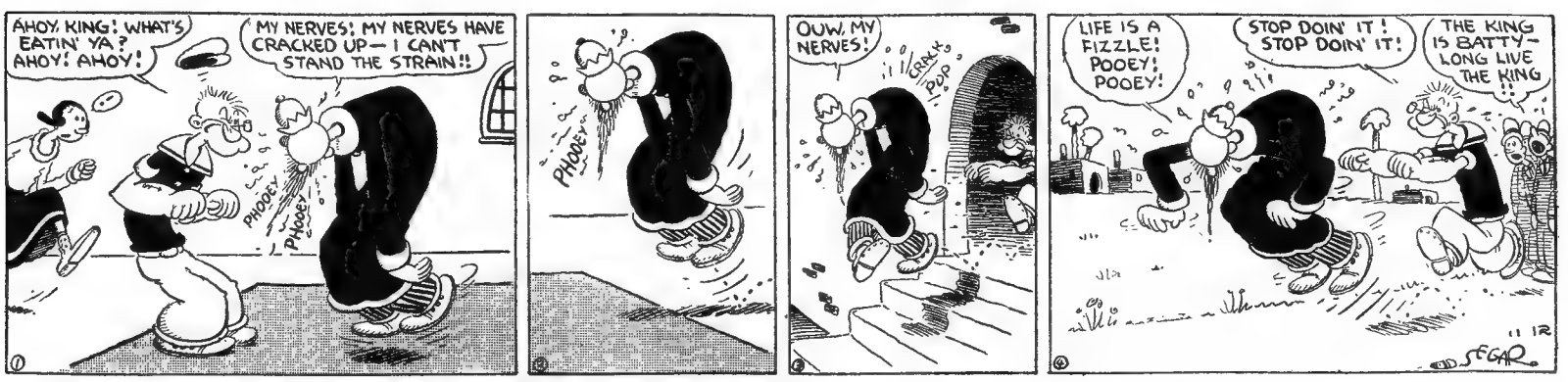

LET'S GO QUESTION THE BOOKKEEPER.-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW WE COULD SPEND SO MUCH MONEY ON JUST ONE WAR
THA'S RIGHT
YEAH, WE WANTS TO KNOW JUS' WHERE THE MONEY WENT
WELL, THERE WAS TEN GALLONS OF RED INK, A KEG OF T.N.T AND TONS OF NUMBER ONE POWDER
WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY NUMBER TWO POWDER? IT MAKES JUST AS MUCH NOISE AND IT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO SHOOT AT THOSE TONSYLANIAN DOGS
WE WON THE WAR, BUT WHAT DID WE WIN? PHOOEY!
WE WIN'D A NICE DEPRESSION-THA'S ONE THING
ARF ARF
GENTLEMEN-I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WAR DOESN'T PAY!
SPECIALLY WHEN BOTH COUNTRIES FORGETS WHAT THEY WAS FIGHTIN' ABOUT
YES, INDEED, WAR IS VERY EXPENSIVE-I'VE THROWN AWAY OUR ADDING MACHINE ALL I DO IS SUBTRACT
10-31

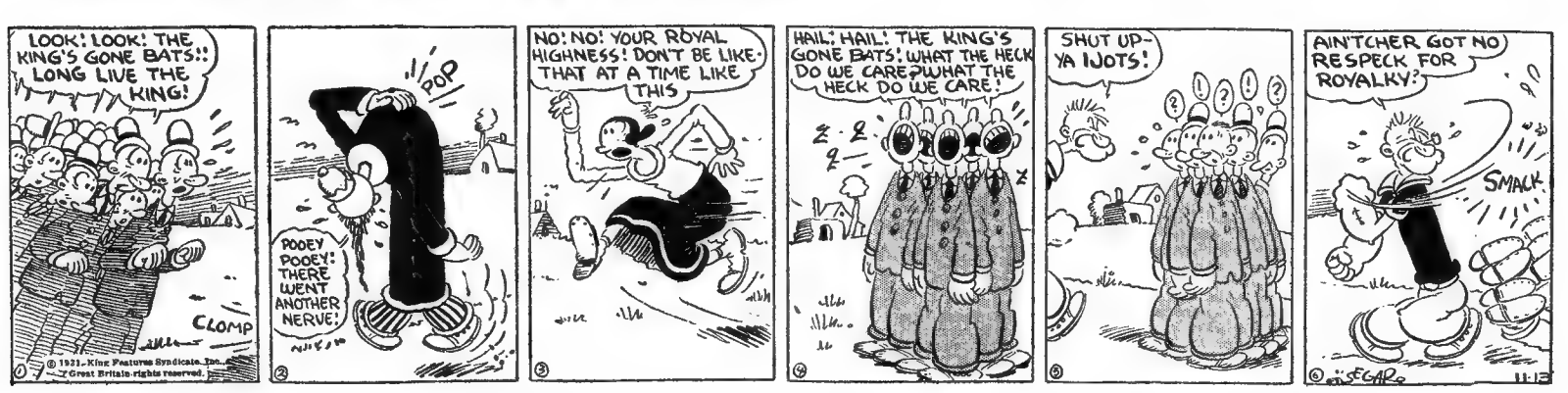

THE BOOKKEEPER HAD CHARGE OF BUYIN' AMMINITION FOR YOUR WAR- WHY NOT AST HIM SOME QUESTIONS?
SAY- ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T PUT SOME OF THE MUNITION MONEY INTO YOUR OWN POCKET
MERCY! MERCY! YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, HOW YOU TALK!
WELL, WE CAN'T UNERSTAN' HOW YA COULD SPEN' EIGHT-HUNNERD BILLING PEZOZEES ON JUS' ONE WAR
YOU DON'T APPRECIATE ME- WHY, I SAVED OUR COUNTRY A MILLION PEZOZEES ON LEAD ALONE
HOW COULD YOU SAVE A MILLION ON LEAD?
BY GIVING OUR SOLDIERS MOSTLY BLANK CARTRIDGES
11-2

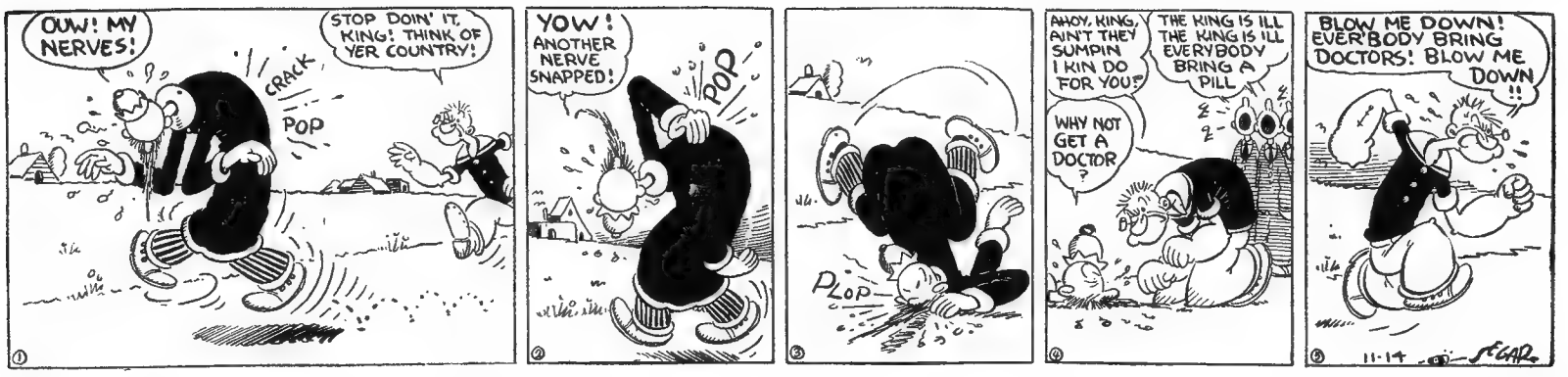

AHOY, KING- YA GOT A MINT, HAVEN'T YA? WELL, ALL YA GOT TO DO IS PRINT UP A FEW BILLING PEZOZEES AN' END THIS DEPRESSION
POPEYE, YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN I'VE EVER MET- COME- WE WILL GO TO THE MINT
YEAH, I GETS A IDEAR ONCT IN AWHILE
MY GOOD MAN- OIL UP THE MINT AND GET BUSY- WE MUST END THIS DEPRESSION
WHY DO YA SET THERE AN' IGNORE THE KING'S DEMAN'? AIN'T YA GOT NO RESPECK FOR ROYALTY? COME ON NOW, PRINT SOME PEZOZEES
IF I HAD SOME PAPER I'D BE GLAD TO PRINT YOU SOME PEZOZEES IF I HAD SOME INK
11-3
BUT, KING, IT AIN'T DIGMAFIED TO SET ON THE FLOOR LIKE THAT
I DON'T GIVE A I'VE GOT TO SIT HERE AND WORRY AWHILE!


IF YA ASK'S ME, I SAYS THIS COUNTRY IS GOIN' TO THE DOGS— 'MAGINE A MINT WITHOUT NO INK OR PAPER
SEE HERE! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE LAST SHIPMENT OF PAPER I ORDERED?
WELL, THEY WOULDN'T LET ME HAVE THE SHIPMENT WITHOUT CASH— THEY WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME HAVE ENOUGH PAPER TO PRINT MONEY TO PAY FOR IT
WHAT KIND OF A HALF-PINT COUNTRY IS THIS? SAY, AIN'T YA GOT NO GOLD AROUN' THIS MINT? IT'S DISGUSTIVE!!
GOLD! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
IF IT WASN'T FOR MY SENSE OF HUMOR I'D GO NUTTY!
GOLD! HA! HA! HAW HAW
YER ABSOLUKELY SURE YA AIN'T GOT NO PAPER?
YES, NO PAPER
I'VE JUST GOT ENOUGH PAPER TO PRINT MY OWN SALARY
EGAR
KING, THEY'S A COUNTERFEITER AT WORK IN A SHACK DOWN BY THE BEACH
REALLY!
YOU SAY HE HAS BOXES FULL OF PEZOZEES?
YEAH—I LOOKED IN THE WINDY AN' SEEN 'EM
WELL, I'LL BE—!!
ME, TOO!
YOU SHALL NOT TAKE MY PEZOZEES!
OH, YEAH?
OH, YEAH?
BOOOO— IT HAS TAKEN MONTHS AND MONTHS TO MAKE THESE PEZOZEES
BOOO! (SNIFF)
AW, DON'T BE LIKE THAT YOU CAN MAKE MORE, CAN'T YOU?
SURE— DON'T BE SO SENSITIF
SNIFF SNIFF
ONE MILLION PEZOZEES
EGAR 11-5
OH, PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY MONEY— I HAVE WORKED MANY MONTHS MAKING IT
YOU COUNTERFEITED 5,000,000,000. PEZOZEES
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN GET ARRESTED FOR COUNTERFEITING WITHOUT A LICENSE?!
SAY— HOW MUCH DID IT COST YOU TO MAKE THESE FIVE BILLING PEZOZEES?
IT COST ME TEN THOUSAND PEZOZEES
PAY THE MAN POPEYE— PAY THE MAN
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT KING BLOZO CHISELED YOU
OKAY— HERE'S TEN THOUSAND PEZOZEES— NOW YOU'RE EVEN
HEH HEH HEH
PEZOZEES
11-6
EGAR
POPEYE— IT'S LUCKY WE FOUND THAT COUNTERFEITER— THE FIVE BILLION PEZOZEES WE TOOK FROM HIM WILL PUT THE GOVERNMENT ON ITS FEET
BUT THIS IS COUNTERFEIT— YOU'D GET ARRESTED IF YOU TRIED TO PASS IT
DON'T BE SILLY— YOU CAN'T ARREST A KING
WATCH ME— I'LL SHOW YOU A TRICK
I, BLOZO THE THIRD— KING OF ALL NAZILIA, DO HEREBY PRONOUNCE THIS MONEY PASSABLE— IT SHALL BE ACCEPTABLE IN EXCHANGE FOR BEANS, PEAS, SWEET POTATOES, SPINACH, ETC — I PRONOUNCE THESE PEZOZEES GENUINE— PHOOEY! PHOOEY! PHOOEY! I HAVE SPOKEN!
BLOW ME DOWN!!
11-7
THEN YER GONER USE THESE COUNTERFEIT PEZOZEES WHICH WE TOOK FROM THAT CROOK?
YES
IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT
MY PEOPLE ARE SO DUMB THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE— BESIDES, IT'S A BETTER JOB OF PRINTING THAN OUR MINT DOES— LOOK AT THE PICTURE OF ME— WHY IT'S HANDSOME!
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT GOVER'MENTS, BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT YA HAD TO PUT GOLD OR SUMPIN INTO THE TREASURY WHEN YA PRINTED PAPER MONEY
I QUIT THAT SYSTEM YEARS AGO— GOLD IS SO EXPENSIVE WE CAN'T AFFORD IT
WELL, HOW ABOUT PAYING ME THE MILLINGS OF PEZOZEES YA PROMISED ME?
WHY, I WOULDN'T THINK OF GIVING COUNTERFEIT PEZOZEES TO YOU, POPEYE
KING, I BELIEVES YER TRYIN' TO CHISEL ME OUT OF IT
WHAT! ME CHISEL YOU?!
I'LL LEAVE IT TO OSCAR— SAY, DID I EVER CHISEL ANYONE? TELL THE MAN, OSCAR
PST! SAY NO
I REFUSE TO ANSWER
YEAH, OLIVE— I THINK ME FREN, THE KING, IS TRYIN' TO CHISEL ME OUT OF ME WAGES
REALLY!
MISS OYL, TELL ME— DO I LOOK LIKE A CHISELER? DO I? DO I? DO I?
IF YA WON'T GIMME IT THEN I'LL TAKE IT
TAKE NO PEZOZEES FROM THIS PILE!!! MY COUNTRY IS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION! THIS MONEY MUST GO INTO THE NAZILIAN TREASURY
YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS— THE KING OF ZUKILANIA IS HERE TO COLLECT THOSE TWO BILLION PEZOZEES YOU BORROWED TEN YEARS AGO
HEAR YE, KING BLOZO— PAY THE TWO BILLION PEZOZEES OR I, KING OF ZUKILANIA, WILL WIPE YOU FROM THE ADDYNOID ISLANDS!! YOU SKUNK OF A CHEAT!! I HAVE SPOKEN!
WHO'S A SKUNK?!!
11-10
EGAR
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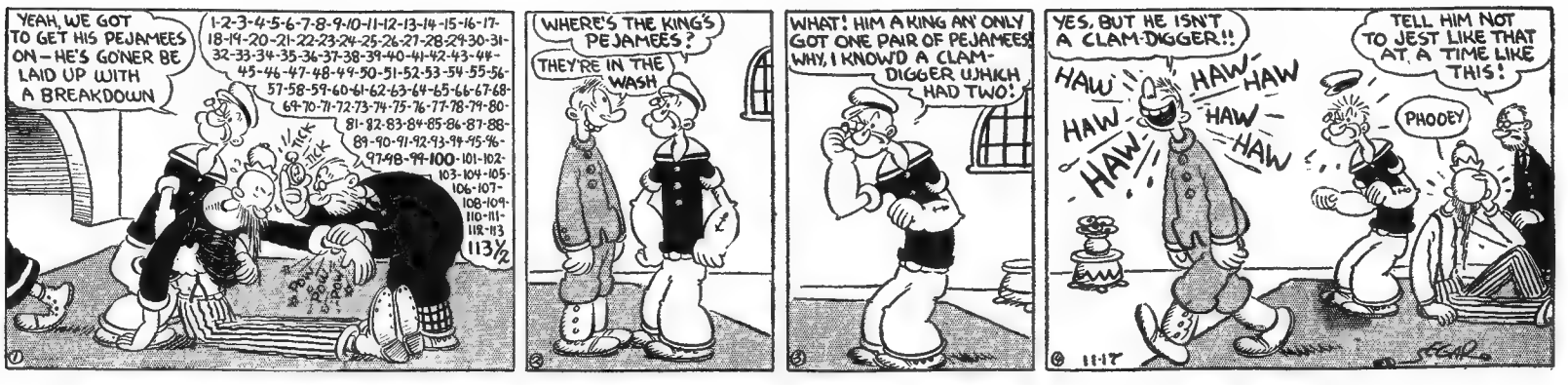

I HAD TO PAY THE KING OF ZUKILANIA THE TWO BILLION PEZOZEES I BORROWED TEN YEARS AGO! POOIE!!
I THOUGHT HE'D FORGOTTEN IT
KING-I'M NOT GONER INSISK ON YA PAYIN' THE FIVE MILLING YA OWES ME ON ACCOUNT OF I HATES TO SEE YA WORRY-SO YA STILL HAVE 3,000,000,000 PEZOZEES TO PUT IN YER TREASURY
YES, THANK HEAVEN I STILL HAVE THE THREE BILLION
HEY! WHERE'S THE KING? HEY! HEY!
HEY!
CLOMP CLOMP
THE NAZILIAN GOVERNMENT OWES ME FIFTY MILLION
I WANT HALF A BILLION!
THIS WORRY WOULD CRACK A MAN OF STEEL, AND I AM BUT A MAN OF FLESH-
PHOOEY!
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SEGAR


AHOY, KING! WHAT'S EATIN' YA? AHOY! AHOY!
MY NERVES! MY NERVES HAVE CRACKED UP-I CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN!!
PHOOEY
PHOOEY
PHOOEY
PHOOEY
OUW, MY NERVES!
CRACK POP
LIFE IS A FIZZLE! POOEY! POOEY!
STOP DOIN' IT! STOP DOIN' IT!
THE KING IS BATTY-LONG LIVE THE KING!!
SEGAR

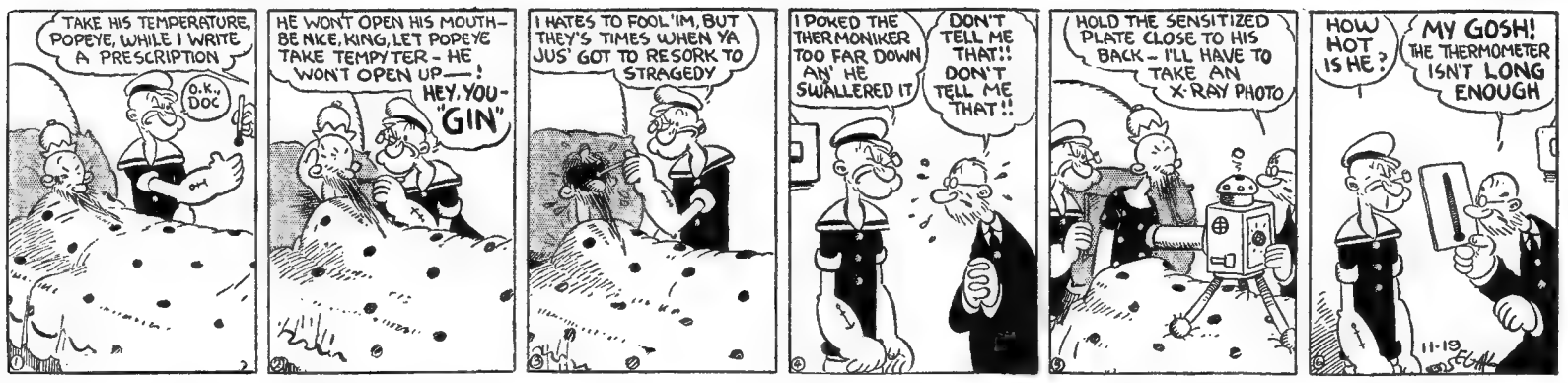

LOOK! LOOK! THE KING'S GONE BATS!! LONG LIVE THE KING!
CLOMP
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POP
POOEY POOEY! THERE WENT ANOTHER NERVE!
NO! NO! YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! DON'T BE LIKE THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS
HAIL! HAIL! THE KING'S GONE BATS! WHAT THE HECK DO WE CARE? WHAT THE HECK DO WE CARE!
SHUT UP-YA IJOTS!
AIN'TCHER GOT NO RESPECK FOR ROYALKY?
SMACK
SEGAR


OUW! MY NERVES!
CRACK
POP
STOP DOIN' IT, KING! THINK OF YER COUNTRY!
YOW! ANOTHER NERVE SNAPPED!
POP
PLOP
AHOY, KING, AIN'T THEY SUMPIN I KIN DO FOR YOU?
THE KING IS ILL THE KING IS ILL EVERYBODY BRING A PILL
WHY NOT GET A DOCTOR?
BLOW ME DOWN! EVERBODY BRING DOCTORS! BLOW ME DOWN!!
11-14
SEGAR


HURRY, DOC-THE KING'S NERVES ARE SNAPPIN' RIGHT AN' LEF'-BLOW ME DOWN! BLOW ME DOWN!
BLOW YOU DOWN?
HE'S FLOPPIN' AROUN' THE STREETS LIKE A CHICKING WITH HER HEAD CUT OFF- IT AIN'T DIGMAFIED
M.D.
CONTROL YOUR NERVES! YOU MUST STOP DOING IT!!
SNAP
PHOOEY
OH! I WISH I WAS A PAPERHANGER -I WISH I WAS ANYTHING BUT A KING!
HOLD HIM GOOD!
M.D.
LONG LIVE THE KING!!
HE'S DELIRIMUS!
HURRY! WE MUST GET HIM TO BED HIS NERVES ARE ALL SHOT FROM WORRY!
GLOP
M.D.
SAP NAZILIANS!
11-16
SEGAR


YEAH, WE GOT TO GET HIS PEJAMEES ON-HE'S GONER BE LAID UP WITH A BREAKDOWN
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113
113½
WHERE'S THE KING'S PEJAMEES?
THEY'RE IN THE WASH
WHAT! HIM A KING AN' ONLY GOT ONE PAIR OF PEJAMEES! WHY, I KNOW'D A CLAM-DIGGER UJHKH HAD TWO!
YES, BUT HE ISN'T A CLAM-DIGGER!!
HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW
TELL HIM NOT TO JEST LIKE THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
PHOOEY
11-17
SEGAR







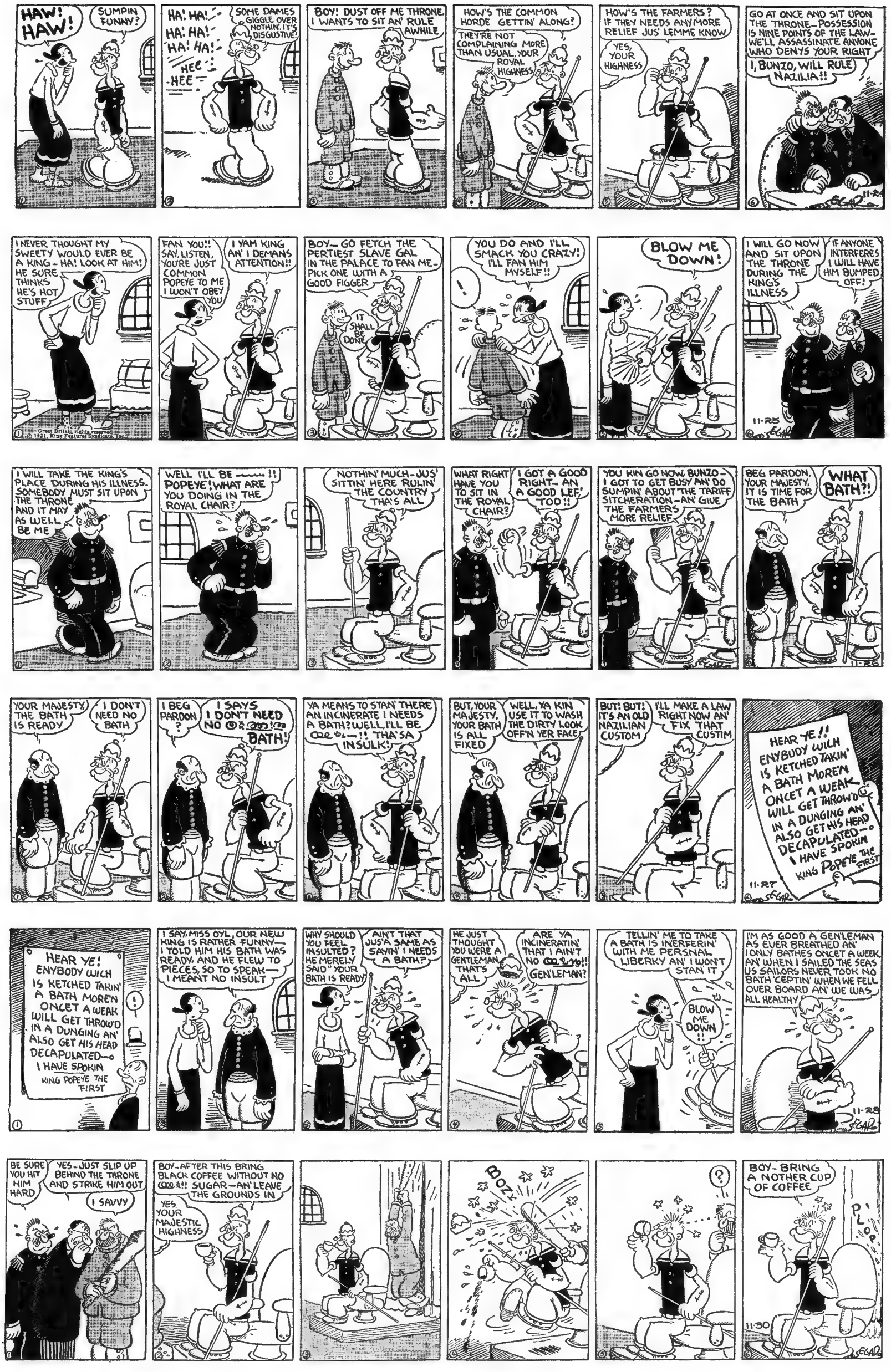




CHAPTER V:

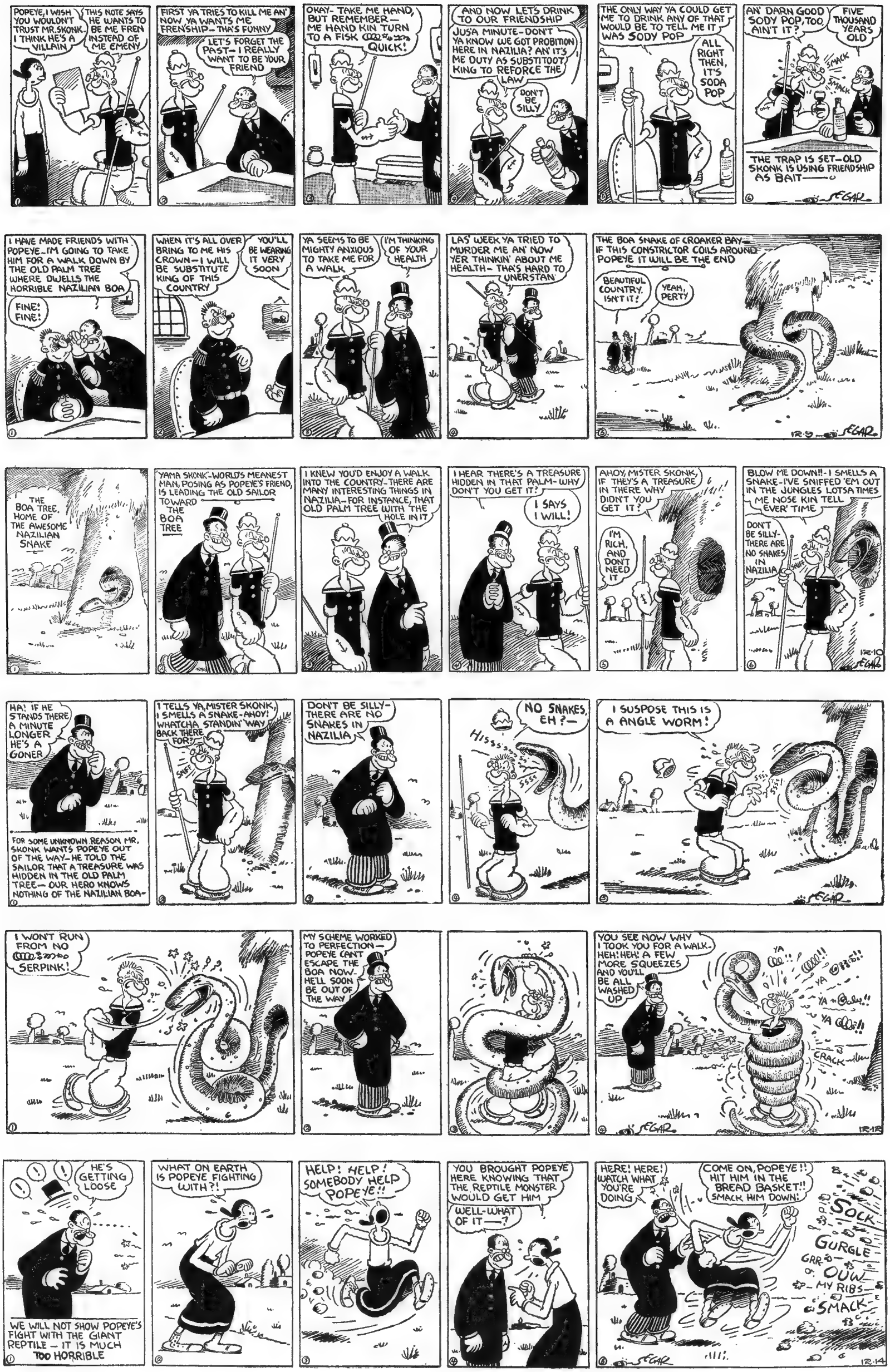
TRAGEDY IN THE LAND OF SAPS



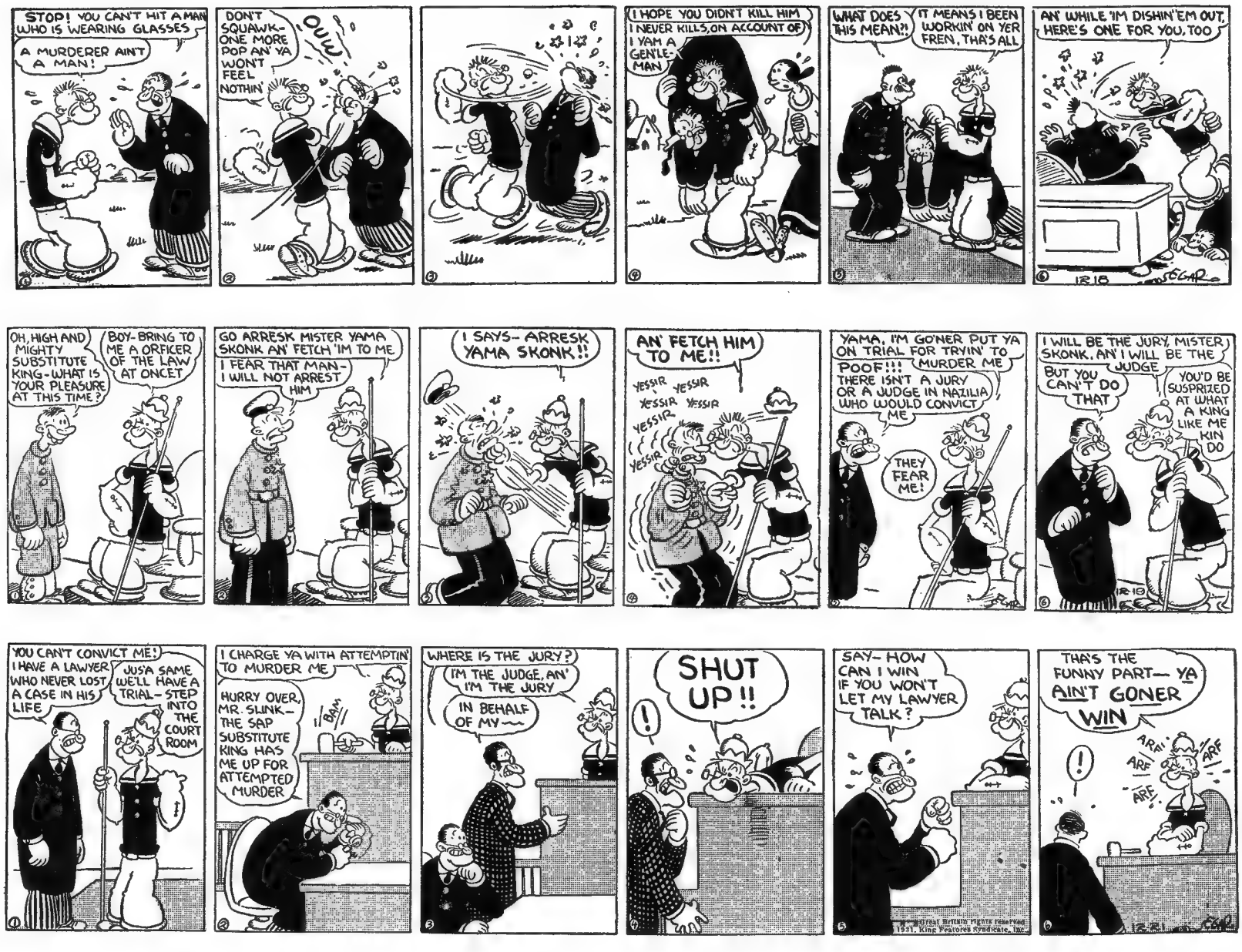

HAW! HAW!
SUMPIN FUNNY?
HA! HA! HA! HA! HEE HEE
SOME DAMES GIGGLE OVER NOTHIN'. IT'S DISGUSTIVE!
BOY! DUST OFF ME THRONE. I WANTS TO SIT AN' RULE AWHILE
HOW'S THE COMMON HORDE GETTIN' ALONG?
THEY'RE NOT COMPLAINING MORE THAN USUAL, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS
HOW'S THE FARMERS? IF THEY NEEDS ANYMORE RELIEF JUS' LEMME KNOW
YES, YOUR HIGHNESS
GO AT ONCE AND SIT UPON THE THRONE.—POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW—WE'LL ASSASSINATE ANYONE WHO DENYS YOUR RIGHT
I, BUNZO, WILL RULE NAZILIA!!
I NEVER THOUGHT MY SWEETY WOULD EVER BE A KING—HA! LOOK AT HIM! HE SURE THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF
FAN YOU!! SAY, LISTEN, YOU'RE JUST COMMON POPEYE TO ME I WON'T OBEY YOU
I YAM KING AN' I DEMANS ATTENTION!!
BOY—GO FETCH THE PERTIEST SLAVE GAL IN THE PALACE TO FAN ME—PICK ONE WITH A GOOD FIGGER
IT SHALL BE DONE
YOU DO AND I'LL SMACK YOU CRAZY! I'LL FAN HIM MYSELF!!
!
BLOW ME DOWN!
I WILL GO NOW AND SIT UPON THE THRONE DURING THE KING'S ILLNESS
IF ANYONE INTERFERES I WILL HAVE HIM BUMPED OFF!
11-25
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I WILL TAKE THE KING'S PLACE DURING HIS ILLNESS. SOMEBODY MUST SIT UPON THE THRONE AND IT MAY AS WELL BE ME
WELL I'LL BE ——— !! POPEYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE ROYAL CHAIR?
NOTHIN' MUCH—JUS' SITTIN' HERE RULIN' THE COUNTRY THA'S ALL
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO SIT IN THE ROYAL CHAIR?
I GOT A GOOD RIGHT—AN A GOOD LEF' TOO!!
YOU KIN GO NOW, BUNZO—I GOT TO GET BUSY AN' DO SUMPIN' ABOUT THE TARIFF SITCHERATION—AN' GIVE THE FARMERS MORE RELIEF
BEG PARDON, YOUR MAJESTY, IT IS TIME FOR THE BATH
WHAT BATH?!
YOUR MAJESTY, THE BATH IS READY
I DON'T NEED NO BATH
I BEG PARDON?
I SAYS I DON'T NEED NO @*%@!! BATH!
YA MEANS TO STAN' THERE AN INCINERATE I NEEDS A BATH? WELL, I'LL BE @@*—!! THA'SA INSULK!
BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, YOUR BATH IS ALL FIXED
WELL, YA KIN USE IT TO WASH THE DIRTY LOOK OFF'N YER FACE!
BUT! BUT! IT'S AN OLD NAZILIAN CUSTOM
I'LL MAKE A LAW RIGHT NOW AN' FIX THAT CUSTIM
HEAR YE!! ENYBUDY WILCH IS KETCHED TAKIN' A BATH MORE'N ONCET A WEAK WILL GET THROW'D IN A DUNGING AN' ALSO GET HIS HEAD DECAPULATED—o I HAVE SPOKIN KING POPEYE THE FIRST
11-27
HEAR YE! ENYBODY WILCH IS KETCHED TAKIN' A BATH MORE'N ONCET A WEAK WILL GET THROW'D IN A DUNGING AN' ALSO GET HIS HEAD DECAPULATED—o I HAVE SPOKIN KING POPEYE THE FIRST
I SAY, MISS OYL, OUR NEW KING IS RATHER FUNNY—I TOLD HIM HIS BATH WAS READY, AND HE FLEW TO PIECES, SO TO SPEAK—I MEANT NO INSULT
WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL INSULTED? HE MERELY SAID "YOUR BATH IS READY"
AIN'T THAT JUS'A SAME AS SAYIN' I NEEDS A BATH?
HE JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN, THAT'S ALL
ARE YA INCINERATIN' THAT I AIN'T NO @@*79!! GEN'LEMAN?
TELLIN' ME TO TAKE A BATH IS INERFERIN' WITH ME PERSNAL LIBERKY AN' I WON'T STAN' IT
BLOW ME DOWN!!
I'M AS GOOD A GEN'LEMAN AS EVER BREATHED AN' I ONLY BATHES ONCET A WEEK, AN' WHEN I SAILED THE SEAS US SAILORS NEVER TOOK NO BATH 'CEPTIN' WHEN WE FELL OVER BOARD AN' WE WAS ALL HEALTHY
11-28
BE SURE YOU HIT HIM HARD
YES—JUST SLIP UP BEHIND THE THRONE AND STRIKE HIM OUT
I SAVVY
BOY—AFTER THIS BRING BLACK COFFEE WITHOUT NO @@*!! SUGAR—AN' LEAVE THE GROUNDS IN
YES, YOUR MAJESTIC HIGHNESS
BOZK
?
BOY—BRING A NOTHER CUP OF COFFEE
PLOP
11-30

POPEYE WON'T BOTHER US FROM NOW ON – OUR MAN HAS PULLED OFF THE MURDER BY THIS TIME
LET'S CALL IT ASSASSINATION-MURDER SOUNDS LIKE COCO%!!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DIDN'T PASS OUT BEFORE WHEN I HIT YOU, BUT I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME
OUW
SOCK
HERE! HERE! STOP IT, YOU BEAST!
STOP DOING THAT!
WHY'D YOU LET HIM BEAT YOU UP LIKE THAT?
I DIDN'T LET HIM – HE JUST SIMPLY SOCKED ME LIKE I NEVER WAS SOCKED BEFORE
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO WEAR THAT CROWN – STEP INTO GENERAL BUNZO'S OFFICE
KING BLOZO IS SICK AN' HE AST ME TO SUBSTITOOT
I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU
MY NAME IS SKONK –
SKUNK – THA'SA GOOD NAME FOR YOU
NOT SKUNK – SKONK – SK-O-N-K
NOW LISTEN, YOU SAP
WHO IS A SAP?
CLICK
YOUNG MAN – I'VE NEVER BEEN STRUCK BY ANYONE BEFORE I DON'T LIKE IT!!
HANG AROUN' ME AN' YOU'LL GET USED TO IT
YOU HAD NO REASON FOR STRIKING ME
I DON'T NEED NO REASING
WHEN I WANTS TO POP A MAN I POPS 'IM
PST – I HAVE A PROPOSITION – HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A LOT OF MONEY?
KEEP YER DIRTY HOOKS OFFN ME!
PST – POPEYE, DON'T TRUST THAT MAN
DON'T WORRY, I AIN'T GONER TRUSK 'IM!
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
LISTEN TO ME – I WILL GIVE YOU FIFTY MILLION PEZOZEES IF YOU WILL LEAVE NAZILIA
SHOW ME THE MONEY
THAT AMOUNT IS IN THESE BAGS – NOW GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY
I SUSPOSE YA KNOWS IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO BRIBE A KING
MISTER SKONK – I WOULD AXCEP YER LIBEROUS PROPERSITION ONLY I AIN'T THAT KIND OF A SWAB
DON'T GET FUNNY! LET GO OF THOSE BAGS
I'M GO'NER CONFISTICATE THIS MONEY FOR OUR TREASURY
DO WHAT?!
CONFISTICATE YOUR PEZOZEES
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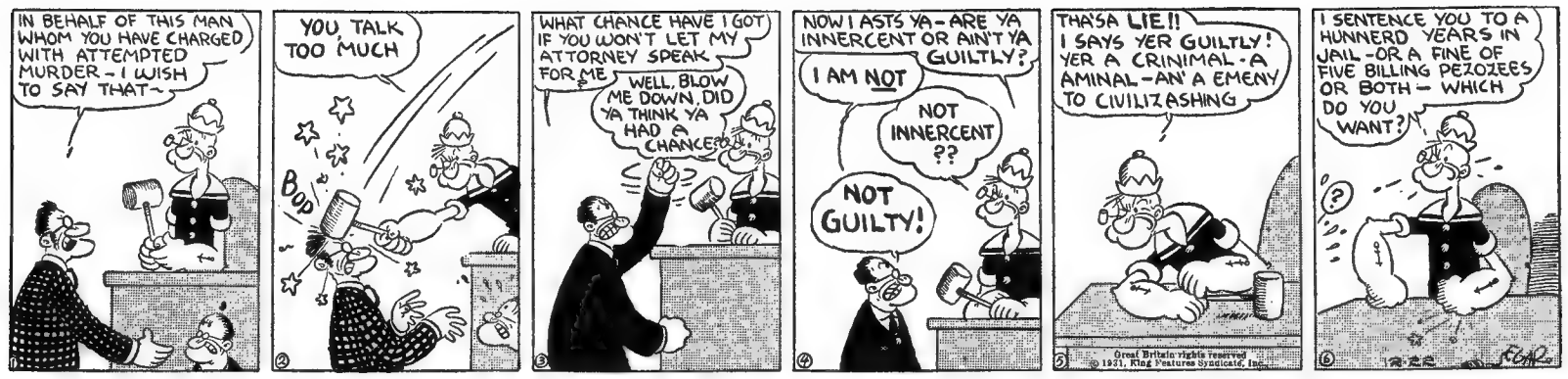
STOP!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY MONEY?
I'M CONFISTICATING IT – I'M GÖNER PUT IT IN THE NAZILIAN TREASURY
YOU CAN'T CONFISCATE MY MONEY! STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT
DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING AS CRUDE AS THAT? HA!!
BANG
YOU – COCO %*~ YOU
STICKS AN' STONES DON'T BUST ME BONES AN' WORDS DON'T HURT ME NEITHER
I PUT FIVE MILLION PEZOZEES ON THE TABLE AND TOLD HIM IT WAS HIS IF HE'D LEAVE NAZILIA – AND WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE DID?
WHAT DID HE DO?
CONFISCATED THE MONEY AND PUT IT IN THE TREASURY
COME, OFFICER – I WANT YOU TO ARREST POPEYE, THE SUBSTITUTE KING – HE'S A THIEF
I SAID – DON'T BE SILLISH YOU CAN'T ARRESK ME!
OH, YEAH?
OH, YEAH!!
PST – SPEAK UP TO HIM
SEE HERE – I CLAIM THAT A POLICEMAN HAS THE POWER TO ARREST YOU
SURE SURE!
– BUT YOU AIN'T A POLICEMAN NO LONGER – YER FIRED!
I COME TO TELL YA NOT TO WORRY ABOUT YER COUNTRY – I'M GETTIN' ALONG SWELL AS SUBSTITOOT KING
HOW'S THE TARIFF WORKING?
THE PATIENT MUST HAVE QUIET
BUT I GOT GOOD NEWS – I GOT TO TELL HIM
BUT YOU MUST NOT! HE'S VERY, VERY LOW
AHOY! WAKE UP! I GOT NEWS! I JUST PUT 50,000,000 PEZOZEES INTO THE TREASURY
POOEY! WHO CARES! HUMPH – WHERE'D YOU GET 50,000,000?
I CONFISTICATED IT
"CONFISTICATED" HAW! HAW!
YOU MEAN CONFISCATED HAW! HAW!
CONFISTICATED HAW!
POPEYE OLD BOY, YOU DO ME SO MUCH GOOD! THAT LAUGH HELPED A LOT
AH – MY MEDICINE IS WORKING AT LAST
HEH! HOW ABOUT LEADING POPEYE DOWN BY THE OLD PALM TREE IN CROAKER BAY?
YOU MEAN THE TREE WHERE THE BOA CONSTRICTOR LIVES?
YES – THE SNAKE WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF HIM

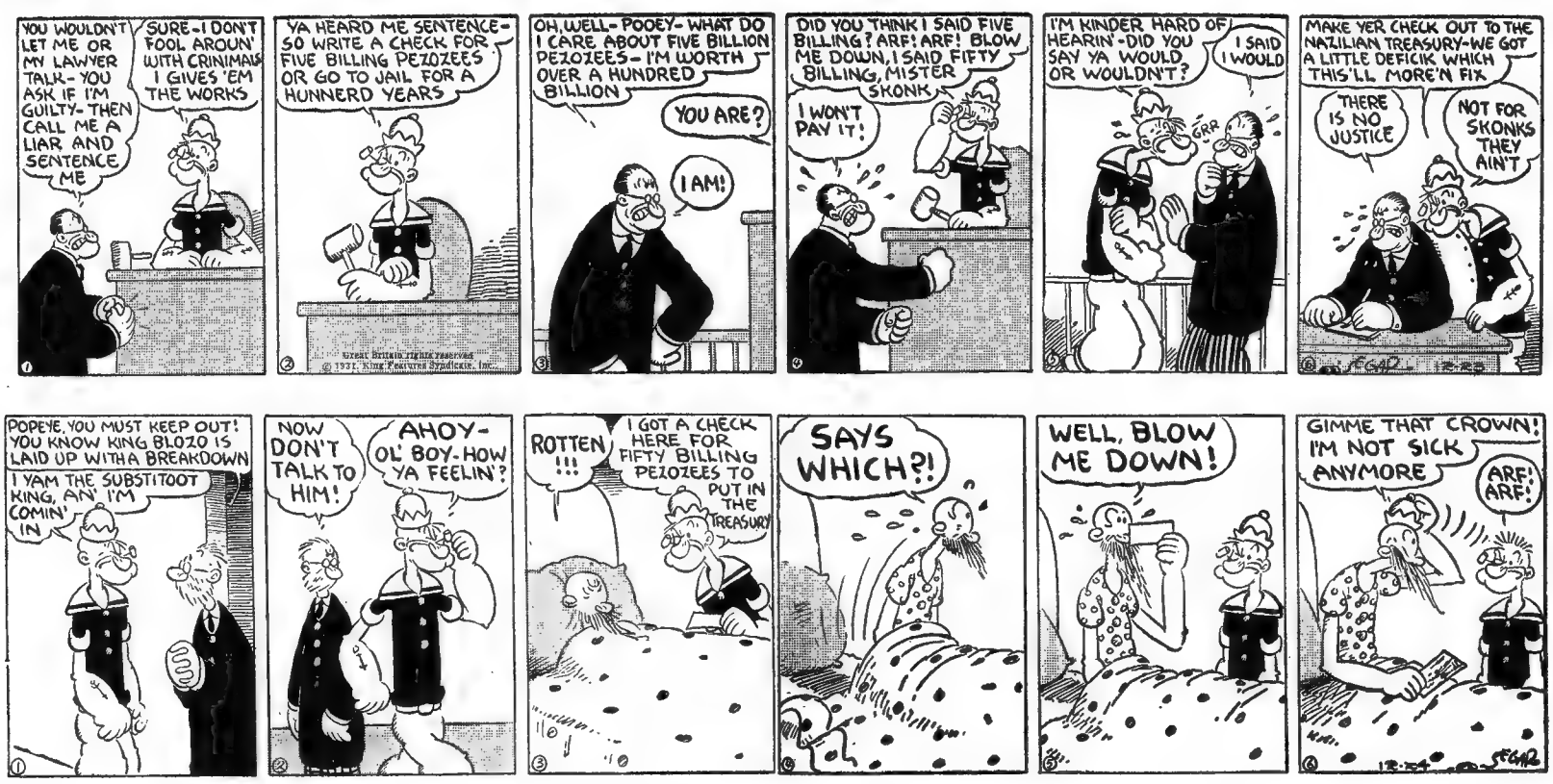

POPEYE, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TRUST MR. SKONK. I THINK HE'S A VILLAIN
THIS NOTE SAYS HE WANTS TO BE ME FREN INSTEAD OF ME EMENY
FIRST YA TRIES TO KILL ME AN' NOW YA WANTS ME FRENSHIP— THA'S FUNNY
LET'S FORGET THE PAST— I REALLY WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND
OKAY- TAKE ME HAND, BUT REMEMBER— ME HAND KIN TURN TO A FISK QUICK!
AND NOW LETS DRINK TO OUR FRIENDSHIP
JUS'A MINUTE- DON'T YA KNOW WE GOT PROBITION HERE IN NAZILIA? AN' IT'S ME DUTY AS SUBSTITOOT KING TO REFORCE THE LAW
DON'T BE SILLY
THE ONLY WAY YA COULD GET ME TO DRINK ANY OF THAT WOULD BE TO TELL ME IT WAS SODY POP
ALL RIGHT THEN, IT'S SODA POP
AN' DARN GOOD SODY POP, TOO, AIN'T IT?
FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD
SMACK
SMACK
THE TRAP IS SET— OLD SKONK IS USING FRIENDSHIP AS BAIT
SEGAR
I HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH POPEYE- I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM FOR A WALK DOWN BY THE OLD PALM TREE WHERE DWELLS THE HORRIBLE NAZILIAN BOA
FINE! FINE!
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER BRING TO ME HIS CROWN— I WILL BE SUBSTITUTE KING OF THIS COUNTRY
YOU'LL BE WEARING IT VERY SOON
YA SEEMS TO BE MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO TAKE ME FOR A WALK
I'M THINKING OF YOUR HEALTH
LAS' WEEK YA TRIED TO MURDER ME AN' NOW YER THINKIN' ABOUT ME HEALTH- THA'S HARD TO UNERSTAN'
THE BOA SNAKE OF CROAKER BAY— IF THIS CONSTRICTOR COILS AROUND POPEYE IT WILL BE THE END
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, ISN'T IT?
YEAH, PERTY
12-9
SEGAR
THE BOA TREE, HOME OF THE AWESOME NAZILIAN SNAKE
"YAMA SKONK"- WORLD'S MEANEST MAN, POSING AS POPEYE'S FRIEND, IS LEADING THE OLD SAILOR TOWARD THE BOA TREE
I KNEW YOU'D ENJOY A WALK INTO THE COUNTRY- THERE ARE MANY INTERESTING THINGS IN NAZILIA- FOR INSTANCE, THAT OLD PALM TREE WITH THE HOLE IN IT
I HEAR THERE'S A TREASURE HIDDEN IN THAT PALM- WHY DON'T YOU GET IT?
I SAYS I WILL!
AHOY, MISTER SKONK, IF THEY'S A TREASURE IN THERE WHY DIDN'T YOU GET IT?
I'M RICH, AND DON'T NEED IT
BLOW ME DOWN!!- I SMELLS A SNAKE- I'VE SNIFFED 'EM OUT IN THE JUNGLES LOTSA TIMES ME NOSE KIN TELL EVER' TIME
DON'T BE SILLY- THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN NAZILIA
SNIFF
12-10
SEGAR
HA! IF HE STANDS THERE A MINUTE LONGER HE'S A GONER
FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON MR. SKONK WANTS POPEYE OUT OF THE WAY- HE TOLD THE SAILOR THAT A TREASURE WAS HIDDEN IN THE OLD PALM TREE— OUR HERO KNOWS NOTHING OF THE NAZILIAN BOA-
I TELLS YA, MISTER SKONK, I SMELLS A SNAKE- AHOY! WHATCHA STANDIN' WAY BACK THERE FOR?
SNIFF
DON'T BE SILLY- THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN NAZILIA
NO SNAKES, EH?—
Hisss
I SUSPOSE THIS IS A ANGLE WORM!
SEGAR
I WON'T RUN FROM NO SERPINK!
MY SCHEME WORKED TO PERFECTION— POPEYE CAN'T ESCAPE THE BOA NOW- HE'LL SOON BE OUT OF THE WAY
YOU SEE NOW WHY I TOOK YOU FOR A WALK- HEH! HEH! A FEW MORE SQUEEZES AND YOU'LL BE ALL WASHED UP
YA
YA
YA
YA
CRACK
SEGAR
12-12
HE'S GETTING LOOSE
WE WILL NOT SHOW POPEYE'S FIGHT WITH THE GIANT REPTILE — IT IS MUCH TOO HORRIBLE
WHAT ON EARTH IS POPEYE FIGHTING WITH?!
HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP POPEYE!!
YOU BROUGHT POPEYE HERE KNOWING THAT THE REPTILE MONSTER WOULD GET HIM
WELL- WHAT OF IT—?
HERE! HERE! WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING
COME ON, POPEYE!! HIT HIM IN THE BREAD BASKET!! SMACK HIM DOWN!
SOCK
GURGLE
GRR-
OUW
MY RIBS—
SMACK
SEGAR
12-14

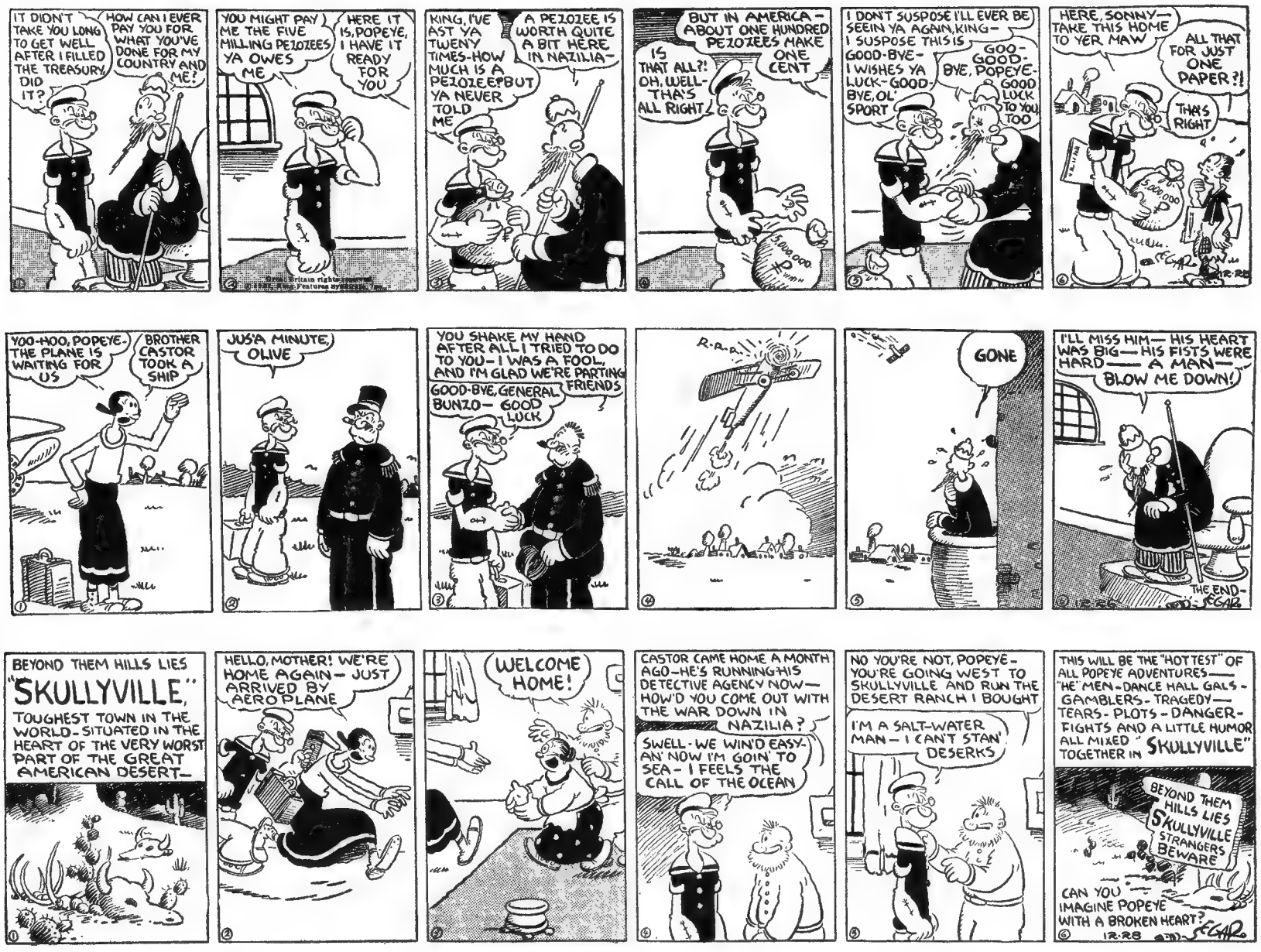




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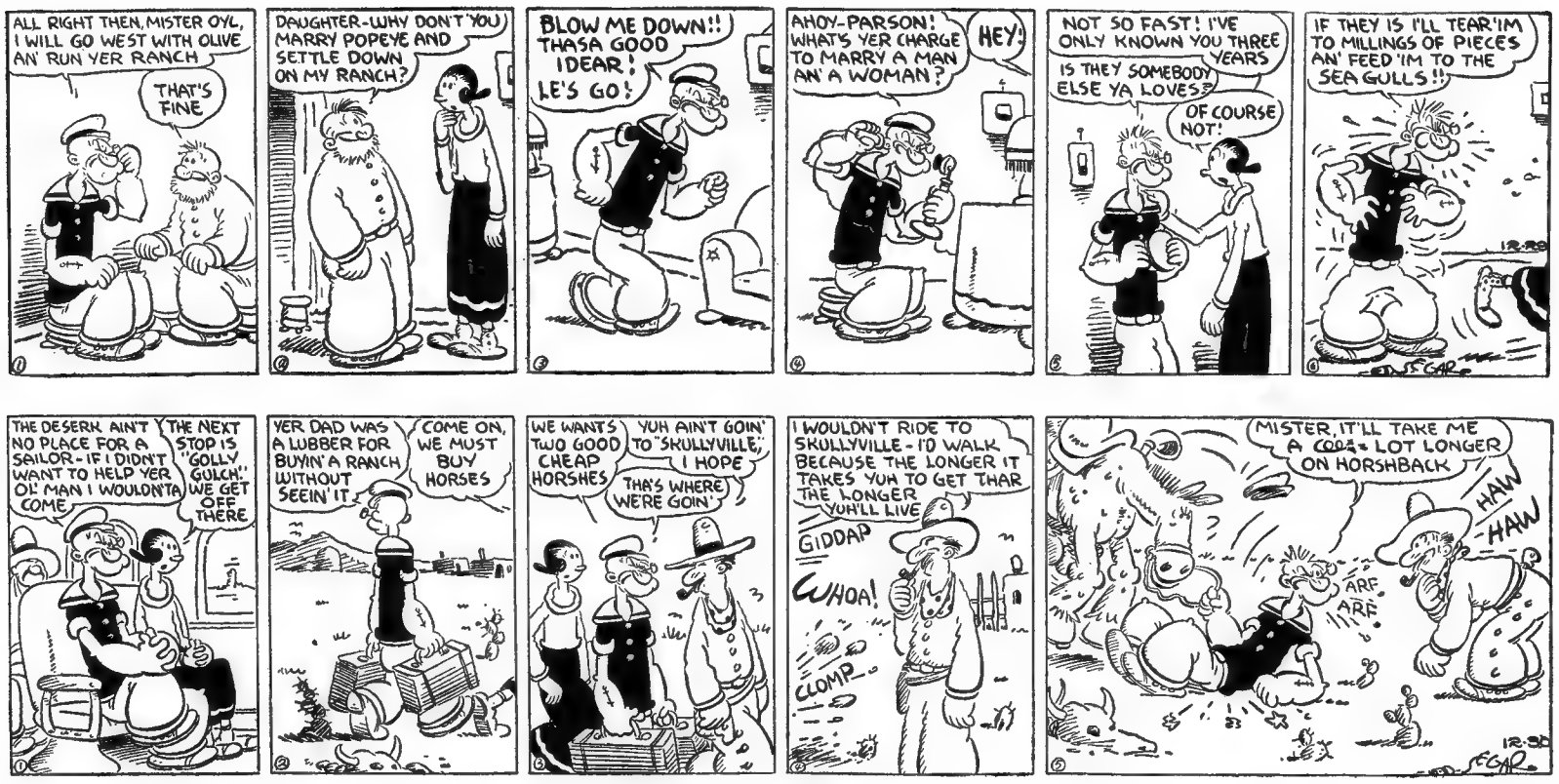

IN BEHALF OF THIS MAN WHOM YOU HAVE CHARGED WITH ATTEMPTED MURDER - I WISH TO SAY THAT~
YOU, TALK TOO MUCH
BOP
WHAT CHANCE HAVE I GOT IF YOU WON'T LET MY ATTORNEY SPEAK FOR ME
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN, DID YA THINK YA HAD A CHANCE?
NOW I ASTS YA - ARE YA INNERCENT OR AIN'T YA GUILTLY?
I AM NOT
NOT INNERCENT ??
NOT GUILTY!
THA'SA LIE!! I SAYS YER GUILTLY! YER A CRINIMAL - A AMINAL - AN' A EMENY TO CIVILIZASHING
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I SENTENCE YOU TO A HUNNERD YEARS IN JAIL - OR A FINE OF FIVE BILLING PEZOZEES OR BOTH - WHICH DO YOU WANT?
YOU WOULDN'T LET ME OR MY LAWYER TALK - YOU ASK IF I'M GUILTY - THEN CALL ME A LIAR AND SENTENCE ME
SURE - I DON'T FOOL AROUN' WITH CRINIMALS I GIVES 'EM THE WORKS
YA HEARD ME SENTENCE - SO WRITE A CHECK FOR FIVE BILLING PEZOZEES OR GO TO JAIL FOR A HUNNERD YEARS
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OH, WELL - POOEY - WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT FIVE BILLION PEZOZEES - I'M WORTH OVER A HUNDRED BILLION
YOU ARE?
I AM!
DID YOU THINK I SAID FIVE BILLING? ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN, I SAID FIFTY BILLING, MISTER SKONK
I WON'T PAY IT!
I'M KINDER HARD OF HEARIN' - DID YOU SAY YA WOULD OR WOULDN'T?
I SAID I WOULD
GRR
MAKE YER CHECK OUT TO THE NAZILIAN TREASURY - WE GOT A LITTLE DEFICIK WHICH THIS'LL MORE'N FIX
THERE IS NO JUSTICE
NOT FOR SKONKS THEY AIN'T


POPEYE, YOU MUST KEEP OUT! YOU KNOW KING BLOZO IS LAID UP WITH A BREAKDOWN
I YAM THE SUBSTITOOT KING, AN' I'M COMIN' IN
NOW DON'T TALK TO HIM!
AHOY - OL' BOY - HOW YA FEELIN'?
ROTTEN !!!
I GOT A CHECK HERE FOR FIFTY BILLING PEZOZEES TO PUT IN THE TREASURY
SAYS WHICH?!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
GIMME THAT CROWN! I'M NOT SICK ANYMORE
ARF! ARF!

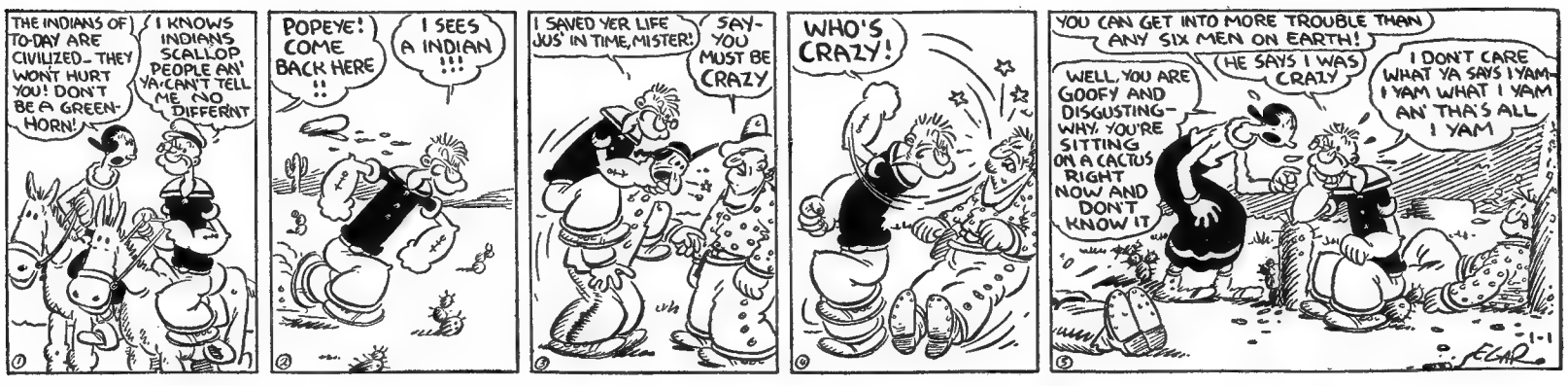

IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO GET WELL AFTER I FILLED THE TREASURY, DID IT?
HOW CAN I EVER PAY YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR MY COUNTRY AND ME!
YOU MIGHT PAY ME THE FIVE MILLING PEZOZEES YA OWES ME
HERE IT IS, POPEYE, I HAVE IT READY FOR YOU
KING, I'VE AST YA TWENY TIMES - HOW MUCH IS A PEZOZEE? BUT YA NEVER TOLD ME
A PEZOZEE IS WORTH QUITE A BIT HERE IN NAZILIA -
BUT IN AMERICA - ABOUT ONE HUNDRED PEZOZEES MAKE ONE CENT
IS THAT ALL?! OH, WELL - THA'S ALL RIGHT
5,000,000
I DON'T SUSPOSE I'LL EVER BE SEEIN YA AGAIN, KING - I SUSPOSE THIS IS GOOD-BYE - I WISHES YA LUCK - GOOD-BYE, OL' SPORT
GOO-GOOD-BYE, POPEYE - GOOD LUCK TO YOU TOO
HERE, SONNY - TAKE THIS HOME TO YER MAW
ALL THAT FOR JUST ONE PAPER?!
THAT'S RIGHT
5,000,000
YOO-HOO, POPEYE - THE PLANE IS WAITING FOR US
BROTHER CASTOR TOOK A SHIP
JUS'A MINUTE, OLIVE
YOU SHAKE MY HAND AFTER ALL I TRIED TO DO TO YOU - I WAS A FOOL, AND I'M GLAD WE'RE PARTING FRIENDS
GOOD-BYE, GENERAL BUNZO - GOOD LUCK
R-R-R-R
GONE
I'LL MISS HIM — HIS HEART WAS BIG — HIS FISTS WERE HARD — A MAN — BLOW ME DOWN!
THE END - SEGAR
BEYOND THEM HILLS LIES "SKULLYVILLE," TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WORLD - SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE VERY WORST PART OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT —
HELLO, MOTHER! WE'RE HOME AGAIN - JUST ARRIVED BY AEROPLANE
WELCOME HOME!
CASTOR CAME HOME A MONTH AGO - HE'S RUNNING HIS DETECTIVE AGENCY NOW — HOW'D YOU COME OUT WITH THE WAR DOWN IN NAZILIA?
SWELL - WE WIN'D EASY - AN' NOW I'M GOIN' TO SEA - I FEELS THE CALL OF THE OCEAN
NO YOU'RE NOT, POPEYE - YOU'RE GOING WEST TO SKULLYVILLE AND RUN THE DESERT RANCH I BOUGHT
I'M A SALT-WATER MAN - I CAN'T STAN' DESERKS
THIS WILL BE THE "HOTTEST" OF ALL POPEYE ADVENTURES — "HE" MEN - DANCE HALL GALS - GAMBLERS - TRAGEDY — TEARS - PLOTS - DANGER - FIGHTS AND A LITTLE HUMOR ALL MIXED TOGETHER IN "SKULLYVILLE"
BEYOND THEM HILLS LIES SKULLYVILLE STRANGERS BEWARE
CAN YOU IMAGINE POPEYE WITH A BROKEN HEART?

CHAPTER VI:

SKULLYVILLE, TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WORLD










I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SO FAR TO MY DAD'S RANCH. I DON'T LIKE STAYING ALL NIGHT HERE IN THIS ROUGH PART OF THE DESERT
GO TO SLEEP, OLIVE- I'LL STAY AWAKE AN' PROTECK YA
THOSE QUEER SUN-BLEACHED ROCKS LOOK LIKE GHOSTS IN THE MOONLIGHT
LISTEN, HONEY- GHOSKS AN' EVIL SPIRIKS IS THE ONLY THINGS I'M ASCARED OF SO LE'S TALK ABOUT SUMPIN' ELSE
POPEYE- I'M NERVOUS- MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME THAT ALL IS NOT WELL
AN MY GEN'LEMAN'S INSTINCKT SAYS EVER'THING'S OKAY
OLIVE OYL
1-4
SEGAR

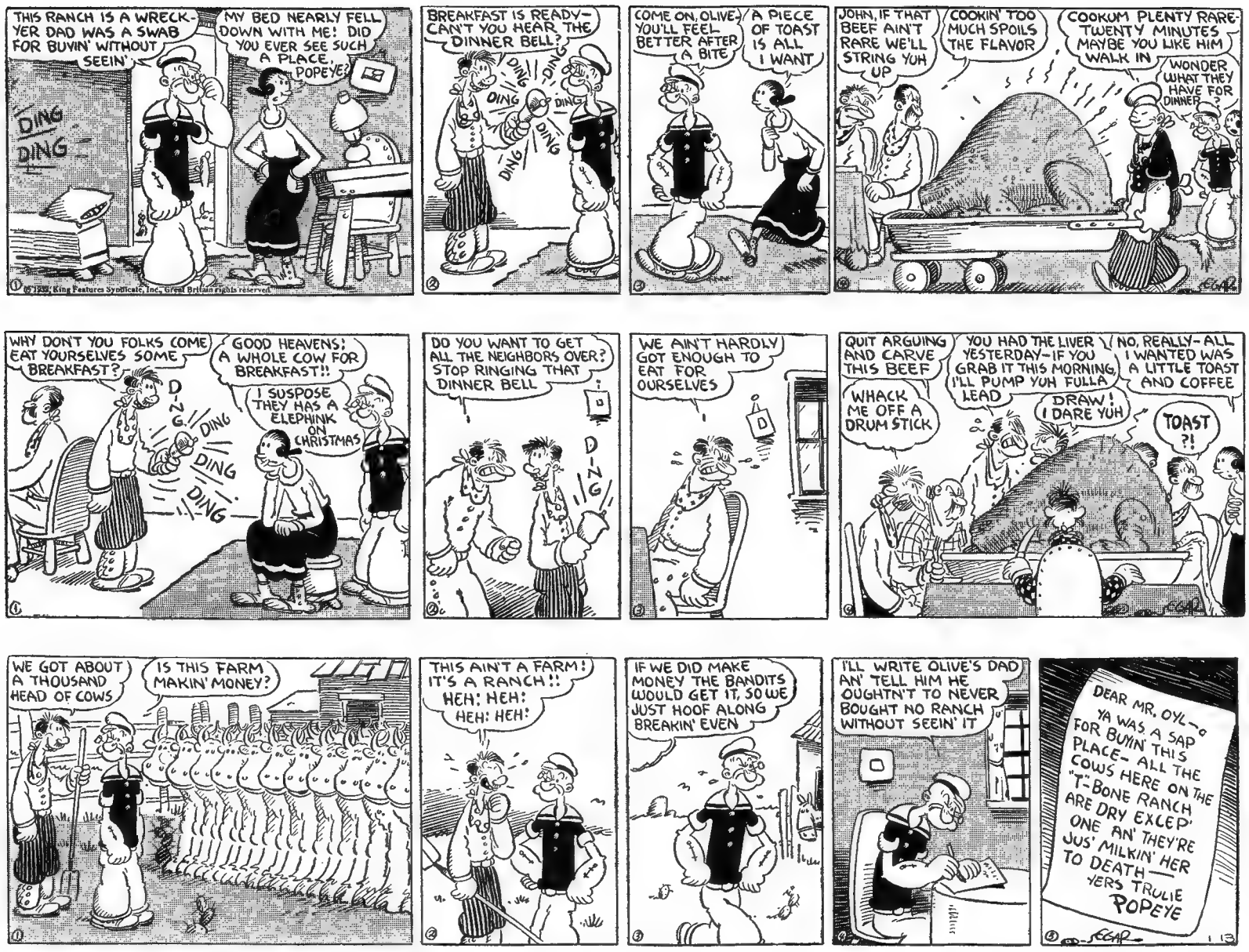

THROW A ROPE AROUND THE MAN AND TIE HIM UP- THEN WE'LL SEARCH THEIR SUIT-CASES
WHY NOT TAKE A SHEET FROM YOUR BED ROLL AND SCARE 'EM AWAY? I HEARD THE SAILOR SAY HE WAS AFRAID OF GHOSTS-
AW— SHOOT 'EM AN' THEN SEARCH 'EM
POPEYE, I HEAR FUNNY NOISES
DON'T BE AFRAID, HONEY- I'LL PROTECK YA- SPENDIN' A NIGHT IN THE DESERK AIN'T NOTHIN'
OUCH
HELP! POPEYE !!!
RUN
WITH ALL
YER MIGHT
OLIVE-
I SEEN A GHOSK!
1-5
SEGAR


NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE SUITCASES
HELP
HELP
HELP
HELP
HELP!
OH, I SEE - ONE OF THE BANDITS PUT A SHEET OVER HIS HEAD TO SCARE US AWAY
WELL, FOR — HEY, POPEYE, ARE YOU AN OSTRICH?
MY BRAVE PROTECTOR !!!
POOIE
I CAN'T HELP IT, OLIVE - I JUS' CAN'T STAN' GHOSKS!
SEGAR
1-6

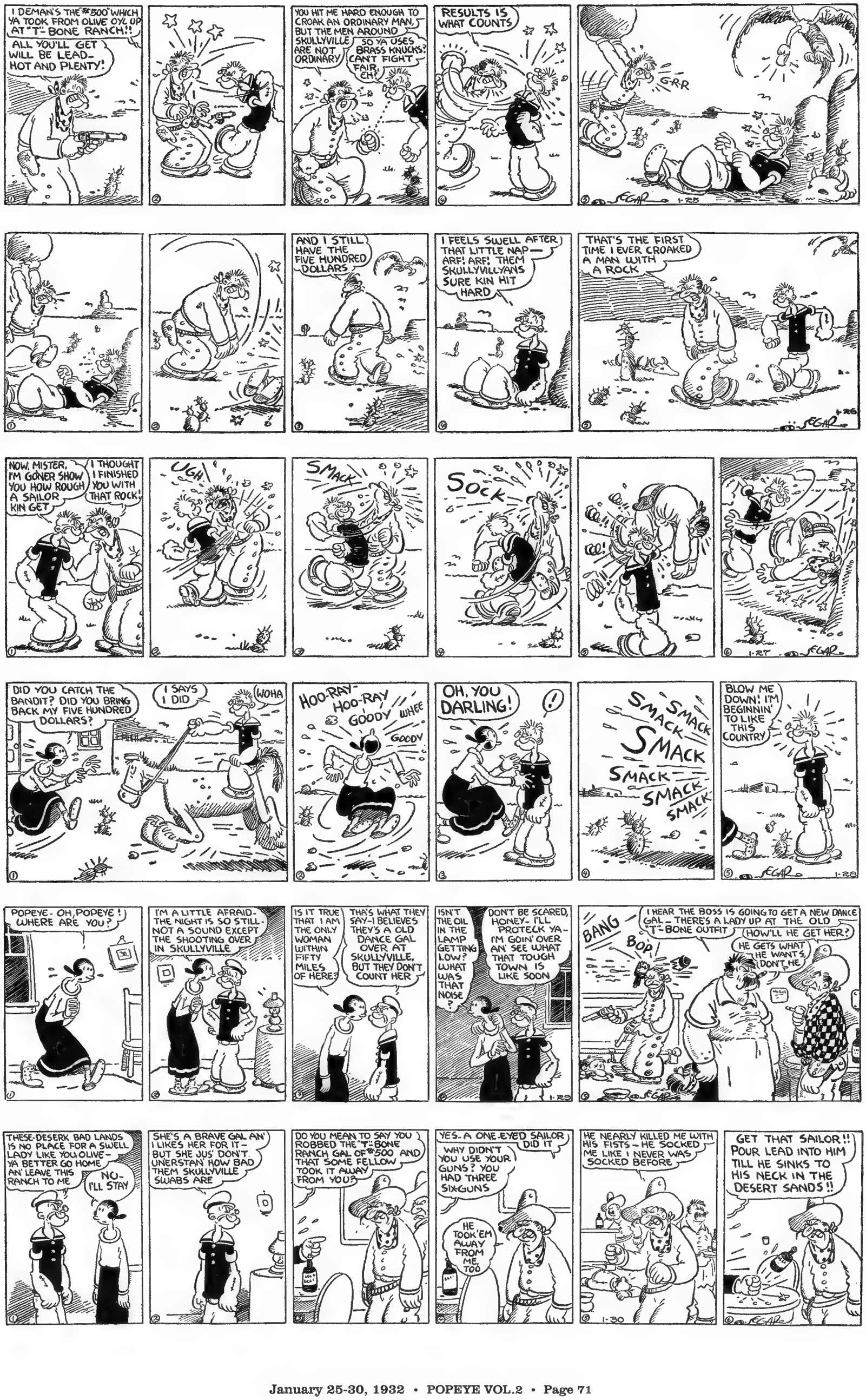

THE BANDITS DIDN'T FIND ANY MONEY IN OUR SUIT-CASES, BUT THEY SCATTERED OUR CLOTHES ALL OVER THE DESERT
THEY THREW THINGS AROUND LIKE THIS JUST FOR MEANNESS- HELP ME PICK UP, POPEYE
I WISH THIS NIGHT WAS OVER - WE MUST GET TO DAD'S RANCH IN THE MORNING
THERE'S JUST ONE THING MISSING
NO THEY AIN'T- I HUNG 'EM ON THAT BIG CACTUS OVER THERE
ARF
ARF
SEGAR
1-7

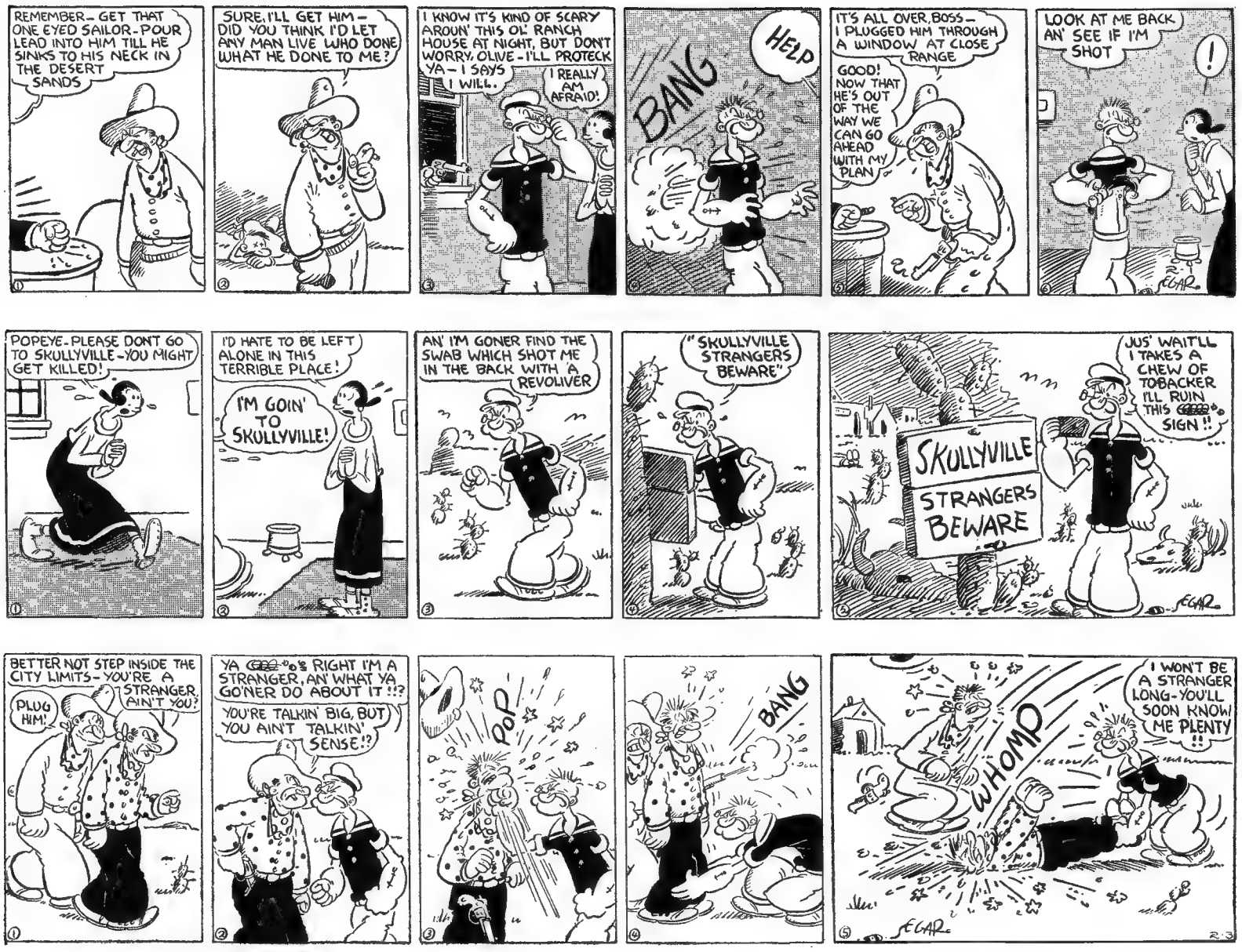

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE ME ALONE, POPEYE? I'VE GOT $500- IN MY WAIST
I'LL BE BACK SOON'S I FINDS OUR HORSHES
I'LL TAKE THEM $500- I HEARD YOU SPEAK OF
BANG
THANKS FOR SCARING THAT BANDIT AWAY, MISTER
WHAT'S A FINE GAL LIKE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
I'M LOOKING FOR THE "T" BONE RANCH
YOU'RE STANDIN' ON IT NOW, GAL- I'M THE FOREMAN
TCHT
TCHT
REALLY!
SEGAR
1-8

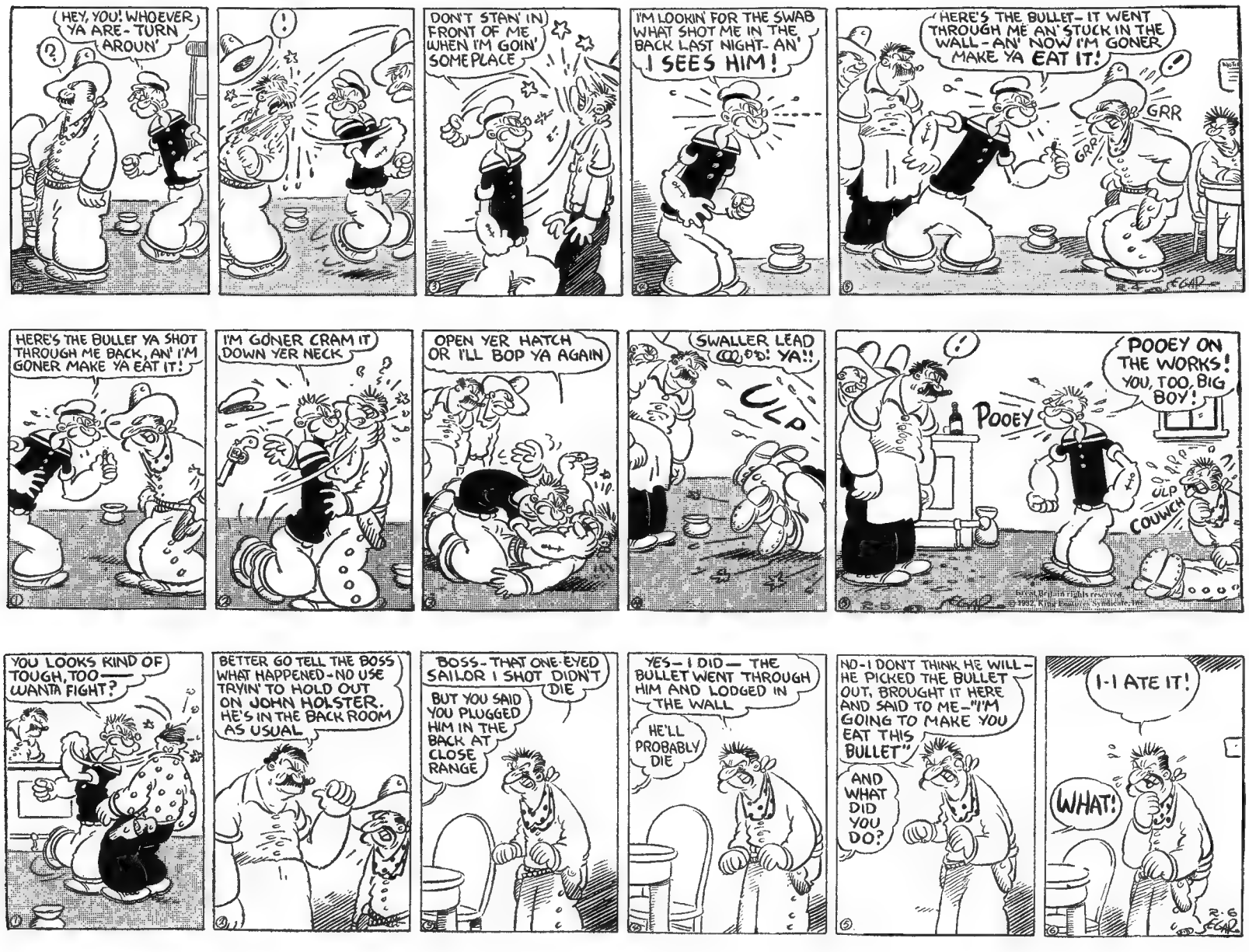

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! WE WAS RIGHT ON THE "T"- BONE RANCH AND DIDN'T KNOW IT
AND YOU'RE THE FOREMAN OF OUR RANCH?
YEP— COME ON UP TO THE HOUSE
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PLACE, POPEYE?
MAN THE LIFE BOATS - IT'S A WRECK
BETTER GO TO BED, GAL — YUH LOOK ALL WORE OUT
IT WILL BE GREAT TO CRAWL INTO A REAL BED
I'LL GIVE YUH THE BEST ROOM IN THE HOUSE, MISS OYL
ALL IT NEEDS IS A WOMAN'S TOUCH TO MAKE IT HOMEY
SEGAR
1-9


THIS RANCH IS A WRECK- YER DAD WAS A SWAB FOR BUYIN' WITHOUT SEEIN'
MY BED NEARLY FELL DOWN WITH ME! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A PLACE, POPEYE?
DING DING
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BREAKFAST IS READY- CAN'T YOU HEAR THE DINNER BELL?
DING DING DING DING DING DING
COME ON, OLIVE- YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER A BITE
A PIECE OF TOAST IS ALL I WANT
JOHN, IF THAT BEEF AIN'T RARE WE'LL STRING YUH UP
COOKIN' TOO MUCH SPOILS THE FLAVOR
COOKUM PLENTY RARE- TWENTY MINUTES MAYBE YOU LIKE HIM WALK IN
WONDER WHAT THEY HAVE FOR DINNER?
WHY DON'T YOU FOLKS COME EAT YOURSELVES SOME BREAKFAST?
GOOD HEAVENS! A WHOLE COW FOR BREAKFAST!!
I SUSPOSE THEY HAS A ELEPHINK ON CHRISTMAS
D-I-N-G DING DING DING
DO YOU WANT TO GET ALL THE NEIGHBORS OVER? STOP RINGING THAT DINNER BELL
D-I-N-G
WE AIN'T HARDLY GOT ENOUGH TO EAT FOR OURSELVES
QUIT ARGUING AND CARVE THIS BEEF
WHACK ME OFF A DRUM STICK
YOU HAD THE LIVER YESTERDAY- IF YOU GRAB IT THIS MORNING I'LL PUMP YUH FULLA LEAD
DRAW! I DARE YUH
NO, REALLY- ALL I WANTED WAS A LITTLE TOAST AND COFFEE
TOAST ?!
WE GOT ABOUT A THOUSAND HEAD OF COWS
IS THIS FARM MAKIN' MONEY?
THIS AIN'T A FARM! IT'S A RANCH!! HEH: HEH: HEH: HEH:
IF WE DID MAKE MONEY THE BANDITS WOULD GET IT, SO WE JUST HOOF ALONG BREAKIN' EVEN
I'LL WRITE OLIVE'S DAD AN' TELL HIM HE OUGHTN'T TO NEVER BOUGHT NO RANCH WITHOUT SEEIN' IT
DEAR MR. OYL— YA WAS A SAP FOR BUYIN' THIS PLACE- ALL THE COWS HERE ON THE "T"-BONE RANCH ARE DRY EXCEP' ONE AN' THEY'RE JUS' MILKIN' HER TO DEATH— YERS TRULIE POPEYE
1-13
SAY, IS THEY A PLACE AROUN' HERE WHERE A SAILOR COULD TAKE A SWIM?
SWIM!?
SURE- YA SEE THAT BIG LAKE OUT THERE? WELL- HELP YOURSELF
I DIDN'T NOTICE NO LAKE THERE THIS MORNING
HEY, YOU!! THAT'S A MIRAGE
I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS- I'M GONER TAKE A SWIM
I'DA SWORE IT WAS ONLY A THOUSING FEET AWAY AN' I'VE WALKED TEN MILES— WHEN I GETS TO WHERE IT WAS IT AIN'T THERE!
WHERE'S POPEYE?
HE'S RUNNING AROUND THE DESERT IN HIS BATHING SUIT CHASING MIRAGES
I JUS' FOUN' OUT THEY AIN'T NO WATER IN THEM MIRAGES- YA PLAYED A TRICK ON ME
WELL?
DON'T DOUBLE UP YOUR FISTS AT ME, SAILOR- PLUGGIN' NITWITS IS MY SPECIALTY
SMACK
HEY, BOYS- LOOK WHAT THAT SAILOR DONE TO HANK! AND HANK HAD HIS GUN DRAW'D, TOO
HERE— QUIT CHASING MIRAGES AND GO TIDY UP THE BARN
I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE "T"-BONE RANCH AND TAKE ALL THE MONEY THAT GAL HAS
NOTICE
IS IT THE MONEY YA WANT, BOSS, OR HAVE YA GOT A SPECIAL REASON?
GET GOIN' AND DO AS I SAID! NO QUESTIONS
BANG
YER BEGINNIN' TO LIKE THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY, ARE YA, OLIVE?
YES, I AM— I'VE FIXED UP THIS OLD HOUSE AND IT'S SO PEACEFUL OUT HERE IN THE DESERT— EVEN IF THE RANCH DOESN'T PAY WE CAN LIVE A LONG TIME ON MY $500=
AW- I'LL BET THEY'RE NOT SO BAD
I DON'T TRUSK THE SWABS AROUN' SKULLYVILLE— THEY LOOKS LIKE CRINIMALS
1-15


REMEMBER WHAT I SAID - TAKE EVERY CENT THAT GAL UP AT "T"-BONE RANCH HAS! EVERY CENT
SOUNDS LIKE A PLOT, BOSS
POPEYE - WE CAN LIVE A LONG TIME ON THIS $500.00 EVEN IF THE RANCH DOESN'T PAY
SOMEBODY JUS' GALLOPED IN ON A HORSH
GIVE ME THAT MONEY!!
I'LL CATCH 'IM ON MY HORSH, OLIVE - LE'S SEE - WHICH LEG SHOULD I SWING OVER FIRST?
TURN AROUN', HORSH, YER BACK-WARDS
EGAR
HURRY, POPEYE! GET ON YOUR HORSE AND CATCH THE BANDIT WHO STOLE MY $500.
I'M ON AT LAST - SO HERE WE GO -
HURRY
LISTEN, HORSH - WHEN I SPATS YA I WANTS YA TO SKOOT FAST
SPAT
EGAR
DON'T WORRY OLIVE, IF I EVER GETS ABOARD THIS HORSH I'LL CATCH THE BANDIT WHICH TOOK YER MONEY
GIDDUP!
GIDDUP! GIDDUP!
GIDDUP - GIDDUP - GIDDUP
GIDDAP! GIDDAP! GIDDAP!
EGAR
GIDDAP! GIDDAP! GIDDAP!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO IF POPEYE DOESN'T CATCH THE BANDIT WHO STOLE MY MONEY
AND POPEYE DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT HORSES
BANG
BANG - ! ! - BANG
BANG
EGAR
BANG
YOU'RE MY FOREMAN, AND I ORDER YOU TO GO SHOOT THE BANDIT WHO STOLE MY MONEY - POPEYE CAN'T RIDE GOOD ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM I'M SURE
I WOULDN'T SHOOT A BANDIT AROUND THESE PARTS BECAUSE HE MIGHT BE A FRIEND OF MINE
SOCK
EGAR
WHEN YOU KNOCKED ME OFF MY HOSS YOU DID SOMETHING TO BRAG ABOUT
BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BRAG BECAUSE DEAD MEN'S TONGUES SAY LITTLE ~ LITTLE!!
I JUS' PICKED UP YER PISTIL - TOO BAD YA AIN'T GOT AHOLT OF IT - YA AIN'T GOT MUCH CHANCE WITHOUT A GUN
BULLITS AIN'T NEVER HURT ME MUCH, BUT THEY AIN'T NO TELLIN WHEN ONE MIGHT - SO I'LL JUS' RUIN YER SIX SHOOTER
THE GIANT VULTURE OF THE DESERT IS WAITING - HE KNOWS THAT ONE OF US IS GOING OUT - HA! YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE TWO EXTRA GUNS INSIDE MY SHIRT, DID YOU?
MISTER, IT WOULDN'T HELP YA NONE IF YA HAD A ARMY UP YER SLEEVE!

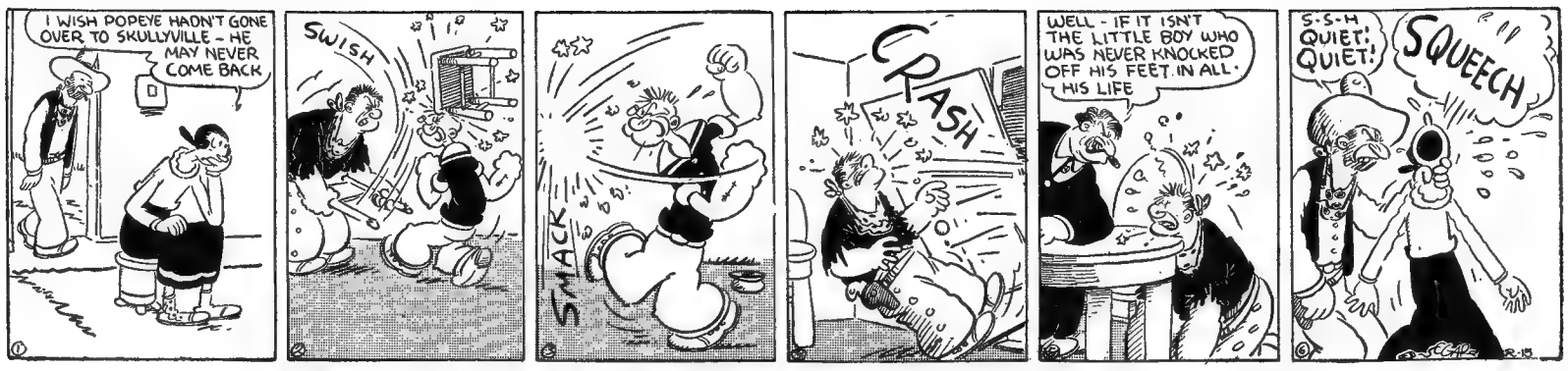

I DEMAN'S THE $500 WHICH YA TOOK FROM OLIVE OYL UP AT "T"-BONE RANCH!!
ALL YOU'LL GET WILL BE LEAD-HOT AND PLENTY!
YOU HIT ME HARD ENOUGH TO CROAK AN ORDINARY MAN, BUT THE MEN AROUND SKULLYVILLE ARE NOT ORDINARY
SO YA USES BRASS KNUCKS? CAN'T FIGHT FAIR, EH!
RESULTS IS WHAT COUNTS
GRR
1-25
AND I STILL HAVE THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
I FEELS SWELL AFTER THAT LITTLE NAP— ARF! ARF! THEM SKULLYVILLYANS SURE KIN HIT HARD
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER CROAKED A MAN WITH A ROCK
1-26
NOW, MISTER, I'M GONER SHOW YOU HOW ROUGH A SAILOR KIN GET
I THOUGHT I FINISHED YOU WITH THAT ROCK!
UGH
SMACK
SOCK
1-27
DID YOU CATCH THE BANDIT? DID YOU BRING BACK MY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS?
I SAYS I DID
WOHA
HOO-RAY- HOO-RAY GOODY WHEE GOODY
OH, YOU DARLING!
SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK
BLOW ME DOWN! I'M BEGINNIN' TO LIKE THIS COUNTRY
1-28
POPEYE - OH, POPEYE! WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M A LITTLE AFRAID- THE NIGHT IS SO STILL- NOT A SOUND EXCEPT THE SHOOTING OVER IN SKULLYVILLE
IS IT TRUE THAT I AM THE ONLY WOMAN WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF HERE?
THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY-I BELIEVES THEY'S A OLD DANCE GAL OVER AT SKULLYVILLE, BUT THEY DON'T COUNT HER
ISN'T THE OIL IN THE LAMP GETTING LOW? WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
DON'T BE SCARED, HONEY- I'LL PROTECK YA- I'M GOIN' OVER AN' SEE WHAT THAT TOUGH TOWN IS LIKE SOON
1-29
BANG
BOP!
I HEAR THE BOSS IS GOING TO GET A NEW DANCE GAL - THERE'S A LADY UP AT THE OLD "T"-BONE OUTFIT
HOW'LL HE GET HER?
HE GETS WHAT HE WANT'S, I DON'T HE
THESE-DESERK BAD LANDS IS NO PLACE FOR A SWELL LADY LIKE YOU, OLIVE- YA BETTER GO HOME AN' LEAVE THIS RANCH TO ME
NO- I'LL STAY
SHE'S A BRAVE GAL AN' I LIKES HER FOR IT- BUT SHE JUS' DON'T UNERSTAN' HOW BAD THEM SKULLYVILLE SWABS ARE
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU ROBBED THE "T"-BONE RANCH GAL OF $500 AND THAT SOME FELLOW TOOK IT AWAY FROM YOU?
YES- A ONE-EYED SAILOR DID IT
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR GUNS? YOU HAD THREE SIX-GUNS
HE TOOK 'EM AWAY FROM ME, TOO
HE NEARLY KILLED ME WITH HIS FISTS - HE SOCKED ME LIKE I NEVER WAS SOCKED BEFORE
1-30
GET THAT SAILOR!! POUR LEAD INTO HIM TILL HE SINKS TO HIS NECK IN THE DESERT SANDS!!

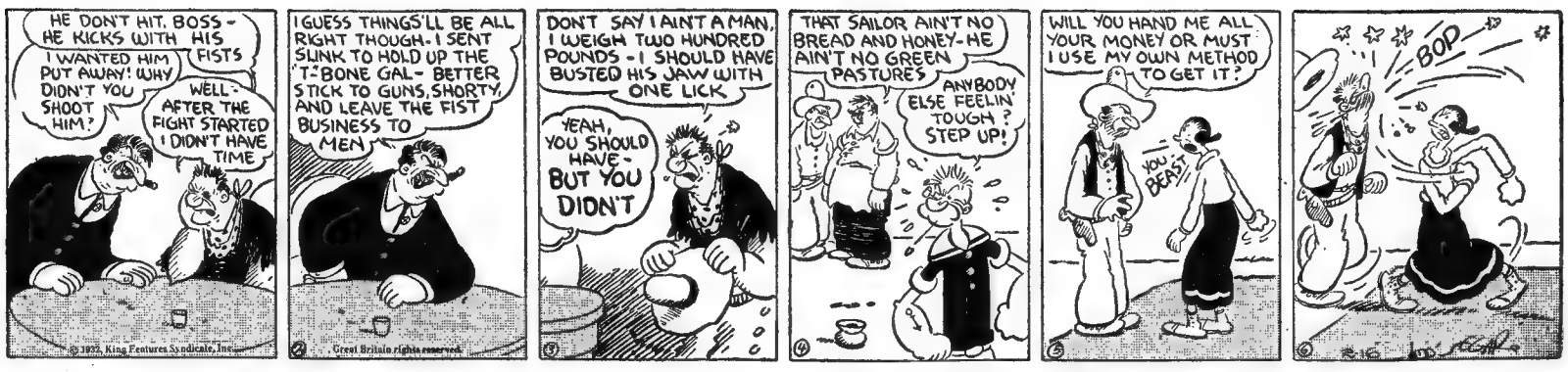




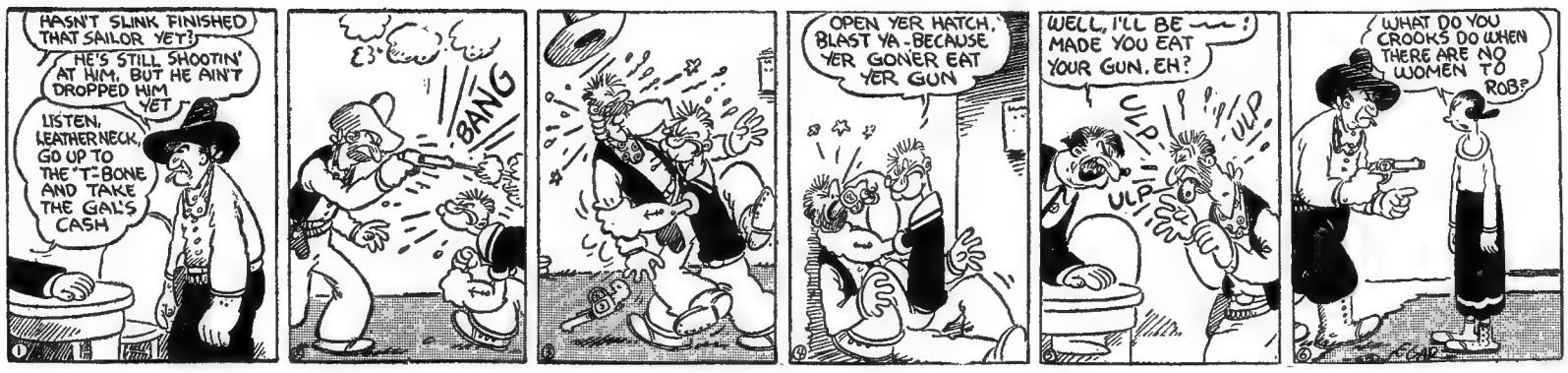
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STRANGER, I'M WARNIN' YOU— GET OUT OF SKULLYVILLE BEFORE SOME OF THE REAL BAD MEN DROP IN
SAYS YOU
WELL - IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU NOW, SAILOR — "TRIGGER" FLINT JUST CAME IN - YOU'RE COOKED
NOTICE
KIND OF CARELESS WITH YOUR LIFE, AIN'T YOU, STRANGER, BLOWIN' INTO THIS TOWN WITHOUT AN INVITATION?
YOU TALK TOO MUCH
!
!
EGAR
SHORTY - YOU'VE NEVER BEEN KNOCKED OFF YOUR FEET, HAVE YOU?
NEVER
SIT DOWN
SOMETHING WRONG, BOSS?
SOMEBODY'S INTERFERIN' WITH MY PLANS - IT AIN'T OFTEN ANYONE 'HORNS' IN ON JOHN HOLSTER'S DOINS - 'COURSE, A STRANGER DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER
THERE'S A NEW GAL UP AT "T" - BONE RANCH - NOW I WAS THINKIN' - IF WE HAD HER FOR A DANCE GAL HERE IN THE MANSION HOUSE DANCE AND GAMBLIN' PALACE WE'D EASY PUT OUR COMPETITORS OUT OF BUSINESS —
IF WE GET THIS GAL IN A HOLE WHERE SHE'LL NEED MONEY SHE'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR SOMEBODY AND IT MAY AS WELL BE ME — SHORTY - I WANT YOU TO ROB HER AND RUSTLE ALL HER CATTLE - AND THERE'S A ONE-EYED SAILOR - PLUG HIM — I HEAR HE'S TOUGH
SHERIFF, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO TRY TO SHOOT PEOPLE, AIN'T IT? WELL - WHY DON'T YOU ARREST THE CRINIMALS AROUND HERE?
IF I'D ARREST THE CRIMINALS THERE WOULDN'T BE NOBODY LEFT TO PAY MY WAGES
HEH! HEH!
HEH! HEH!
NOTICE
EGAR
YES - THEM'S MY ORDERS - PLUG THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR - ROB THE GAL AND RUSTLE HER CATTLE — THEN SHE'LL HAVE TO WORK AND I'LL HIRE HER AS DANCE GAL
BOSS, I THOUGHT I'D BETTER TELL YOU - THE FUNNY-LOOKIN' SAILOR POPPED "TRIGGER" FLINT ON THE JAW AND. HE'S OUT YET
HE DID!
YOU OUGHT TO COME OUT AND SEE THE FUN, BOSS - I INTEND TO BUST HIM UP BEFORE I USE MY GUN
NO, SHORTY - I'LL STAY HERE - REPORT TO ME WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH HIM
I AIN'T MUCH INTRISTED IN LITTLE SHRIMPS LIKE YOU - YER TOO SMALL
SMALL? HUH - I WEIGH 200 POUNDS AND I'VE NEVER BEEN KNOCKED OFF MY FEET
COME AROUN' SOMETIME WHEN YA GETS GROW'D UP
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN - HE KIN HIT!
SMACK
YOU KIN HIT CAN'T YOU, MISTER?
YA DERN TOOTIN' - AND IN ALL MY LIFE I'VE NEVER BEEN KNOCKED OFF MY FEET
BUT ONCET
SMACK
NOW YA AIN'T GOT NO REPITATION TO BRAG ABOUT
ARF ARF
WELL, I'LL BE COOL!!
DON'T SHOOT HIM, BOYS! — SAVE HIM FOR ME
SOCK
BEN ZINE
WHILE SHORTY'S FIGHTIN' WITH THE SAILOR YOU SLIP UP TO THE "T" - BONE AND ROB THAT GAL
VAR NISH
YA SEE, SLINK, I'VE A REASON FOR WANTIN' HER TO BE BROKE — SHE'LL SOON BE WORKIN' HERE
I SEE, BOSS
HAVE A SHOT OF VARNISH?
BETTER PULL YER GUN, MISTER, YA AIN'T GOT NO CHANCE WITHOUT IT
CRACK!
COME ON - FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! COME ON -
BOP
BOSS - I'VE SEEN PLENTY FIGHTS IN MY DAY, BUT THE ONE GOIN' ON OUT FRONT NOW TAKES THE CAKE!
AND LEMME TELL YOU - THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR AIN'T NO SET-UP FOR SHORTY - HE AIN'T NO GREEN PASTURES FOR NOBODY
BETTER COME OUT AND GET AN EYE-FUL, BOSS - YOU'RE SURE MISSIN' SOMETHING
CRASH
NO - I'LL STAY HERE, BILL, AFTER THE LIFE I'VE LIVED I JUST CAN'T GET EXCITED OVER NOTHIN'
SMACK
HE AIN'T NO GREEN PASTURES

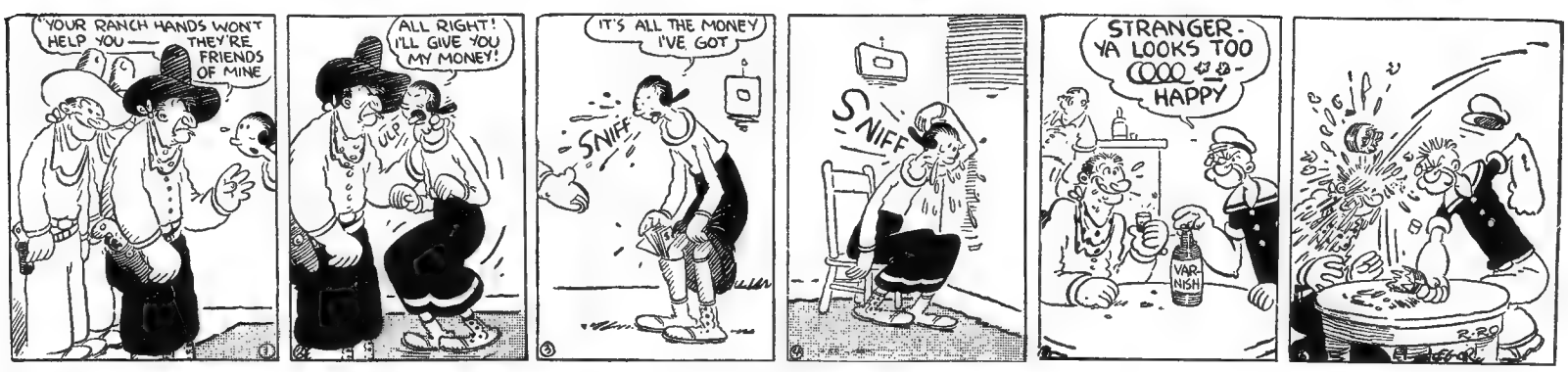

I WISH POPEYE HADN'T GONE OVER TO SKULLYVILLE - HE MAY NEVER COME BACK
SWISH
SMACK
CRASH
WELL - IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS NEVER KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET IN ALL HIS LIFE
S-S-H QUIET! QUIET!
SQUEECH


HE DON'T HIT. BOSS - HE KICKS WITH HIS FISTS
I WANTED HIM PUT AWAY! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT HIM?
WELL - AFTER THE FIGHT STARTED I DIDN'T HAVE TIME
I GUESS THINGS'LL BE ALL RIGHT THOUGH - I SENT SLINK TO HOLD UP THE 'T-BONE GAL - BETTER STICK TO GUNS, SHORTY, AND LEAVE THE FIST BUSINESS TO MEN
DON'T SAY I AIN'T A MAN, I WEIGH TWO HUNDRED POUNDS - I SHOULD HAVE BUSTED HIS JAW WITH ONE LICK
YEAH, YOU SHOULD HAVE - BUT YOU DIDN'T
THAT SAILOR AIN'T NO BREAD AND HONEY - HE AIN'T NO GREEN PASTURES
ANYBODY ELSE FEELIN' TOUGH? STEP UP!
WILL YOU HAND ME ALL YOUR MONEY OR MUST I USE MY OWN METHOD TO GET IT?
YOU BEAST!
BOP
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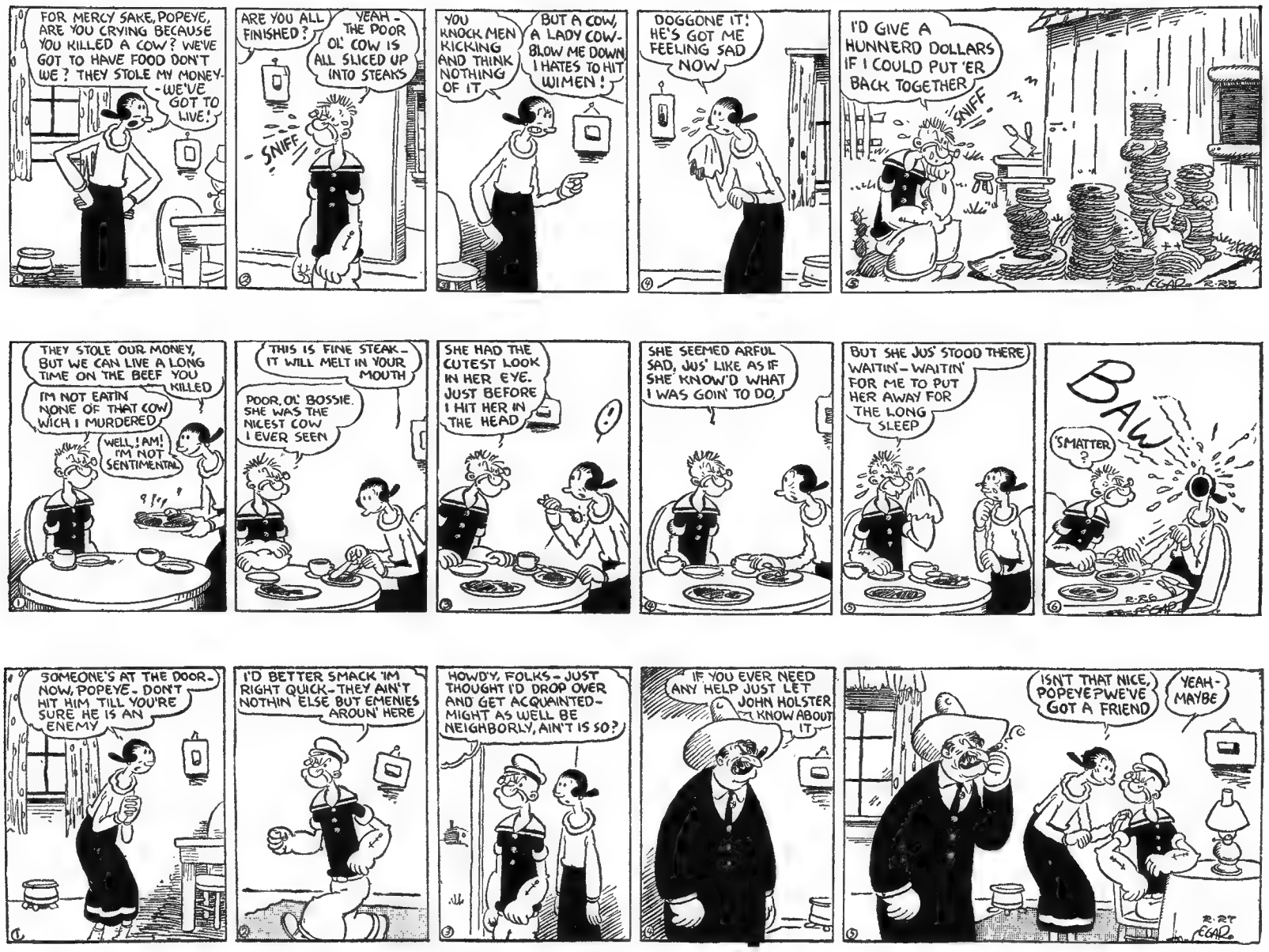

OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! I KNOCKED HIM OUT!
WELL, I'LL BE — SHE KNOCKED ME COLD!
SLINK - I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHY YOU DIDN'T GET THAT GAL'S MONEY - AND DON'T TRY TO LIE TO JOHN HOLSTER
SHE SMACKED ME SENSELESS AND RAN AWAY
ARE YOU A PACK OF MOLLYCODDLES? - A LITTLE ONE-EYED SAILOR KNOCKED FOUR OF MY MEN KICKING, AND NOW A DAME SMACKS YOU SILLY — GO PLUG THE SAILOR! USE YOUR GUN, NOT YOUR FISTS
YES, BOSS
BANG
BANG
BANG

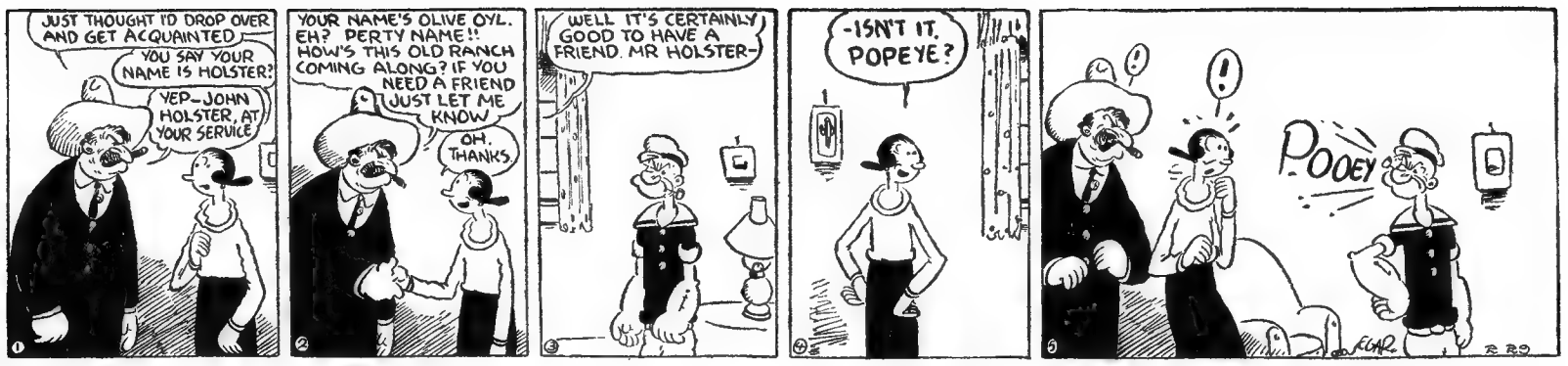

HASN'T SLINK FINISHED THAT SAILOR YET?
HE'S STILL SHOOTIN' AT HIM. BUT HE AIN'T DROPPED HIM YET
LISTEN, LEATHERNECK, GO UP TO THE 'T-BONE AND TAKE THE GAL'S CASH
BANG
OPEN YER HATCH, BLAST YA - BECAUSE YER GONER EAT YER GUN
WELL, I'LL BE — ! MADE YOU EAT YOUR GUN, EH?
ULP
ULP
ULP
WHAT DO YOU CROOKS DO WHEN THERE ARE NO WOMEN TO ROB?

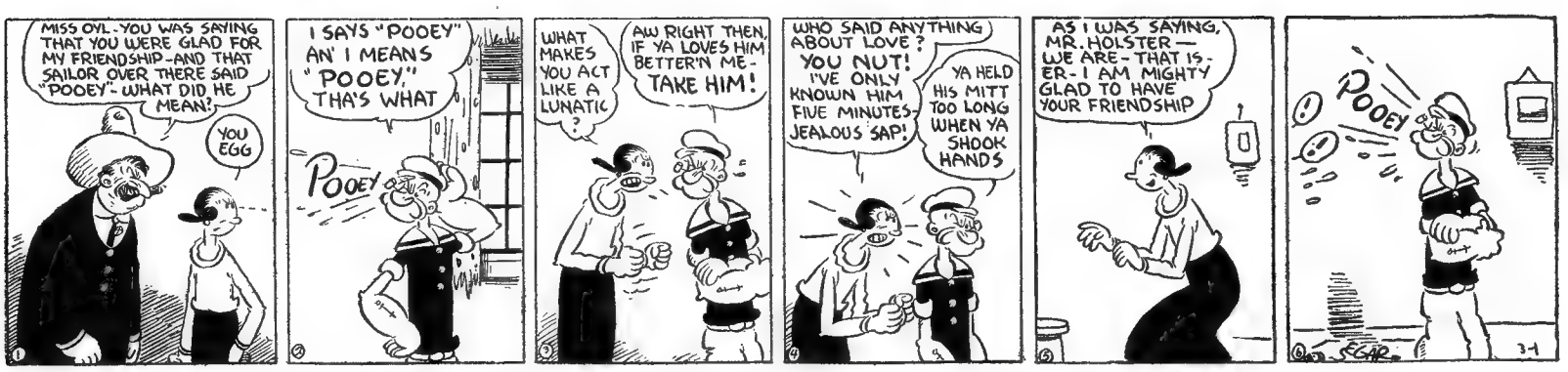

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN THERE, GAL?
I'M CALLING MY RANCH HANDS. THEY'LL KICK YOU OUT!
HELP!
HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!
HURRY! HURRY
YOU'LL GET YOURS NOW, YOU OLD MEANY - MY MEN WILL KICK YOU OUT
WELL-WELL - MY OLD PAL, LEATHERNECK! HOW'RE YA, LEATHER?
HOW YA BEEN, LEATHERNECK? AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE BUSTED INTO THE SAGEVILLE BANK
GIVE HIM YOUR MONEY - WHAT YUH STALLIN' FOR?


"YOUR RANCH HANDS WON'T HELP YOU — THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU MY MONEY!
ULP
IT'S ALL THE MONEY I'VE GOT
SNIFF
SNIFF
STRANGER - YA LOOKS TOO HAPPY
VARNISH

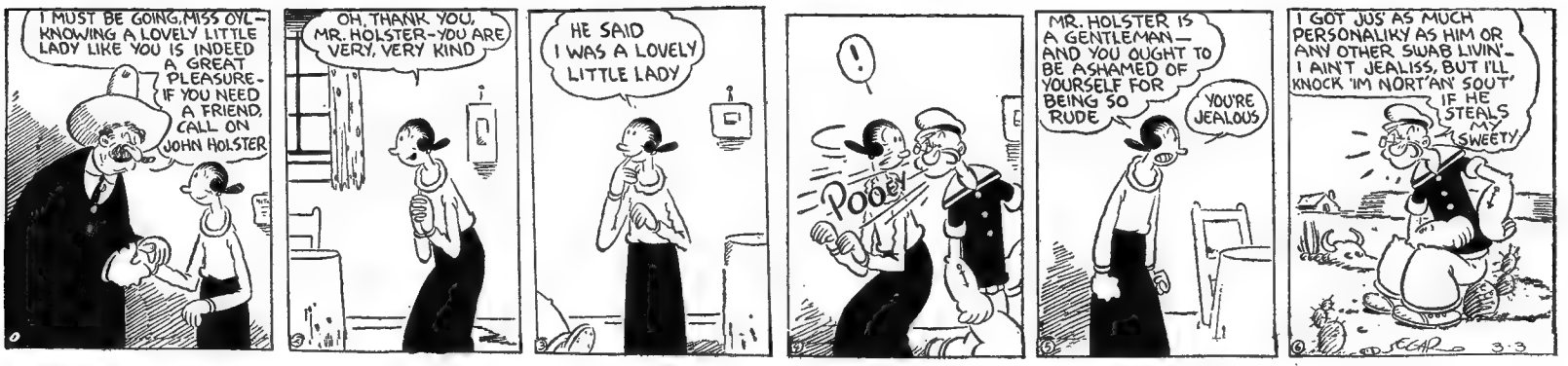

HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED - ALL THE MONEY SHE HAD
GOOD WORK. LEATHER-NECK - NOW RUSTLE HER CATTLE - I'LL HAVE HER WORKIN' FOR ME INSIDE OF A MONTH
I SEE - WHEN SHE'S BROKE SHE'LL HAVE TO WORK
YES - DANCE GAL — PROVIDIN' THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR DON'T HORN IN! THAT'S WHY I WANT HIM PLUGGED
I CAN DO THAT
DON'T STAN' WHERE I WANTS TO WALK
AHOY, OLIVE! I BEEN OVER TO SKULLVILLE — I HAD TWELVE FIGHTS AN' I WIN'D A DOZING OF 'EM —
DID I HAVE FUN!!?
WHY, HONEY, YA AIN'T CRYIN' ARE YA?
YES, I'M CRYING - YOU WENT AWAY AND LEFT ME WITHOUT PROTECTION
AW, OLIVE, DON'T BE LIKE THAT WAY - NOBODY DIDN'T HURT YA - DID THEY?
BAW
YA MEANS TO SAY YA GOT ROBBED BY A BANDIT ?
YES - HE TOOK ALL MY MONEY, AND HE CHOKED ME -
HE CHOKED ME BY THE NECK, LIKE THIS —.
ULP
AND THEN HE KICKED ME!
AND THEN HE HIT ME WITH ALL HIS MIGHT -
LIKE THIS
WHOP
TWEET
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NOW WE ARE UP AGAINST IT - ALL OUR RANCH HANDS HAVE QUIT - I'LL HAVE TO DO THE MILKING
GIMME THAT BUCKET - I'LL MILK THAT BLASTED COW!
WE HAVE ONE GOOD MILK COW - AND AS LONG AS WE HAVE HER WE WON'T STARVE
WHY, YOU —!
STAN' STILL!
MILK ME — WILL YA!
SOCK
JUST LOOK WHAT YOU DID! NOW WHAT WILL WE LIVE ON?
PORTER-HOUSE STEAKS


FOR MERCY SAKE, POPEYE, ARE YOU CRYING BECAUSE YOU KILLED A COW? WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FOOD DON'T WE? THEY STOLE MY MONEY - WE'VE GOT TO LIVE!
ARE YOU ALL FINISHED?
YEAH - THE POOR OL' COW IS ALL SLICED UP INTO STEAKS
SNIFF
YOU KNOCK MEN KICKING AND THINK NOTHING OF IT
BUT A COW, A LADY COW - BLOW ME DOWN I HATES TO HIT WIMEN!
DOGGONE IT! HE'S GOT ME FEELING SAD NOW
I'D GIVE A HUNNERD DOLLARS IF I COULD PUT 'ER BACK TOGETHER
SNIFF
THEY STOLE OUR MONEY, BUT WE CAN LIVE A LONG TIME ON THE BEEF YOU KILLED
I'M NOT EATIN NONE OF THAT COW WICH I MURDERED
WELL, I AM! I'M NOT SENTIMENTAL
THIS IS FINE STEAK - IT WILL MELT IN YOUR MOUTH
POOR, OL' BOSSIE. SHE WAS THE NICEST COW I EVER SEEN
SHE HAD THE CUTEST LOOK IN HER EYE. JUST BEFORE I HIT HER IN THE HEAD
SHE SEEMED ARFUL SAD, JUS' LIKE AS IF SHE KNOW'D WHAT I WAS GOIN' TO DO.
BUT SHE JUS' STOOD THERE WAITIN' - WAITIN' FOR ME TO PUT HER AWAY FOR THE LONG SLEEP
BAW
'SMATTER ?
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR - NOW, POPEYE - DON'T HIT HIM TILL YOU'RE SURE HE IS AN ENEMY
I'D BETTER SMACK 'IM RIGHT QUICK - THEY AIN'T NOTHIN ELSE BUT EMENIES AROUN' HERE
HOWD'Y, FOLKS - JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP OVER AND GET ACQUAINTED - MIGHT AS WELL BE NEIGHBORLY, AIN'T IS SO?
IF YOU EVER NEED ANY HELP JUST LET JOHN HOLSTER KNOW ABOUT IT
ISN'T THAT NICE, POPEYE? WE'VE GOT A FRIEND
YEAH - MAYBE


JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP OVER AND GET ACQUAINTED
YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS HOLSTER?
YEP-JOHN HOLSTER, AT YOUR SERVICE
YOUR NAME'S OLIVE OYL. EH? PERTY NAME!! HOW'S THIS OLD RANCH COMING ALONG? IF YOU NEED A FRIEND JUST LET ME KNOW
OH. THANKS
WELL IT'S CERTAINLY GOOD TO HAVE A FRIEND, MR HOLSTER-
-ISN'T IT, POPEYE?
POOEY
EGAR
3-1


MISS OYL-YOU WAS SAYING THAT YOU WERE GLAD FOR MY FRIENDSHIP-AND THAT SAILOR OVER THERE SAID "POOEY"-WHAT DID HE MEAN?
YOU EGG
I SAYS "POOEY" AN' I MEANS "POOEY," THA'S WHAT
POOEY
WHAT MAKES YOU ACT LIKE A LUNATIC ?
AW RIGHT THEN, IF YA LOVES HIM BETTER'N ME- TAKE HIM!
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT LOVE? YOU NUT! I'VE ONLY KNOWN HIM FIVE MINUTES- JEALOUS SAP!
YA HELD HIS MITT TOO LONG WHEN YA SHOOK HANDS
AS I WAS SAYING, MR. HOLSTER— WE ARE-THAT IS-ER-I AM MIGHTY GLAD TO HAVE YOUR FRIENDSHIP
POOEY
EGAR
3-1


I DON'T WANT YER ㏠ % ㏠ = FRENSHIP-YA GOT A DIRTY LOOK IN YER EYE!
POOEY
WILL YOU STOP YOUR 'POOEYING'?! IF YOU CAN'T BE NICE, LEAVE THE ROOM!
G'WAN SHUT YER HATCH!
I BELIEVE YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO TRIED TO WRECK MY PLACE OF BUSINESS
THA'S NO PLACE OF BUSINESS- IT'S JUS'A DUMP!
I'VE BEEN IN SOME LOW DIVES IN ME DAY, BUT I AIN'T NEVER SEEN NO SKUM-KETCHER LIKE YOURN BEFORE!
SHUSH!
HE'S MISTAKEN MISS OYL, MY CUSTOMERS ARE A BIT ROUGH, BUT THEY'RE GENTLEMEN
IF THEM SWABS ARE GENLEMEN I'M A SWEE'PEA AN' THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO
AN' IF YA DON'T LIKE IT, SNIFF THIS!
EGAR
3-2


I MUST BE GOING, MISS OYL- KNOWING A LOVELY LITTLE LADY LIKE YOU IS INDEED A GREAT PLEASURE- IF YOU NEED A FRIEND, CALL ON JOHN HOLSTER
OH, THANK YOU, MR. HOLSTER-YOU ARE VERY, VERY KIND
HE SAID I WAS A LOVELY LITTLE LADY
POOEY
MR. HOLSTER IS A GENTLEMAN— AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR BEING SO RUDE
YOU'RE JEALOUS
I GOT JUS' AS MUCH PERSONALIKY AS HIM OR ANY OTHER SWAB LIVIN'- I AIN'T JEALISS, BUT I'LL KNOCK 'IM NORT'AN' SOUT' IF HE STEALS MY SWEETY
EGAR
3-3


LEATHER-NECK-YOU CAN RUSTLE THE GAL'S HERD NOW. I MADE FRIENDS WITH HER- SHE THINKS I'M A FINE GENTLEMAN
SHE'LL SOON HAVE TO LOOK FOR A JOB— AND NATURALLY SHE'LL COME TO ME — WE'LL DO BIG BUSINESS WITH A DANCER TO ENTERTAIN THE BOYS
HOW ABOUT THAT SAILOR?
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT FELLOW-HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF ANYBODY— CALLED ME NAMES I'D NEVER HEARD BEFORE
I'LL WORK ON HIM
LISTEN-WAIT TILL HE LEAVES THE HOUSE- NO SENSE IN SCARIN' THE GAL- IT MIGHT SPOIL MY PLAN
WHAT! OUR CATTLE STOLEN!?- ARE YOU SURE? HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I GOT PROOF-YESTERDAY WE HAD HUNNERDS OF COWS AN' WHEN I COUNTED 'EM TO-DAY WE DIDN'T HAVE ABSOLUKELY NO COWS AT ALL
3-4

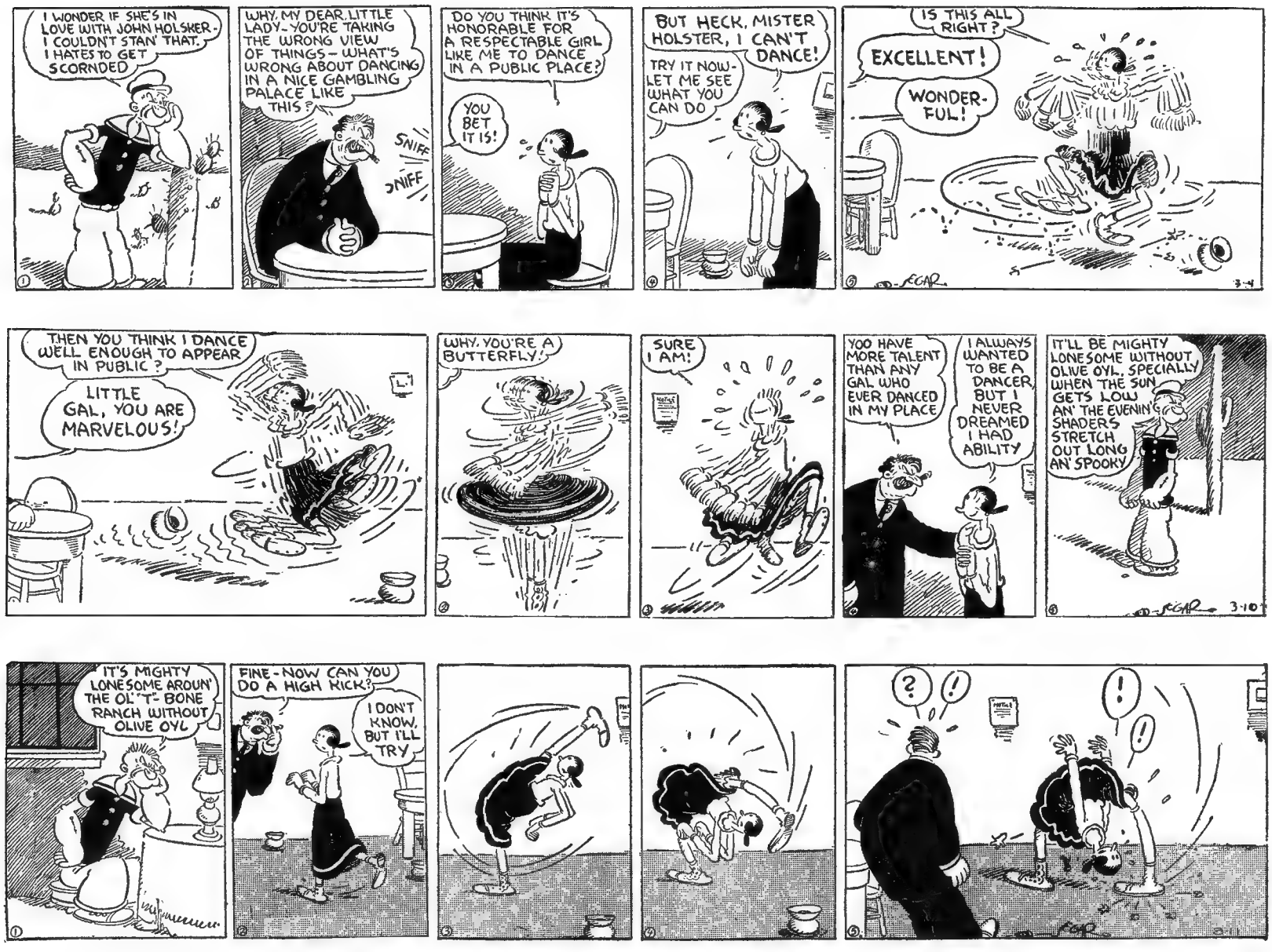

POPEYE, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO ASK MR. HOLSTER TO HELP US
AN' I SUSPOSE YOU WON'T, SO THA'S THAT!
GET THIS- DON'T THINK THAT YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO- IF I WANT TO SEE MR. HOLSTER I'LL SEE HIM
I TOOK THE "T"-BONE HERD BACK INTO CACTUS CANYON, BOSS
HEH! HEH! WE'LL SOON HAVE A REAL DANCE GAL HERE IN THE MANSION HOUSE BY THE NAME OF OLIVE OYL
THE "T"-BONE CATTLE HIDDEN AWAY OVER IN THE BADLANDS
EGAR
3-5



CHAPTER VII:

DANCE, GAL, DANCE

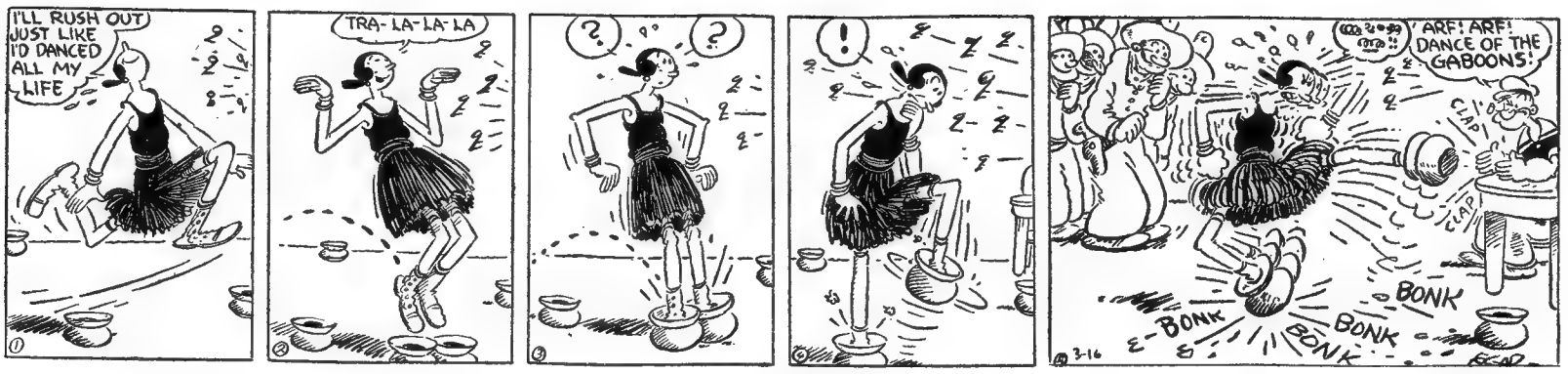


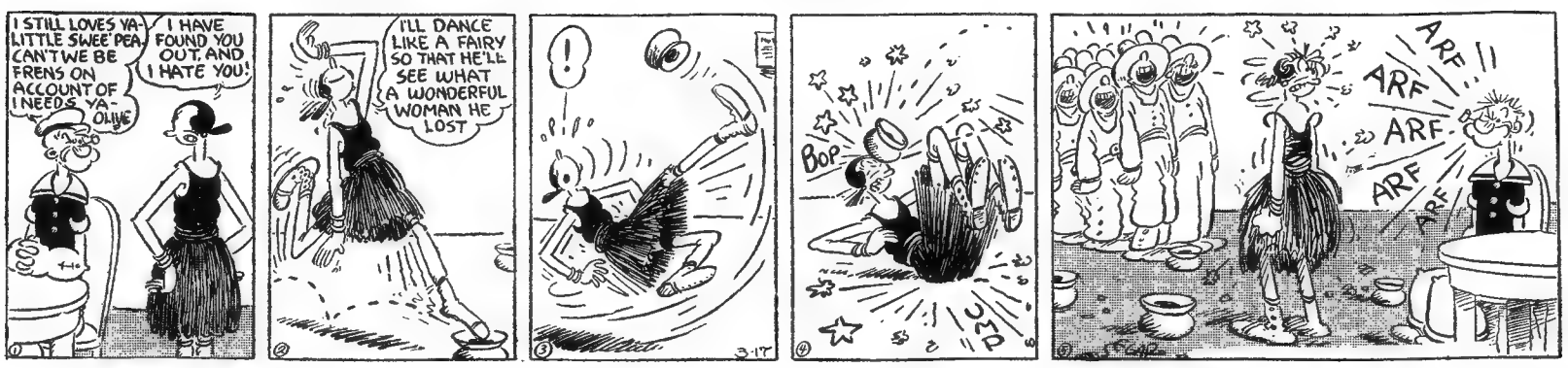


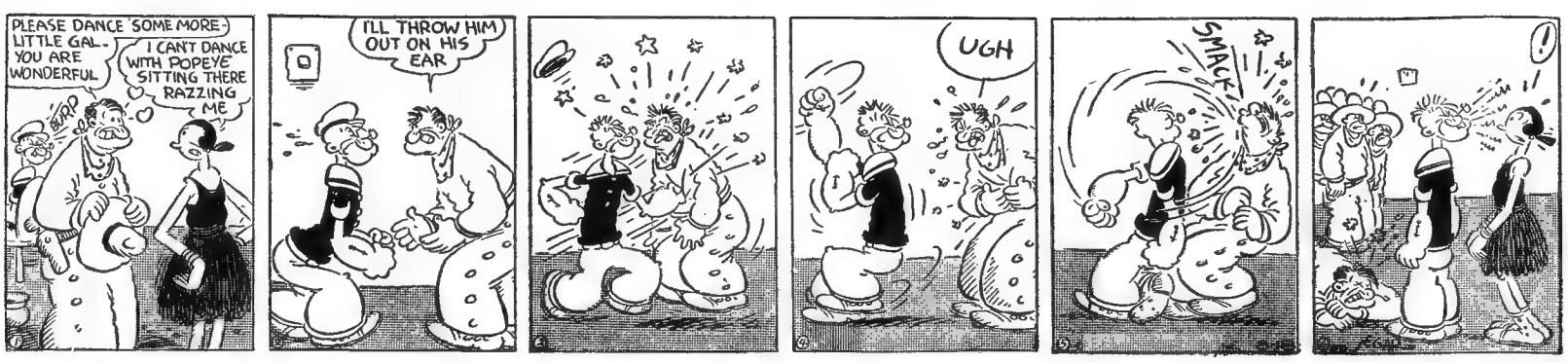

HANG OUT THIS SIGN AND THEN PREPARE FOR BIG BUSINESS
YOU LANDED HER, EH?
NEW DANCE GAL HERE
THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE. I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DANCER.
SOAP
BILL-SHE'S A LITTLE QUEEN! AND CAN SHE DANCE! WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER—WORTH FIVE HUNDRED A WEEK, AND I'M ONLY PAYIN' HER TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
I'M GOIN' TO SKULLYVILLE AN' FIND OUT WHAT'S KEEPIN OLIVE SO LONG
SEE OLIVE OYL DANCE
NEW DANCE GAL HERE
SEE OLIVE OYL THE BILLION DOLLAR BABY
3-12

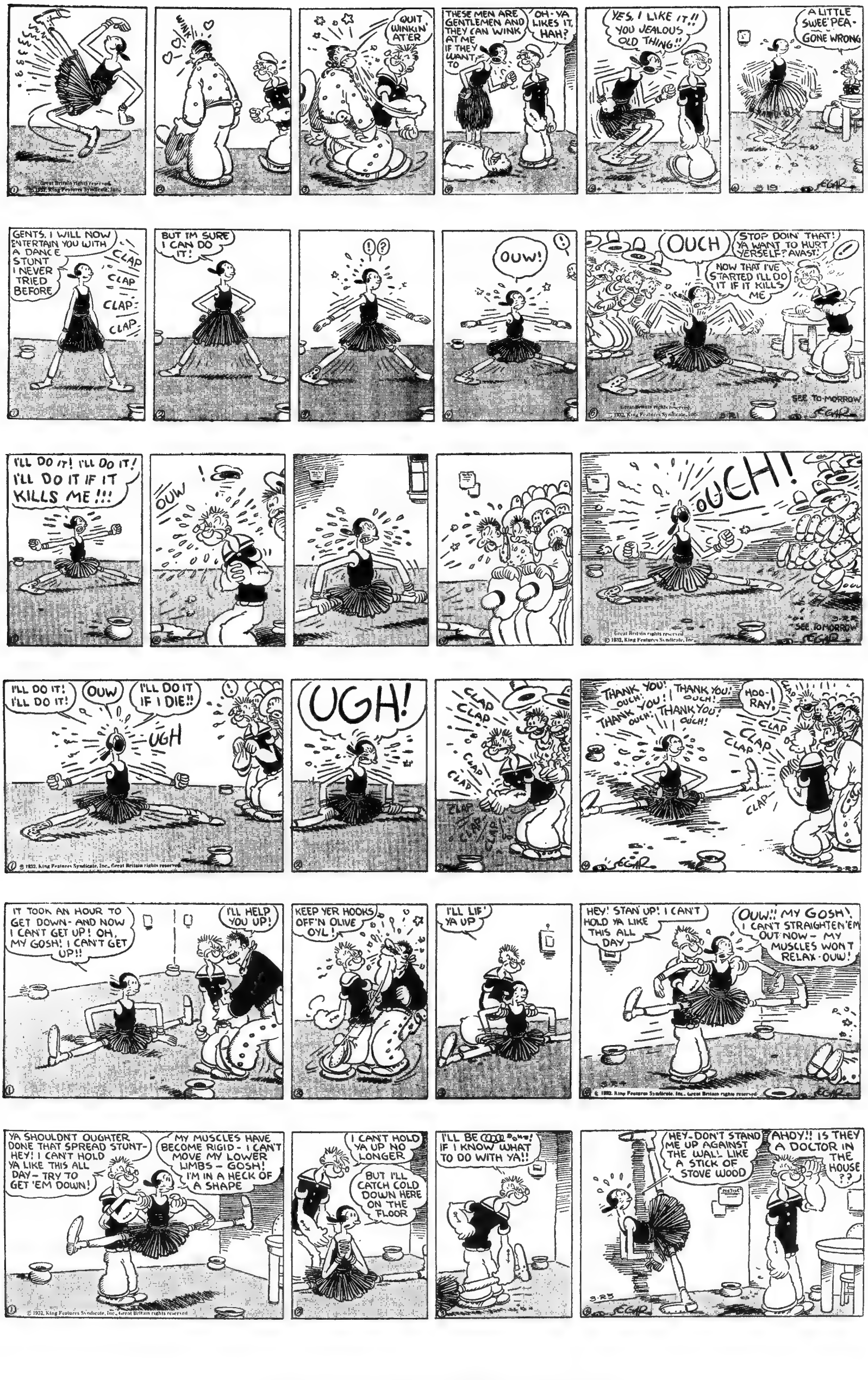

FINE! GREAT! YOU WON'T NEED ANY MORE PRACTICE, YOU CAN GO OUT AND DANCE RIGHT NOW
WELL, I'LL BE !!
SEE OLIVE OYL OUR NEW DANCE GAL
STEP ASIDE! I SEZ I YAM GOIN' IN!
SMACK
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BUSTIN' INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE
YOU ! I'LL BUST INTO MORE'N YER PRIVICK ORFICE
POPEYE! STOP THAT!
UGH
OH—SO YA LOVES HIM BETTERN' YA DO ME—HAH?!
YES!! I HATE YOU!

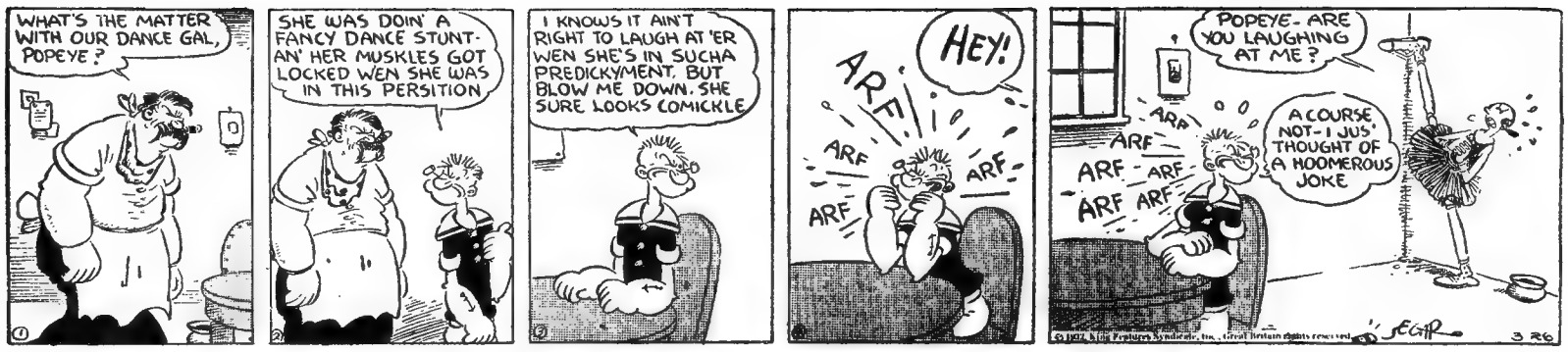

MR. HOLSTER GAVE ME A JOB AS DANCER TO HELP ME—AND YOU COME HERE AND HIT HIM IN THE BREAD BASKET—YOU BRUTE!
HE'S A SHEEP IN SKUNK'S CLOTHES. HE CAN'T FOOL ME
I HATE YOU
I HATE YOU!
HATE YOU! HATE YOU!
EVEN IF YA HATES ME TWICET AS MUCH—I LOVES YA JUS'A SAME AS ALWAYS—AN WEN YER OL' AN' GRAY, I WILL LOVE YA ANYWAYS, ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S THE KIND OF A HEART I GOT
SCORN'D! BLOW ME DOWN, IF THEY'S ANYTHING I CAN'T STAN' IT'S T'O GET SCORNDED BY A WOMAN
THE MOOSIC IS PLAYIN'. SHE'LL SOON BE DANCIN'—DANCIN' FOR MEN OF THE BADLANDS
A FRICKLE LITTLE SWEE'PEA GONE WRONG
3-16


I'LL RUSH OUT JUST LIKE I'D DANCED ALL MY LIFE
TRA-LA-LA-LA
?
!
ARF! ARF! DANCE OF THE GABOONS!
CLAP
BONK
3-16


I STILL LOVES YA LITTLE SWEE'PEA. CAN'T WE BE FRENS ON ACCOUNT OF I NEEDS YA—Olive
I HAVE FOUND YOU OUT. AND I HATE YOU!
I'LL DANCE LIKE A FAIRY SO THAT HE'LL SEE WHAT A WONDERFUL WOMAN HE LOST
!
BOP
OUT
ARF
3-17


PLEASE DANCE SOME MORE—LITTLE GAL—YOU ARE WONDERFUL
I CAN'T DANCE WITH POPEYE SITTING THERE RAZZING ME
BRAP
I'LL THROW HIM OUT ON HIS EAR
UGH
SMACK
!

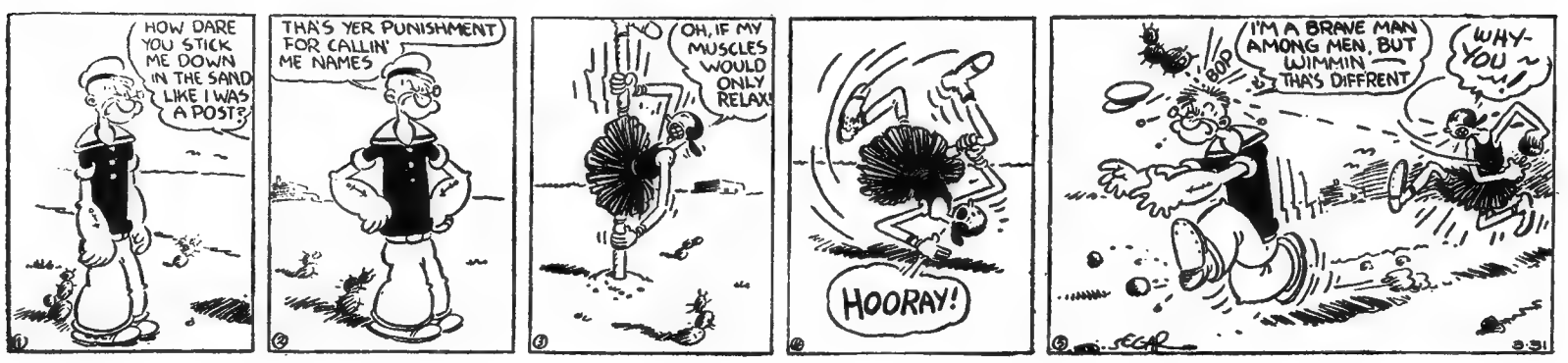

QUIT WINKIN' AT'ER
THESE MEN ARE GENTLEMEN AND THEY CAN WINK AT ME IF THEY WANT TO
OH · YA LIKES IT, HAH?
YES, I LIKE IT!! YOU JEALOUS OLD THING!!
A LITTLE SWEE'PEA · GONE WRONG
GENTS, I WILL NOW ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A DANCE STUNT I NEVER TRIED BEFORE
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
BUT IM SURE I CAN DO IT!
OUW!
OUCH
STOP DOIN' THAT! YA WANT TO HURT YERSELF? AVAST!
NOW THAT I'VE STARTED I'LL DO IT IF IT KILLS ME
SEE TO-MORROW
I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT IF IT KILLS ME!!!
OUW
OUCH!
SEE TOMORROW
I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!
OUW
I'LL DO IT IF I DIE!!
UGH
UGH!
CLAP
THANK YOU! OUCH!
HOO-RAY!
IT TOOK AN HOUR TO GET DOWN - AND NOW I CAN'T GET UP! OH, MY GOSH! I CAN'T GET UP!!
I'LL HELP YOU UP!
KEEP YER HOOKS OFF'N OLIVE OYL!
I'LL LIF' YA UP
HEY! STAN UP! I CAN'T HOLD YA LIKE THIS ALL DAY
OUW!! MY GOSH! I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN 'EM OUT NOW - MY MUSCLES WON'T RELAX · OUW!
YA SHOULDN'T OUGHTER DONE THAT SPREAD STUNT - HEY! I CAN'T HOLD YA LIKE THIS ALL DAY - TRY TO GET 'EM DOWN!
MY MUSCLES HAVE BECOME RIGID - I CAN'T MOVE MY LOWER LIMBS - GOSH! I'M IN A HECK OF A SHAPE
I CAN'T HOLD YA UP NO LONGER
BUT I'LL CATCH COLD DOWN HERE ON THE FLOOR
I'LL BE ... IF I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YA!!
HEY - DON'T STAND ME UP AGAINST THE WALL LIKE A STICK OF STOVE WOOD
AHOY!! IS THEY A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE ??


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR DANCE GAL, POPEYE?
SHE WAS DOIN' A FANCY DANCE STUNT- AN' HER MUSKLES GOT LOCKED WEN SHE WAS IN THIS PERSITION
I KNOWS IT AIN'T RIGHT TO LAUGH AT 'ER WEN SHE'S IN SUCHA PREDICKYMENT. BUT BLOW ME DOWN. SHE SURE LOOKS COMICKLE
HEY!
ARF
POPEYE- ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ME?
A COURSE NOT- I JUS' THOUGHT OF A HOOMEROUS JOKE
3 26


POOR OLIVE OYL- SHE'S IN A HECK OF A PICKLE - SHE SUCCEEDED IN DOING THE SPREAD STUNT AFTER GREAT EFFORTS - BUT HER MUSCLES SORT OF LOCKED AND SHE CAN'T GET HER LOWER LIMBS STRAIGHTENED OUT
AIN'T THEY NO DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?!
DON'T STAND ME UP HERE LIKE A STICK OF WOOD
AHOY! AIN'T THEY EVEN A HORSH DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?!
HEY, BOY— COME HERE - I WANT YA TO HELP ME CARRY OLIVE OYL
KNOW WHERE WE KIN FIND A DOCTOR AT?
NO - BUT THERE'S A BLACKSMITH UP THE GULCH
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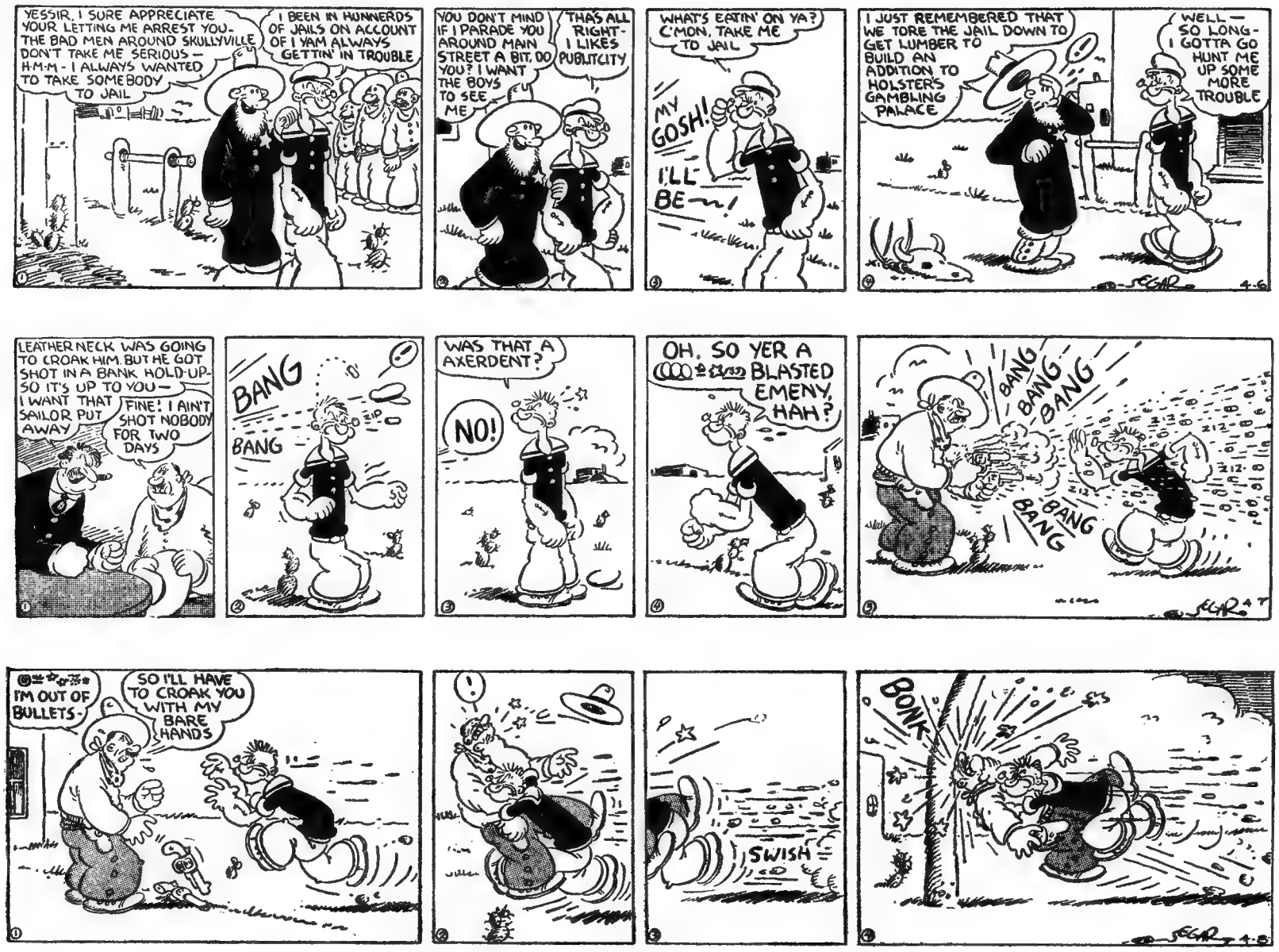

I FEEL FOOLISH CARRYIN' A GAL LIKE THIS - WE WON'T FIND A DOCTOR IN THIS PART OF THE DESERT
WELL, THEN BEAT IT, YOU SILLY-LOOKING THING
YA OUGHTA KNOW'D BETTER'N TO TRY SUCH FANCY DANCIN' STUNTS - YA AIN'T NO CONTORTIONISK
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT MY LIMBS WOULD LOCK LIKE THIS?
WAIT HERE - I GOT A IDEAR
QUIT KICKIN' AIN'T I DOIN' THE BES' I KIN FOR YA!?
GOOD GOSH! I FEEL LIKE A WHEEL BARROW

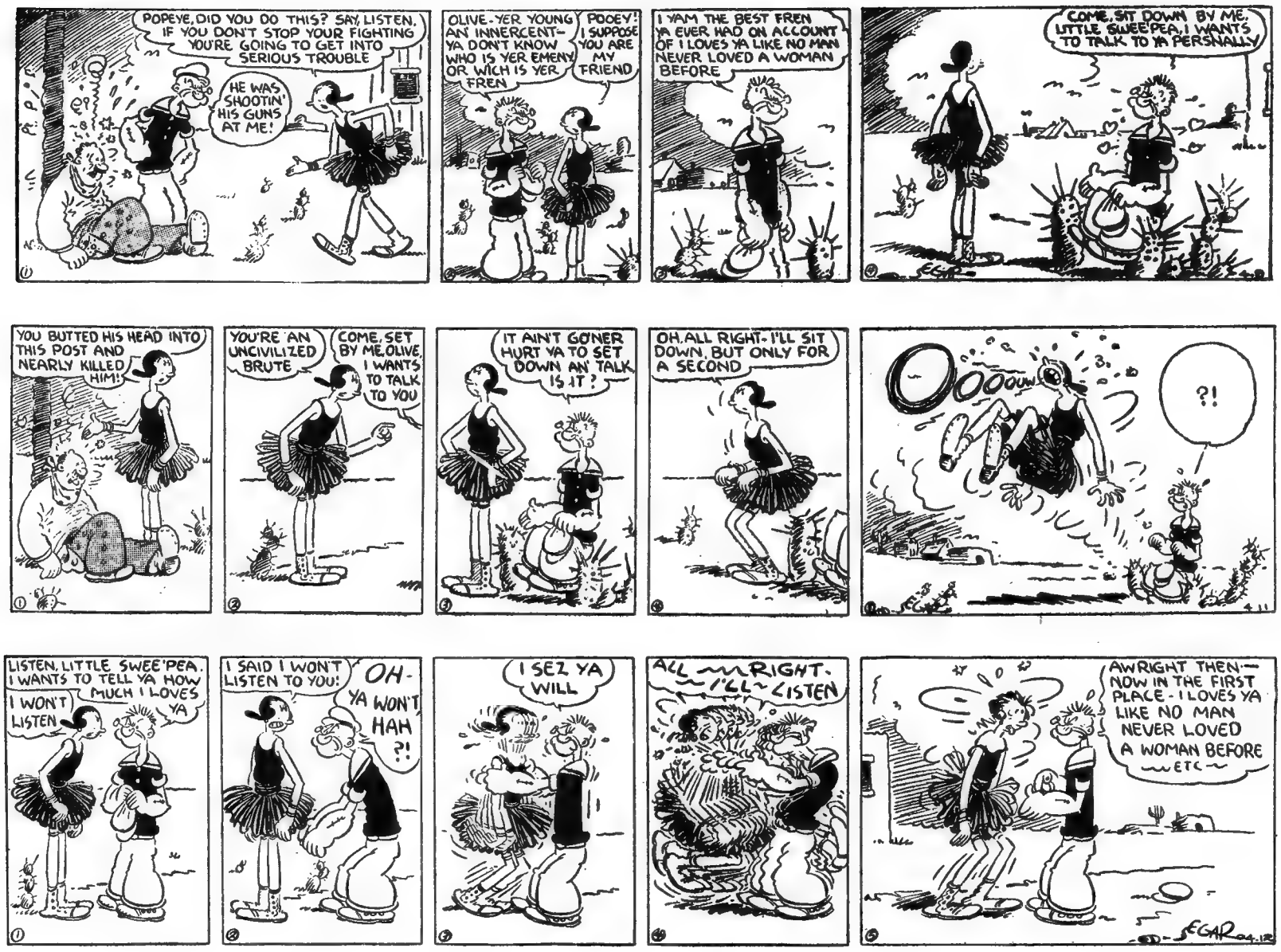

PUTTIN' A WHEEL ON YER FRONT FOOT WAS A GOOD IDEAR - NOW I KIN WHEEL YA TO A M.D. DOCTOR
I HAD NO IDEA THAT A PERSON'S LIMBS COULD LOCK FROM DOING THE SPREAD STUNT - I NEVER WAS SO MORTIFIED IN ALL MY LIFE
THE NEAREST THING TO A DOCTOR IS A BLACKSMITH, SO I'LL TAKE YA IN HERE
WHOA
CLANK CLANK
YOU'LL NOT TAKE ME INTO THAT BLACK-SMITH SHOP - YOU DUMB SAP OF A PIECE OF CHEESE - YOU HALF-WIT! YOU—!
POPEYE - WHAT ARE YOU MAKING THAT HOLE FOR?
EVEN IF I DO LOVE YA, I WON'T STAN' FOR INSULKS— I SUSPOSE YA THINKS I AIN'T GOT NO DIGMITY
AN' YER GONER STAY THERE TILL YA LEARNS TO RESPECK ME!!
5-30

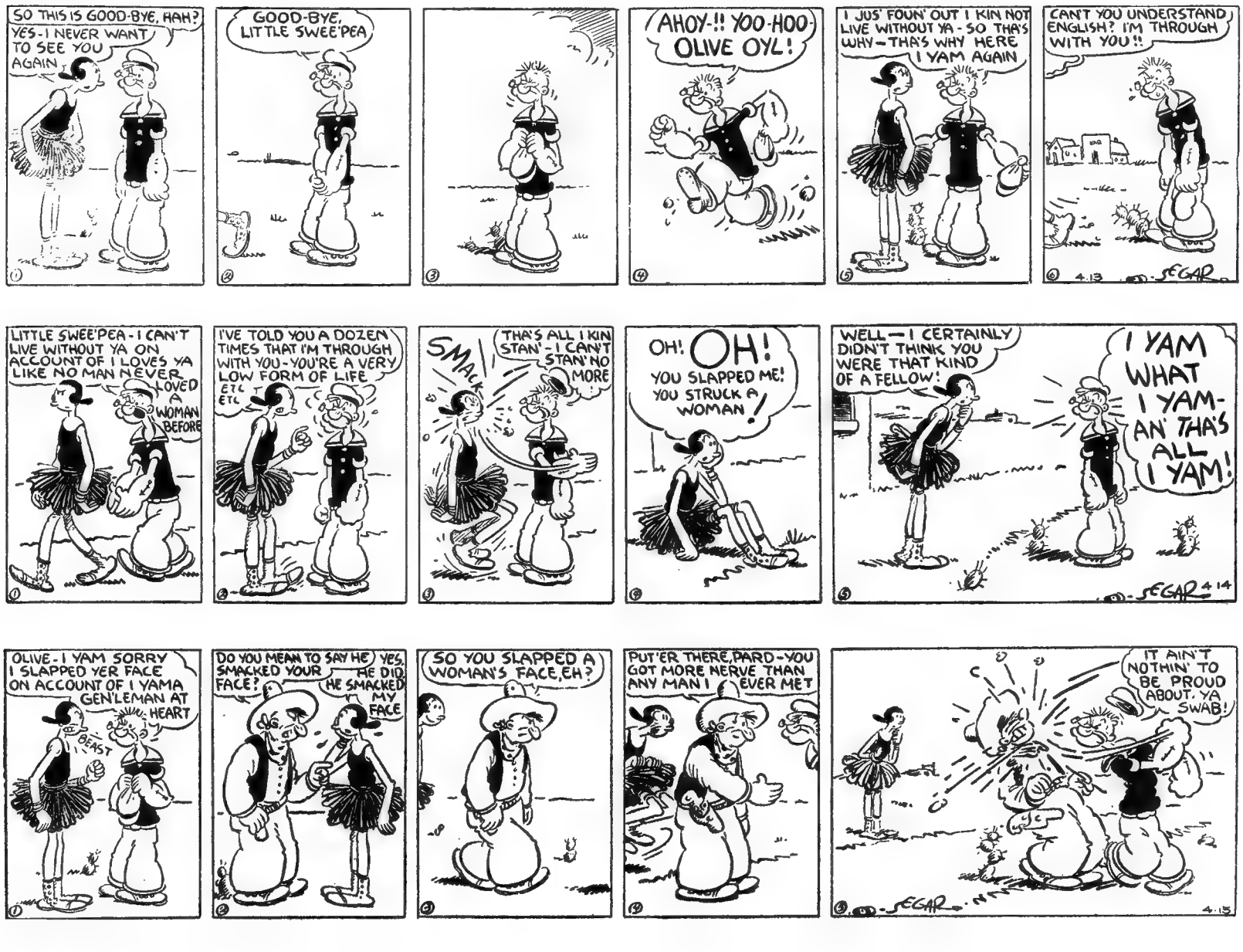

HOW DARE YOU STICK ME DOWN IN THE SAND LIKE I WAS A POST?
THA'S YER PUNISHMENT FOR CALLIN' ME NAMES
OH, IF MY MUSCLES WOULD ONLY RELAX!
HOORAY!
I'M A BRAVE MAN AMONG MEN, BUT WIMMIN — THA'S DIFFRENT
BUD
WHY- YOU~!
8-31

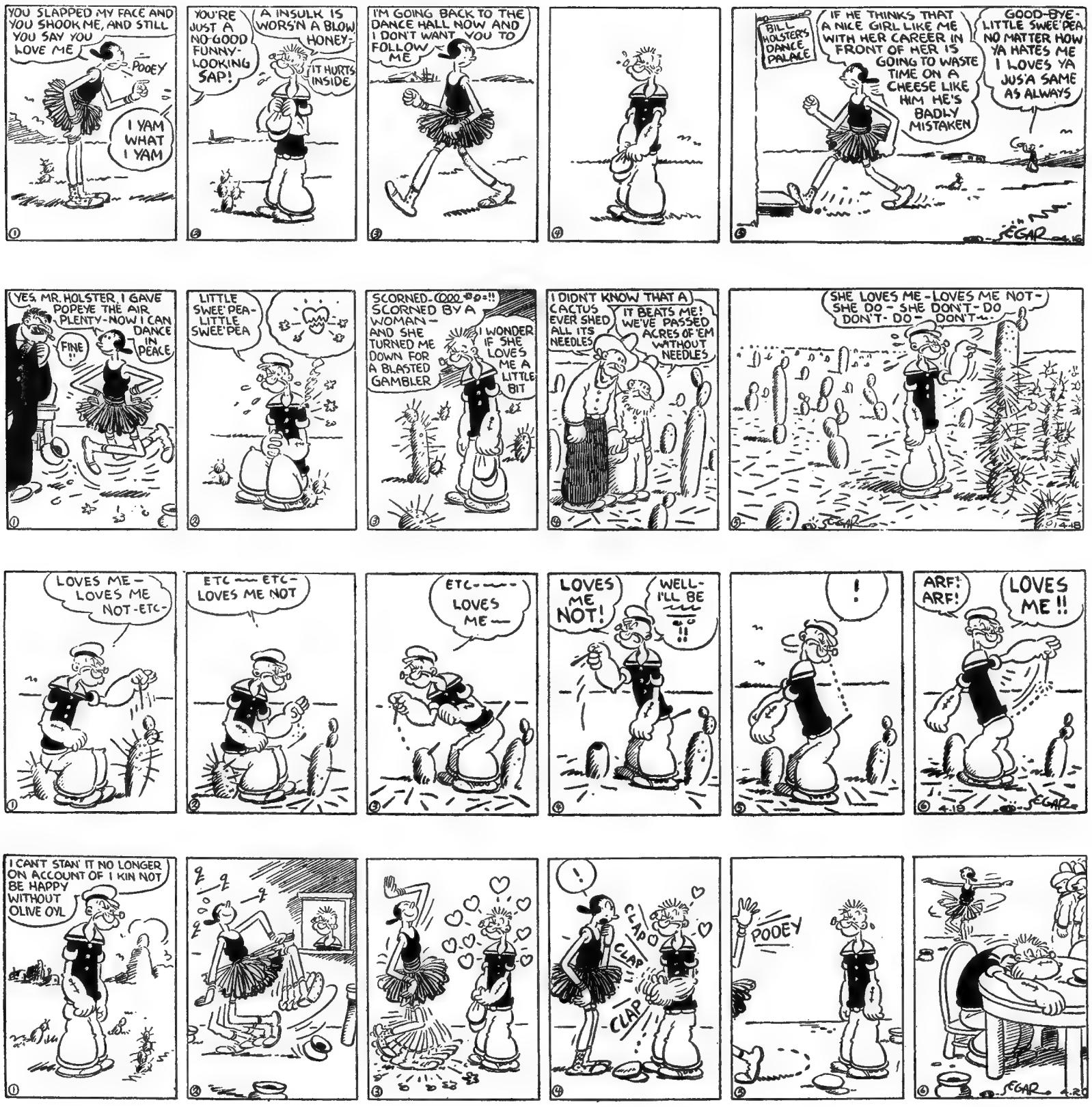

PLEASE COME AWAY FROM THIS ARFUL DANCE HALL, OLIVE. IT AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A LADY
LISTEN, POPEYE. I'LL DO AS I PLEASE
WELL, PROMISE ME YA WON'T DO THAT SPREAD STUNT NO MORE
I'LL DO IT AGAIN RIGHT NOW
I FEEL VERY LIMBER AFTER THE PRACTICE. I'VE HAD - I'M GOING TO PUT MY FEET ON TWO TABLES AND DO IT
I'LL SHOW YOU THAT I'VE GOT TALENT
I SEZ - DON'T APPLAUD SO MUCH - YOU'LL MAKE HER TEMPREMENTAL
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
4-1

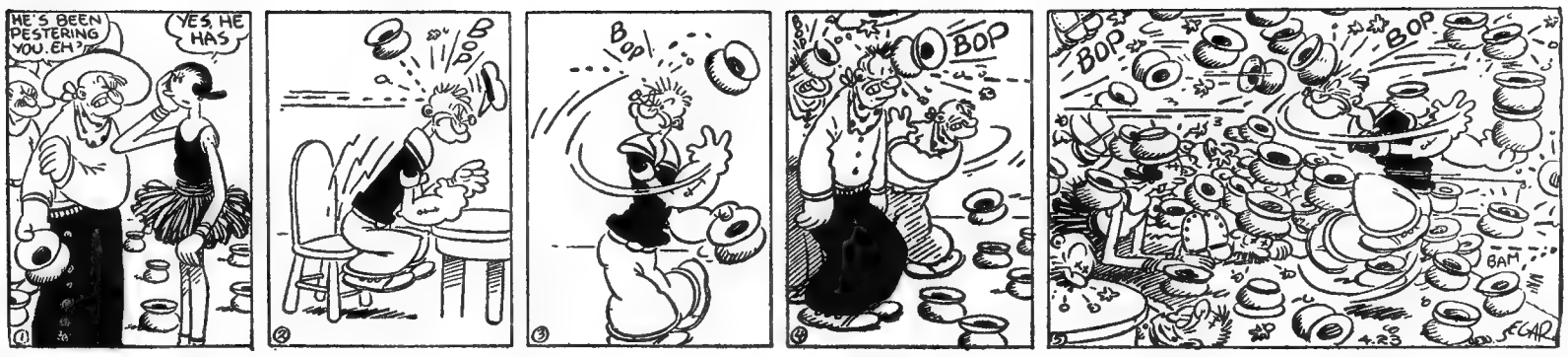

LITTLE GAL YOU ARE WONDERFUL - YOU DANCE LIKE A FAIRY
AW, MISTER HOLSTER - I CAN'T DANCE
POOEY
YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT TO MAKE ME FEEL GOOD
NO, I'M NOT - YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL DANCER
THIS IS THE NEAREST TO HEAVEN I'VE EVER BEEN, AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD
!
POOEY
4-2
SEGAR
I SEZ THIS AIN'T NO PLACE FOR A RESPECKABLE LITTLE SWEE'PEA LIKE YOU
AND I SAY - MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS
GET OUT OF MY DANCE HALL, OR I'LL THROW YOU OUT!!
SMACK
POPEYE! DON'T YOU HIT HIM AGAIN
I NEVER HITS SWABS LIKE HIM TWICET ON ACCOUNT OF ONCE IS PLENNY
YA SEE, HONEY - WEN I POPS 'EM WITH A TWISK ON ME FISK THA'S WHAT MAKES ONE SOCK ENOUGH
YOU MONSTER
WELL, I'LL BE ~~~!!
WHOMP
4-4
SEGAR
STRANGER - IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO HIT BILL HOLSTER - COME TO JAIL!!
WELL - C'MON LE'S GO
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE GOING TO LET ME TAKE YOU TO JAIL?
SURE - YER THE SHERIFF AIN'T YA?
GEE! THAT'S GREAT! MUCH OBLIGED!
YOUR NAME'S POPEYE. ISN'T IT? WELL, POPEYE, I'VE BEEN SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY FOR TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS, AND YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN WHO EVER LET ME ARREST HIM AND I APPRECIATE IT
YA GOT ONE OF THEM INFERIORIKY CUMPLEXES, EH?
ARF ARF
4-5
SEGAR


YESSIR, I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR LETTING ME ARREST YOU - THE BAD MEN AROUND SKULLYVILLE DON'T TAKE ME SERIOUS - H-M-M - I ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE SOMEBODY TO JAIL
I BEEN IN HUNNERD'S OF JAILS ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM ALWAYS GETTIN' IN TROUBLE
YOU DON'T MIND IF I PARADE YOU AROUND MAIN STREET A BIT, DO YOU? I WANT THE BOYS TO SEE ME
THAS ALL RIGHT - I LIKES PUBLITCITY
WHAT'S EATIN' ON YA? C'MON, TAKE ME TO JAIL
MY GOSH! I'LL BE ~~!
I JUST REMEMBERED THAT WE TORE THE JAIL DOWN TO GET LUMBER TO BUILD AN ADDITION TO HOLSTER'S GAMBLING PALACE
WELL — SO LONG - I GOTTA GO HUNT ME UP SOME MORE TROUBLE
4-6
SEGAR
LEATHER NECK WAS GOING TO CROAK HIM. BUT HE GOT SHOT IN A BANK HOLD-UP. SO IT'S UP TO YOU — I WANT THAT SAILOR PUT AWAY
FINE! I AIN'T SHOT NOBODY FOR TWO DAYS
BANG
BANG
WAS THAT A AXERDENT?
NO!
OH, SO YER A BLASTED EMENY, HAH?
BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG
4-7
SEGAR
I'M OUT OF BULLETS
SO I'LL HAVE TO CROAK YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS
SWISH
BONK
4-8
SEGAR

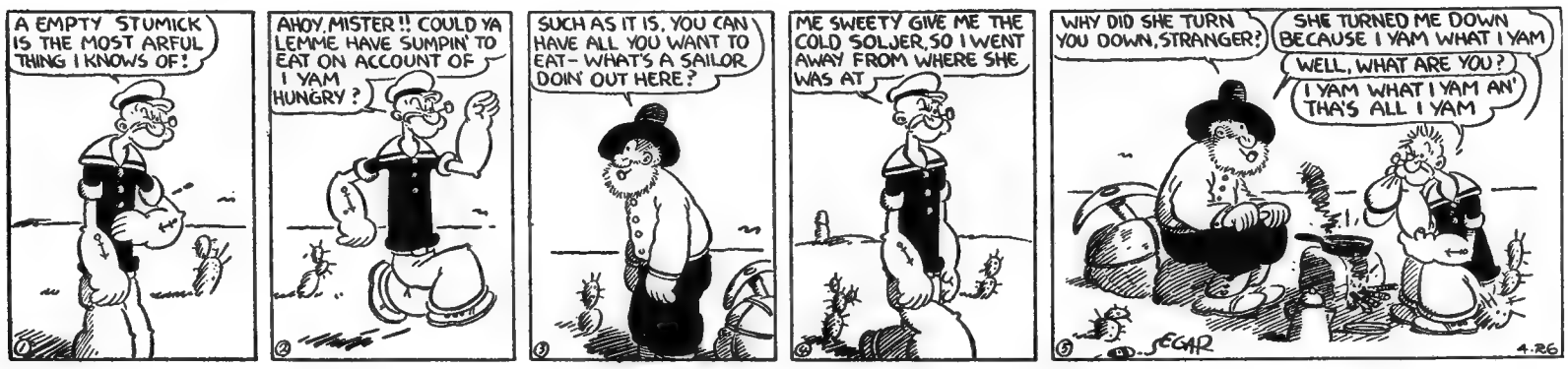

POPEYE, DID YOU DO THIS? SAY, LISTEN, IF YOU DON'T STOP YOUR FIGHTING YOU'RE GOING TO GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE
HE WAS SHOOTIN' HIS GUNS AT ME!
OLIVE - YER YOUNG AN' INNERCENT - YA DON'T KNOW WHO IS YER EMENY OR WICH IS YER FREN
POOEY! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE MY FRIEND
I YAM THE BEST FREN YA EVER HAD ON ACCOUNT OF I LOVES YA LIKE NO MAN NEVER LOVED A WOMAN BEFORE
COME, SIT DOWN BY ME, LITTLE SWEE'PEA, I WANTS TO TALK TO YA PERSNALLY
YOU BUTTED HIS HEAD INTO THIS POST AND NEARLY KILLED HIM!
YOU'RE AN UNCIVILIZED BRUTE
COME, SET BY ME, OLIVE I WANTS TO TALK TO YOU
IT AIN'T GONER HURT YA TO SET DOWN AN' TALK IS IT?
OH, ALL RIGHT - I'LL SIT DOWN, BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND
OOOOUH!
?!
LISTEN, LITTLE SWEE'PEA. I WANTS TO TELL YA HOW MUCH I LOVES YA
I WON'T LISTEN
I SAID I WON'T LISTEN TO YOU!
OH - YA WON'T HAH ?!
I SEZ YA WILL
ALL RIGHT. I'LL LISTEN
AWRIGHT THEN — NOW IN THE FIRST PLACE - I LOVES YA LIKE NO MAN NEVER LOVED A WOMAN BEFORE ETC
SEGAR 4.12


SO THIS IS GOOD-BYE, HAH? YES - I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN
GOOD-BYE, LITTLE SWEE'PEA
AHOY-!! YOO-HOO- OLIVE OYL!
I JUS' FOUN' OUT I KIN NOT LIVE WITHOUT YA - SO THA'S WHY - THA'S WHY HERE I YAM AGAIN
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!!
SEGAR 4.13
LITTLE SWEE'PEA - I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YA ON ACCOUNT OF I LOVES YA LIKE NO MAN NEVER LOVED A WOMAN BEFORE
I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES THAT I'M THROUGH WITH YOU - YOU'RE A VERY LOW FORM OF LIFE ETC ETC
SMACK!
THA'S ALL I KIN STAN' - I CAN'T STAN' NO MORE
OH! OH! YOU SLAPPED ME! YOU STRUCK A WOMAN!
WELL — I CERTAINLY DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT KIND OF A FELLOW!
I YAM WHAT I YAM - AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
SEGAR 4.14
OLIVE - I YAM SORRY I SLAPPED YER FACE ON ACCOUNT OF I YAMA GEN'LEMAN AT HEART
BEAST
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE SMACKED YOUR FACE?
YES, HE DID HE SMACKED MY FACE
SO YOU SLAPPED A WOMAN'S FACE, EH?
PUT'ER THERE, PARD - YOU GOT MORE NERVE THAN ANY MAN I EVER MET
IT AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BE PROUD ABOUT, YA SWAB!
SEGAR
4.15

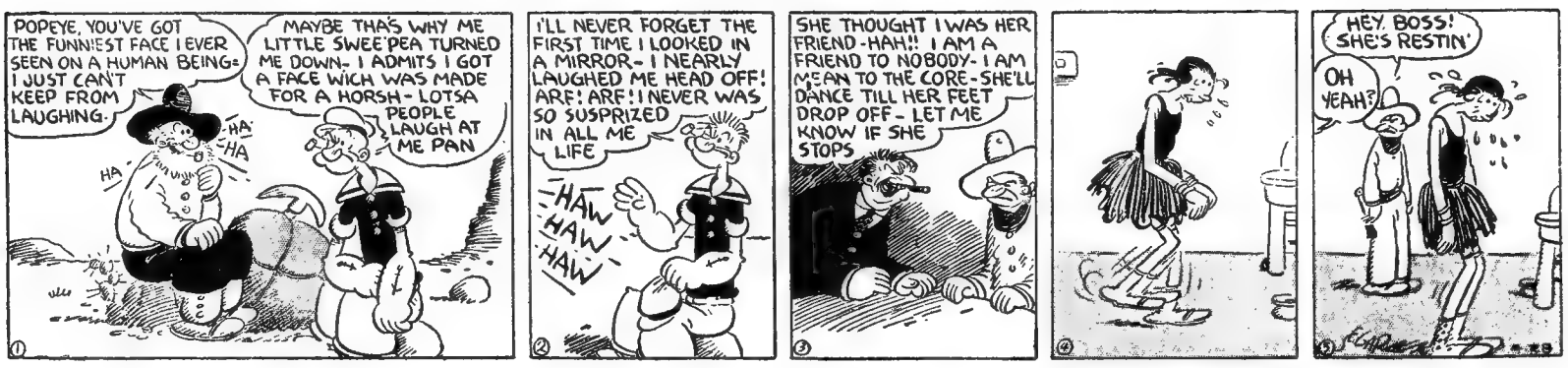

YOU SLAPPED MY FACE AND YOU SHOOK ME, AND STILL YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME
POOEY
I YAM WHAT I YAM
YOU'RE JUST A NO-GOOD FUNNY-LOOKING SAP!
A INSULK IS WORS'N A BLOW HONEY-
IT HURTS INSIDE
I'M GOING BACK TO THE DANCE HALL NOW AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO FOLLOW ME
BILL HOLSTER'S DANCE PALACE
IF HE THINKS THAT A NICE GIRL LIKE ME WITH HER CAREER IN FRONT OF HER IS GOING TO WASTE TIME ON A CHEESE LIKE HIM HE'S BADLY MISTAKEN
GOOD-BYE- LITTLE SWEE'PEA NO MATTER HOW YA HATES ME I LOVES YA JUS'A SAME AS ALWAYS
SEGAR
YES, MR. HOLSTER, I GAVE POPEYE THE AIR PLENTY-NOW I CAN DANCE IN PEACE
FINE !!
LITTLE SWEE'PEA- LITTLE SWEE'PEA
SCORNED-OOOO SCORNED BY A WOMAN— AND SHE TURNED ME DOWN FOR A BLASTED GAMBLER
I WONDER IF SHE LOVES ME A LITTLE BIT
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT A CACTUS EVER SHED ALL ITS NEEDLES
IT BEATS ME! WE'VE PASSED ACRES OF 'EM WITHOUT NEEDLES
SHE LOVES ME - LOVES ME NOT - SHE DO - SHE DON'T - DO DON'T - DO - DON'T
SEGAR
LOVES ME - LOVES ME NOT - ETC -
ETC — ETC - LOVES ME NOT
ETC — LOVES ME —
LOVES ME NOT!
WELL- I'LL BE !!
!
ARF! ARF!
LOVES ME !!
SEGAR
I CAN'T STAN' IT NO LONGER ON ACCOUNT OF I KIN NOT BE HAPPY WITHOUT OLIVE OYL
!
CLAP CLAP
POOEY
POOEY!! WHY SHOULD I WEEP OVER JUS' ONE WOMAN WEN THEY'S MILLINGS OF FISH IN THE SEA?
I SEZ. STAN' STILL - I WANTS TO TALK! STAN' STILL!
I'M THROUGH WITH YA- UNERSTAN?- IF WE KIN NOT BE FRENS, THEN WE'LL BE EMENIES
SEGAR
POOEY! YOU CAN'T DANCE! I KIN DO ANY-THING YOU KIN
AN' I DON'T HAVE TO GRUNT NEITHER
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
!
BLA
SEGAR


HE'S BEEN PESTERING YOU, EH?
YES HE HAS
BOP
BOP
BOP
BOP
BAM
4.23
SEGAR


YA HAVE GIVE ME THE COLD SOLJER ONCET TOO OF TEN - I YAM GOIN' OUT OF YER LIFE - GOOD BYE, OLIVE
GOOD BYE
ALONE IN THE DESERK WITHOUT NO FREN - 'SPECIALLY NO LADY FREN
I WOULDA DIED FOR ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA THAS HOW MUCH I LOVED HER
THE SKY DON'T SEEM SO BLUE LIKE IT DID A FEW MUNTS AGO
THE SUN IS SHININ' JUS'A SAME — BUT I GOT NIGHT TIME IN ME HEART
4.25
SEGAR


A EMPTY STUMICK IS THE MOST ARFUL THING I KNOWS OF!
AHOY, MISTER!! COULD YA LEMME HAVE SUMPIN' TO EAT ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM HUNGRY?
SUCH AS IT IS, YOU CAN HAVE ALL YOU WANT TO EAT - WHAT'S A SAILOR DOIN' OUT HERE?
ME SWEETY GIVE ME THE COLD SOLJER, SO I WENT AWAY FROM WHERE SHE WAS AT
WHY DID SHE TURN YOU DOWN, STRANGER?
SHE TURNED ME DOWN BECAUSE I YAM WHAT I YAM
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU?
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM
SEGAR
4.26


THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS
WELL - LE'S GO GET SOME
BOSS, I SAW POPEYE HEADIN' INTO RATTLER GULCH - I DON'T THINK HE'LL COME BACK
FINE! FINE! THAT'S FINE!
LISTEN, YOU FUNNY-LOOKIN' DAME -
WHY. MISTER HOLSTER. HOW YOU TALK!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DRAW CUSTOMERS - KEEP DANCING ALL THE TIME - YOUR SAILOR FRIEND LEFT TOWN, AND NOW YOU'LL DO AS I SAY
WHY. MISTER HOLSTER!
DANCE HARD — WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M PAYING YOU TWENTY-FIVE A WEEK FOR?
4.27
SEGAR


POPEYE, YOU'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST FACE I EVER SEEN ON A HUMAN BEING - I JUST CAN'T KEEP FROM LAUGHING.
HA HA HA
MAYBE THA'S WHY ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA TURNED ME DOWN - I ADMITS I GOT A FACE WICH WAS MADE FOR A HORSH - LOTSA PEOPLE LAUGH AT ME PAN
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I LOOKED IN A MIRROR - I NEARLY LAUGHED ME HEAD OFF! ARF! ARF! I NEVER WAS SO SUSPRIZED IN ALL ME LIFE
HAW HAW HAW
SHE THOUGHT I WAS HER FRIEND - HAH!! I AM A FRIEND TO NOBODY - I AM MEAN TO THE CORE - SHE'LL DANCE TILL HER FEET DROP OFF - LET ME KNOW IF SHE STOPS
HEY, BOSS! SHE'S RESTIN'
OH YEAH?


NOT SO FAST YOU'LL TIRE OUT
I WANTS TO HURRY AN' FIND GOLD ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM BROKE
BOSS, THAT GAL HAS STOPPED DANCIN'
SHE'S RESTIN'
OH, SHE HAS, HAS SHE?! HAH!!
HEY, GAL - I TOLD YOU TO KEEP DANCIN' - YOU AIN'T GOT THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR TO PROTECT YOU NOW - AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY
DANCE, DERN YOU, DANCE OR I'LL BURN YOUR TOES OFF
BANG! BANG!
MOVE FAST LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME - I WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE I'VE GOT A WHOLE CHORUS WORKIN' FOR ME

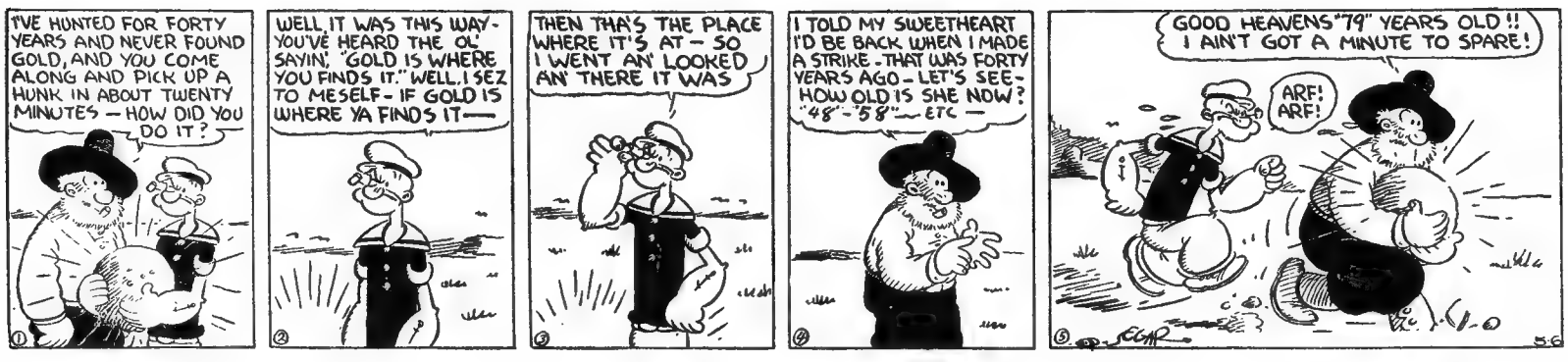

THE BOSS JUST GOT A CAN OF HIS FAVORITE VARNISH
HE'LL SOON BE MAKIN' THAT GAL STEP SOME- WON'T LET HER REST AS IT IS
DEATH TO MY ENEMIES AND DEATH TO MY FRIENDS— TO HECK WITH 'EM ALL!!
I GOT DEMONS IN MY HEART! G-R-ROOCH-
BEST SPAR VARNISH
I WONDER WHERE POPEYE IS??
DON'T YOU THINK YOUR GAL WILL TAKE YOU BACK SOME DAY?
NOPE-I THINK OLIVE OYL IS THROUGH WITH ME PERNAMENT-I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE DONE ME LIKE SHE DID-I WAS EXTER KIND TO HER ALWAYS 'CEPTIN' ONCET WHEN I SLAPPED 'ER DOWN
4-30


I THOUGHT YOU WAS MY FRIEND BUT POPEYE TOLD THE TRUTH— YOU'RE A MONSTER
SHUT UP-YOU'RE PROMOTED TO SCRUB-WOMAN. YOU'RE NO DANCER
I THOUGHT YOU'D DRAW SOME BUSINESS, BUT I WAS WRONG
I'VE BEEN DIGGIN' FOR GOLD FOR FORTY YEARS AND AIN'T FOUND NONE YET
ANY LUCK TO-DAY- PARTNER?
NOT MUCH! I ONLY FOUND ONE HUNK OF GOLD
5-2
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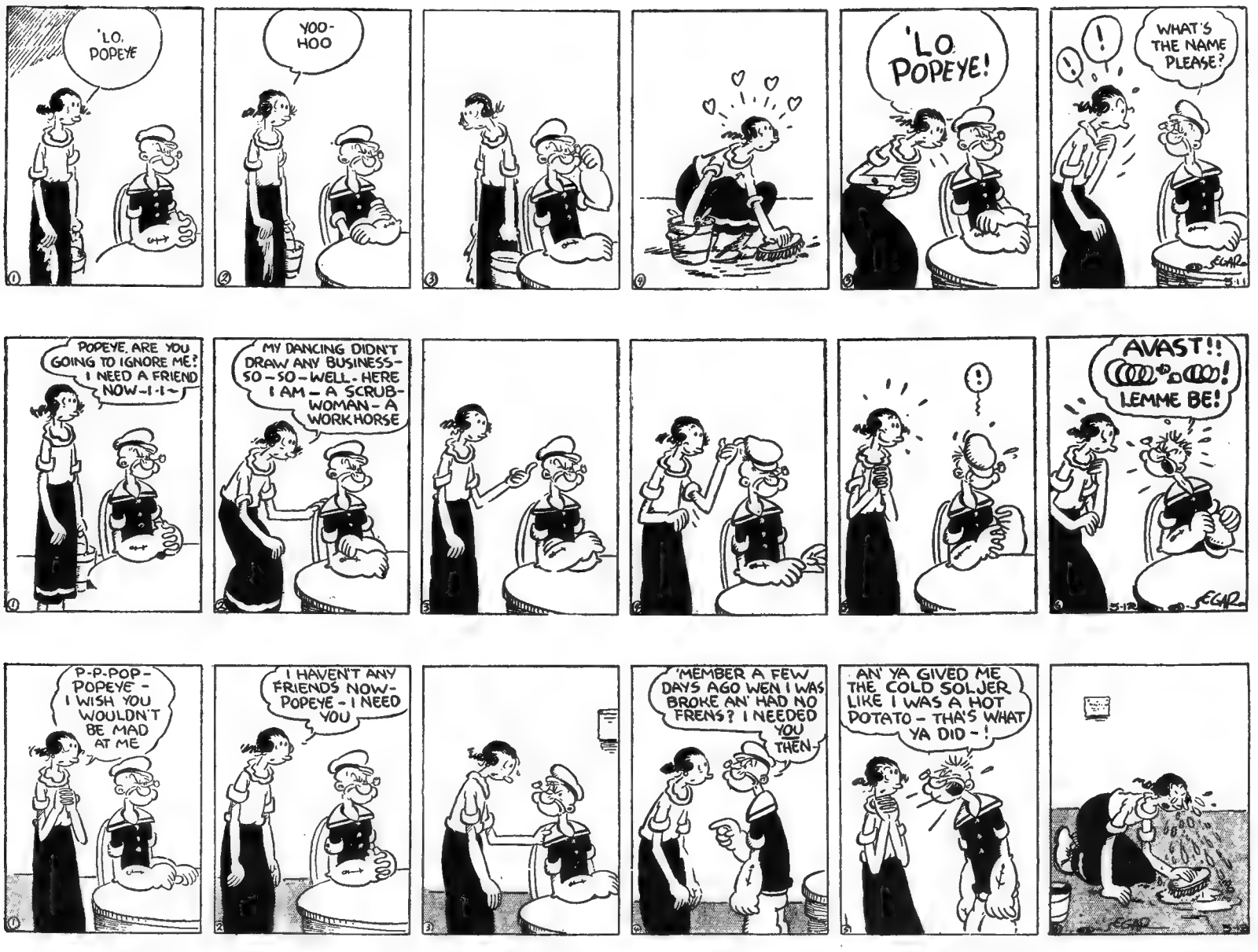

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
WELL, AIN'T THAT WHAT WE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR?
GOLD AT LAST—!! AFTER FORTY YEARS!
FORTY YEARS-ME EYE! I FOUND IT IN ABOUT TWENY MINUTES
LOOK AT IT SHINE !!
I'VE GOT A SWEETHEART, ALSO- SHE'S WAITIN' FOR ME DOWN IN DEAR OLD TEXAS- I TOLD HER I'D BE BACK WHEN I MADE A STRIKE
I'M GOIN' BACK NOW AND MAKE HER HAPPY, THAT IS— IF SHE AIN'T DIED OF OLD AGE
5-3


DEATH TO MY ENEMIES AND DEATH TO MY FRIENDS! TO HECK WITH 'EM ALL!!
TURPENTINE
VARNISH
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HEY! GET SOME PEP INTO YOUR DANCIN' YOU'RE NOT EARNING YOUR WAGES
OH, I WISH POPEYE WOULD COME BACK!
TAP TAP TAP
I'LL MAKE YOU EARN YOUR MONEY- YOU'RE GOING TO BE DANCE-GAL AND SCRUB-WOMAN COMBINED
HERE - TIE THESE SCRUB BRUSHES TO YOUR FEET!
NOW DO YOUR STUFF
SWISH
SWISH


A COMBINATION OF DANCER AND SCRUB-WOMAN!! AND I THOUGHT HE WAS MY FRIEND - JOHN HOLSTER IS MEAN TO THE CORE
WHY DID I LET POPEYE GO OUT OF MY LIFE?
HEY, DAME! YOU'VE GOT TO DO TWO MORE THINGS WHILE YOU'RE DANCING!
USE THIS DUSTER WHEN YOU PASS A TABLE AND SHAKE UP THIS DRINK
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A ONE-MAN BAND?
5-5
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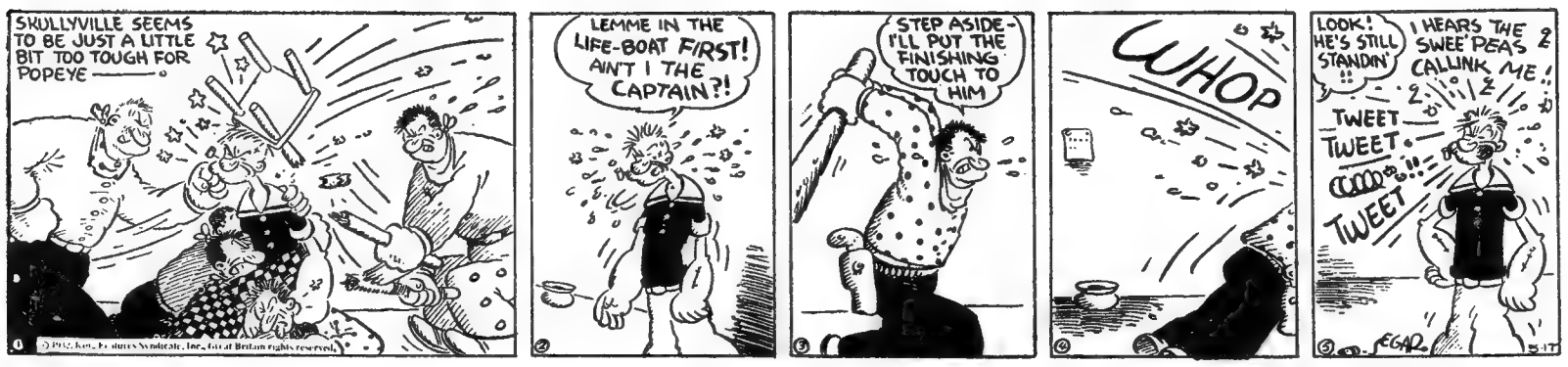

I'VE HUNTED FOR FORTY YEARS AND NEVER FOUND GOLD, AND YOU COME ALONG AND PICK UP A HUNK IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES — HOW DID YOU DO IT?
WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY- YOU'VE HEARD THE OL' SAYIN', "GOLD IS WHERE YOU FINDS IT." WELL, I SEZ TO MESELF- IF GOLD IS WHERE YA FINDS IT—
THEN THA'S THE PLACE WHERE IT'S AT — SO I WENT AN' LOOKED AN' THERE IT WAS
I TOLD MY SWEETHEART I'D BE BACK WHEN I MADE A STRIKE - THAT WAS FORTY YEARS AGO - LET'S SEE- HOW OLD IS SHE NOW? "48" - "58" — ETC —
GOOD HEAVENS "79" YEARS OLD!! I AIN'T GOT A MINUTE TO SPARE!
ARF! ARF!
5-6


HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR OUR HUNK OF GOLD, ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNNERD BUCKS?
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
WE PAY CASH FOR GOLD SAGEVILLE NUGGET COMPANY
I SAID, PUT UP YOUR HANDS
JUS' THINK $50,000!
POPEYE: PUT UP YOUR MITTS OR YOU'LL GET SHOT
I KIN SURE DO A LOT WITH A GRIP FULL OF CASH
WHY, YOU'RE THE DERNDEST FELLOW I EVER DID SEE — YOU KNOCKED OUT ONE OF THE VERY WORST BADMEN, AND YOU AIN'T A BIT EXCITED
I GOT WEALTH AN' I GOT HEALTH, BUT I AIN'T GOT HAPPINESS ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM A ONE-WOMAN MAN WICH LOST HIS SWEE'PEA
SEGAR
GET ALL OF THE DIRT OUT OF ALL OF THE CRACKS - DO A GOOD JOB AND I'LL RAISE YOUR WAGES FROM TWENTY-FIVE A WEEK TO FIFTY A MONTH
FORMALDEHYDE CHASER?
NO!
WISH I HAD A FRIEND
GET BUSY!
BOP
I GOT HELT AN' I GOT WELT, BUT I AIN'T GOT NO [illegible] HAPPINESS ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM A ONE-WOMAN MAN AN' ME SWEE'PEA TURNED ME DOWN
5-9
SEGAR
I CAN'T UNERSTAN' IT - I FEELS LIKE AS IF THEY WAS A MAGNIT PULLIN' ME T'WARDS SKULLYVILLE
I'LL WALK OVER AN' SEE HOW THE OL' TOWN IS GETTIN' ALONG
I AIN'T GOIN' OVER ON PURPLOUS TO SEE OLIVE OYL - I SEZ I AIN'T! I YAM NOT INTRISTED IN HER ANYMORE
SOFT DRINKS
FORMALDEHYDE
FUSEL-OIL
VARNISH
SEGAR
5-10


'LO. POPEYE
YOO-HOO
'LO POPEYE!
WHAT'S THE NAME PLEASE?
SEGAR
POPEYE, ARE YOU GOING TO IGNORE ME? I NEED A FRIEND NOW-I-I~
MY DANCING DIDN'T DRAW ANY BUSINESS - SO - SO - WELL - HERE I AM - A SCRUB-WOMAN - A WORK HORSE
AVAST!! LEMME BE!
SEGAR
P-P-POP-POPEYE - I WISH YOU WOULDN'T BE MAD AT ME
I HAVEN'T ANY FRIENDS NOW-POPEYE - I NEED YOU
'MEMBER A FEW DAYS AGO WEN I WAS BROKE AN' HAD NO FRENS? I NEEDED YOU THEN-
AN' YA GIVED ME THE COLD SOLJER LIKE I WAS A HOT POTATO - THA'S WHAT YA DID -!
SEGAR

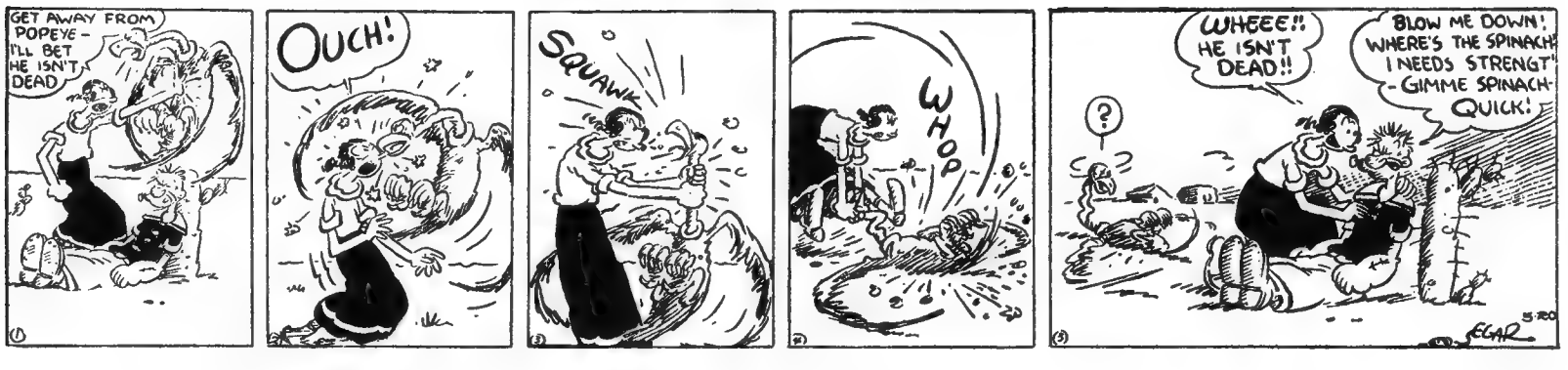

POPEYE I'M SORRY I WAS SO MEAN TO YOU
YA TREATED ME LIKE A HOT POTATO-
AN' IF THEY'S ANYTHING I HATES IT'S GETTIN TREATED LIKE A HOT POTATO
HEY, BOSS - THAT POPEYE FELLOW IS BACK - HE'S TALKIN' TO YOUR SCRUB-LADY
HE IS!
WELL - I'LL BE - I'LL BE - WELL - I'LL BE @@@!!
THAT SAILOR IS IN AGAIN - NOW GET THIS - IF HE STARTS ANYTHING I WANT YOU BOYS TO FINISH HIM - I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT - GUNS, KNIVES, FISTS, CLUBS OR POISON, BUT FINISH HIM
SEGAR
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POPEYE - CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS AGAIN?
NO! YA GIVED ME THE COLD SOLJER LIKE I WAS A HOT POTATO - AN' THAT'S TOO MUCH
ARE YOU GOING TO GET BUSY AND SCRUB THESE FLOORS, OR DO YOU WANT ME TO WRING YOUR NECK?
BOP
KEEP YER HOOKS OFF'N THAT GAL
COME ON, MEN - WE'LL BEAT HIM TO A PULP AND THEN THROW HIM TO THE BIRDS
HE WAS A GOOD MAN, BUT THIS SURELY WILL BE THE END OF OL' POPEYE ——
SEGAR
SMACK
BOOP
5-16


SKULLYVILLE SEEMS TO BE JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO TOUGH FOR POPEYE ——
LEMME IN THE LIFE-BOAT FIRST! AIN'T I THE CAPTAIN?!
STEP ASIDE - I'LL PUT THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIM
WHOP
LOOK! HE'S STILL STANDIN'
I HEARS THE SWEE'PEAS CALLIN' ME!
TWEET TWEET TWEET
SEGAR
5-17

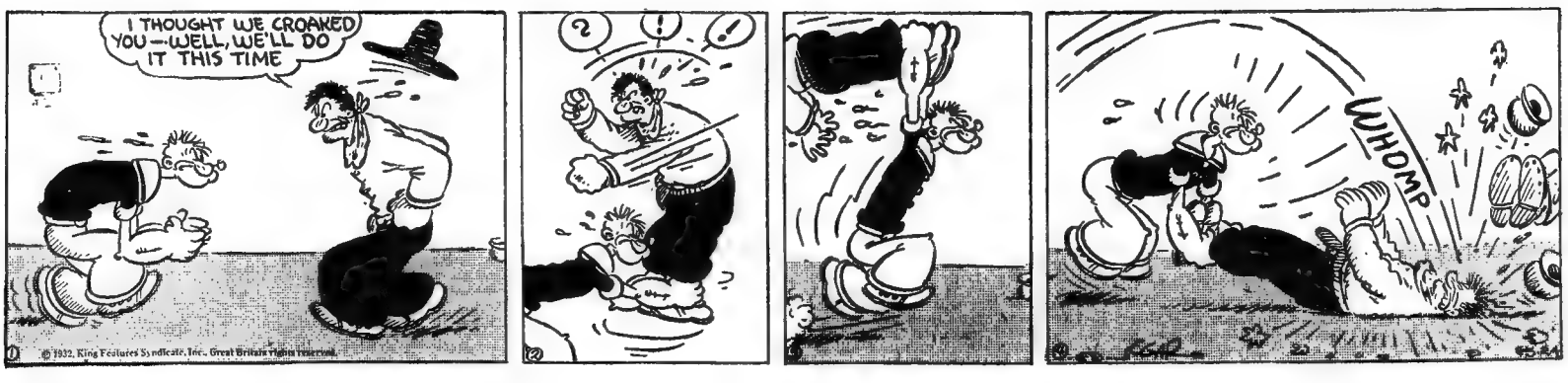

I HIT HIM WITH ALL MY MIGHT. BUT HE STILL STAYS ON HIS FEET
TWEET TWEET
LET ME TRY MY LUCK - IF THIS DOESN'T FINISH HIM WE'LL USE OUR GUNS
WHOP
OOOH!
PLOP
YOU SURE WHOPPED HIM A GOOD ONE
AND HE'LL STAY WHOPPED - I'LL DROP HIM OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS
SEGAR
5-18


BEAST! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH POPEYE?
LEGO OF MY WRIST BEFORE I KNOCK YOU FOR A LOOP!
BOP
POPEYE! POPEYE! POPEYE!
SEGAR
5-19


GET AWAY FROM POPEYE - I'LL BET HE ISN'T DEAD
OUCH!
SQUAWK
WHOP
WHEEE!! HE ISN'T DEAD!!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHERE'S THE SPINACH! I NEEDS STRENGT' - GIMME SPINACH - QUICK!
?
SEGAR
5-20


I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH TO EAT WHILE I WAS PROSPECTIN THA'S WHY THEM SWABS KNOCKED ME OUT- I'M GO'NER CRAWL OVER TO THAT RESTERNT AN' GET ME SOME SPINACH
BUT- POPEYE! YOU'RE ALMOST DEAD - YOU SHOULDN'T EVEN MOVE
SHUSH- I DON'T NEED NO SYMPTHITY
STAY RIGHT THERE. I'LL GET YOU SOME SPINACH
I GOT CANNED SPINACH, WILL THAT DO?
YES, GIVE ME A BIG CAN
DO YOU REALLY THINK IT WILL HELP YOU?
SURE IT WILL — SPINACH IS THE MOST WONERFUL STUFF TO GIVE A PERSON HELT STRENGT' AN' VITALIKY THEY IS
5-21
SEGAR


YOU CROAKED HIM, EH? HA! THAT'S FINE!! SKULLYVILLE WAS JUST A LITTLE TOO TOUGH FOR HIM
WE THREW HIM OUT AMONG THE CACTI WHERE THE GIANT VULTURES WILL GET HIM
HEAVENS! YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO SKULLYVILLE, ARE YOU, POPEYE?
I SAYS I YAM
I FEEL A THOUSAND PERCENT BETTER NOW THAT HE'S FINISHED OFF
THAT SAILOR WASN'T SO HOT- I COULDA SMACKED 'IM OUT MYSELF
SURE YA COULD- I YAM EASY
HEY! AIN'T YOU DEAD ?!!
SMACK
LOOK!!!!!!!!!! THERE HE IS!! HE AIN'T DEAD!!
5-23
SEGAR


I THOUGHT WE CROAKED YOU — WELL, WE'LL DO IT THIS TIME
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?
!
!
WHOMP


WHOP
SOCK
WHY, YOU I'LL-
BANG
SHOOT 'IM!


LOOK OUT, POPEYE! THE BRUTE BEHIND YOU IS GOING TO THROW A CUSPIDOR - DUCK!
BOP
YA YA YA!! BLASTED !!
YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS — STEP INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE
NO!
NO
SMACK
NO!
ULP
5-26

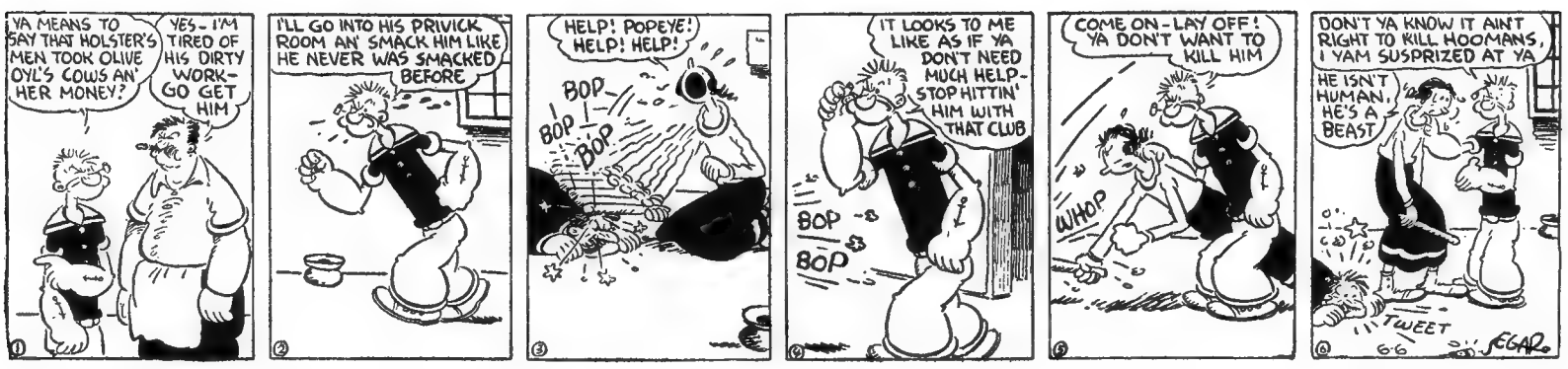

YOU CAUSED A LOT OF TROUBLE HERE IN SKULLYVILLE, AND I'M GOING TO CHOKE YOU
LET ME OUT OF THIS ROOM, YOU MONSTER!
G-R-R
WELL, I'LL BE ...!!
SMACK
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME- YOUNG LADY!
SMACK
WELL, FOR I'LL BE ...
SOCK
SWISH
CLICK
5-27

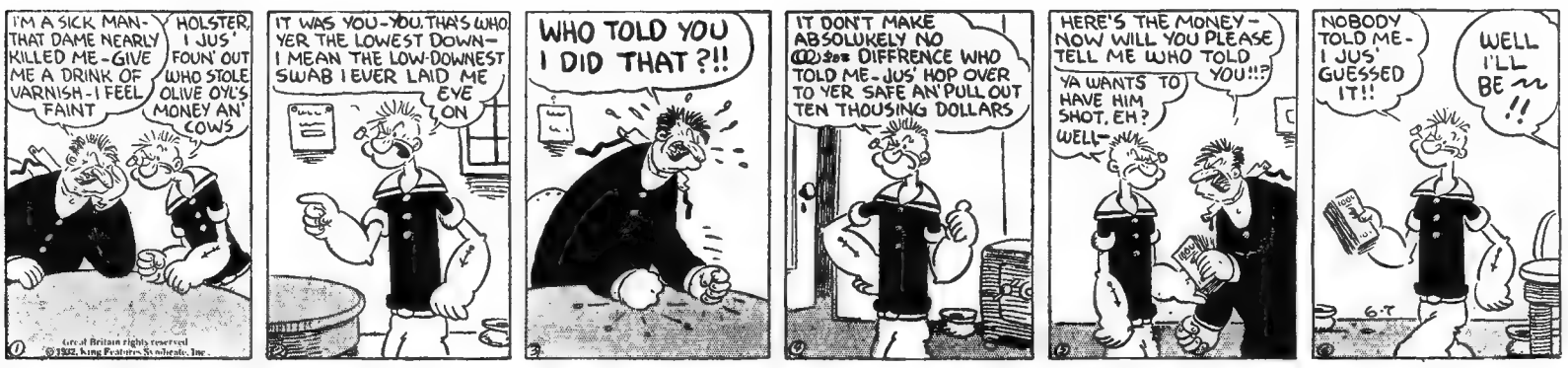




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IN OUR NEXT VOLUME

AVAILABLE FALL 2008



"The Eighth Sea," a thriller-diller co-starring the shape-shifting Merlock Jones and...Bluto!!



Ballots and bullets pepper "Long Live the King" and "Popeye King of Popilania"!

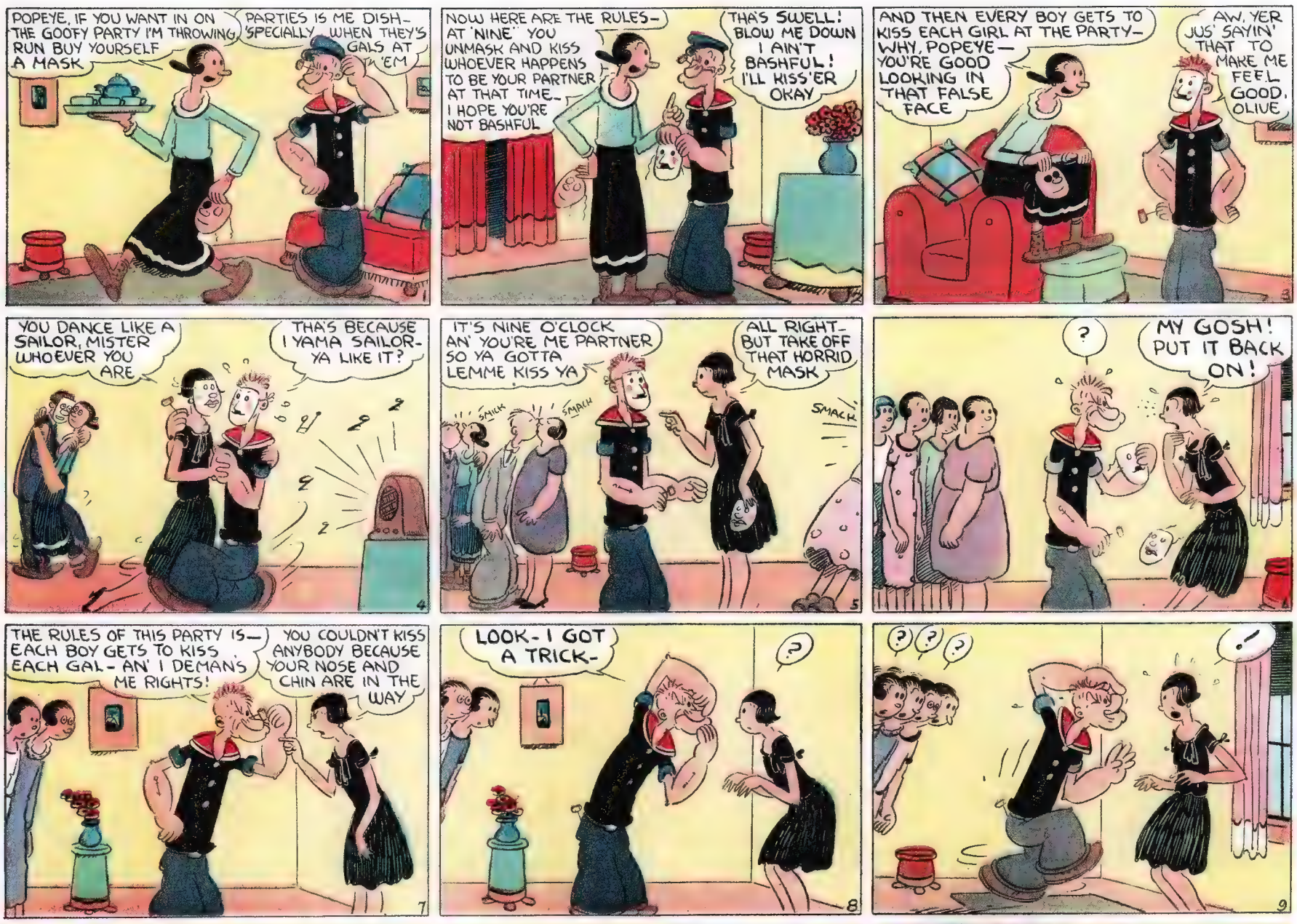


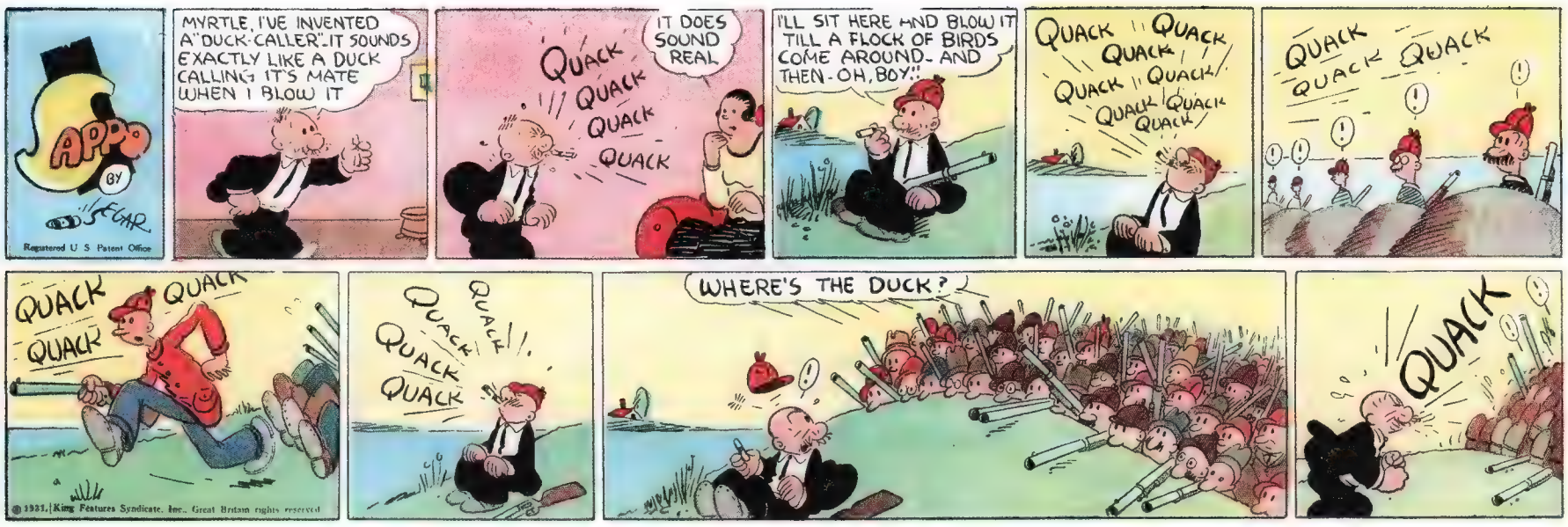
Popeye juggles his twin careers as a "Star Reporter" and an inexperienced new dad!

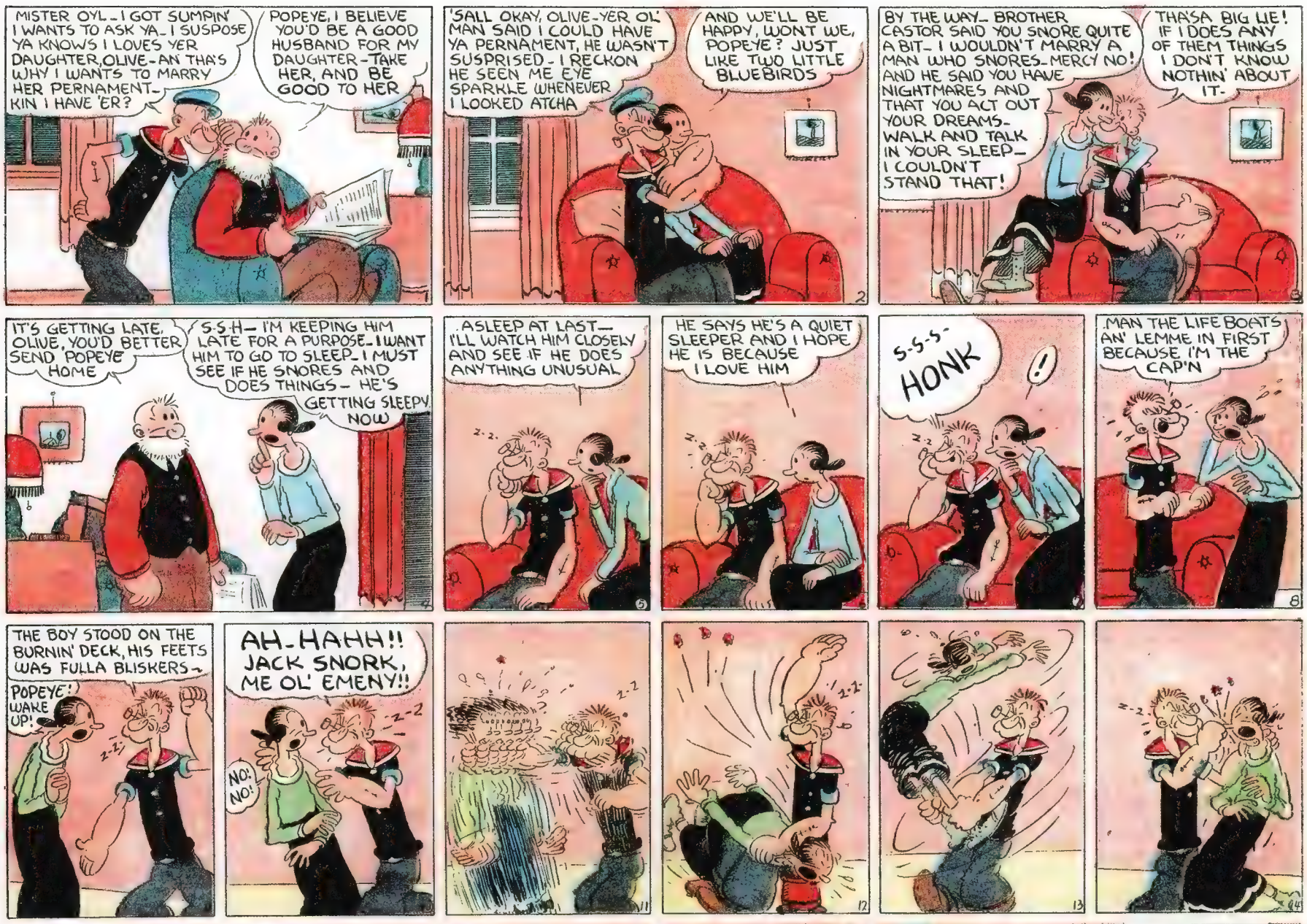


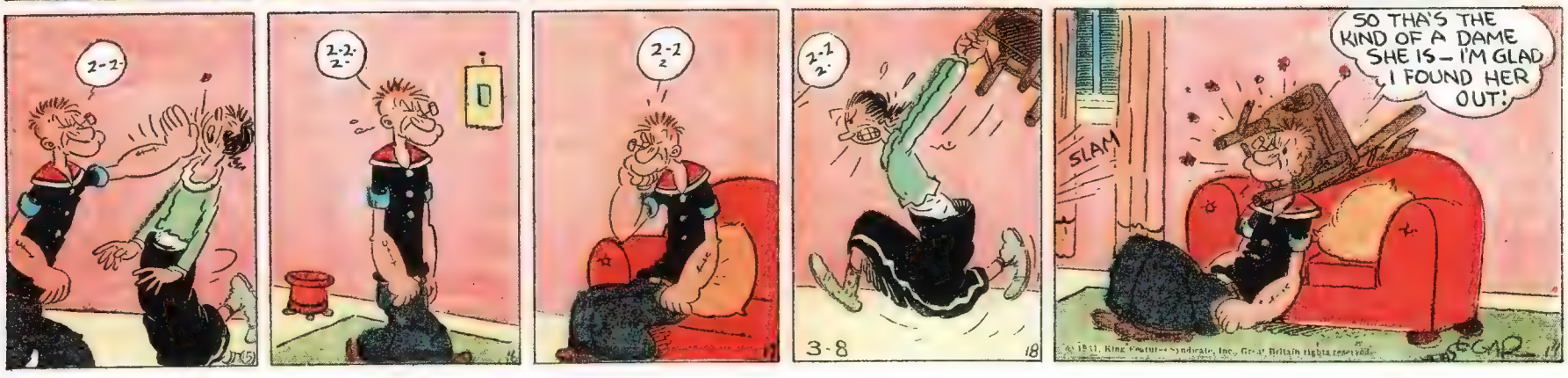
Over a year's worth of Sunday pages, with a special focus on our favorite glutton!

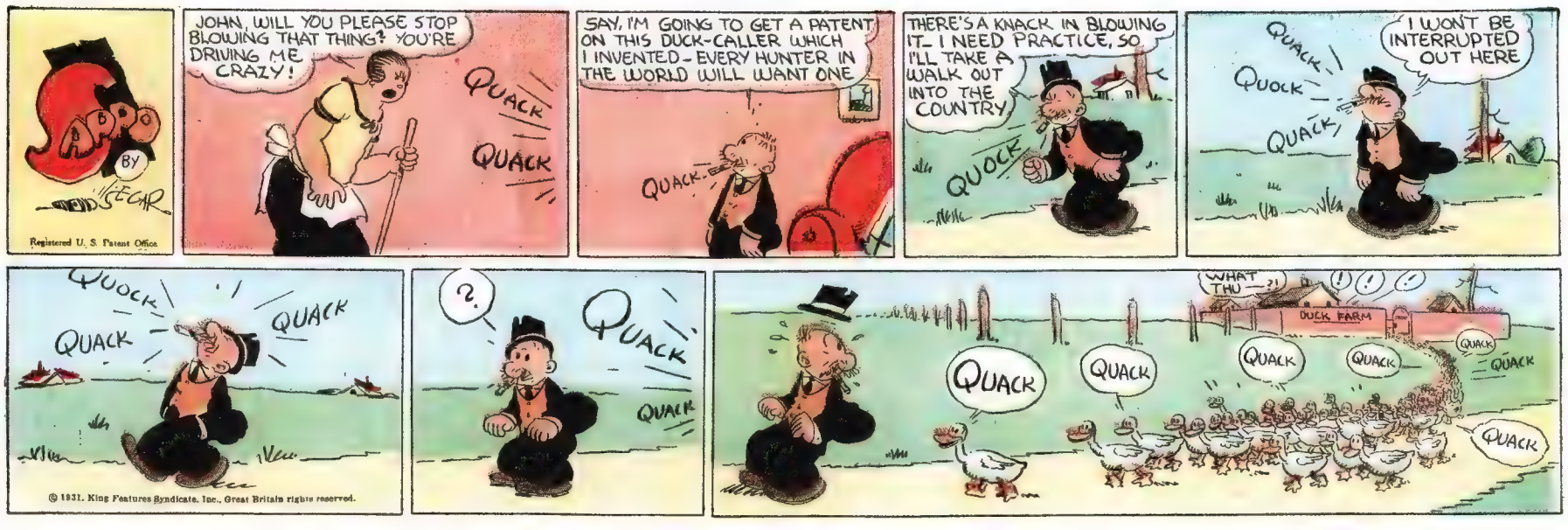
SPECIAL BONUS: The entire, never-before-collected 12-part 1933 "Chicago World's Fair" Popeye serial written and drawn by Segar!

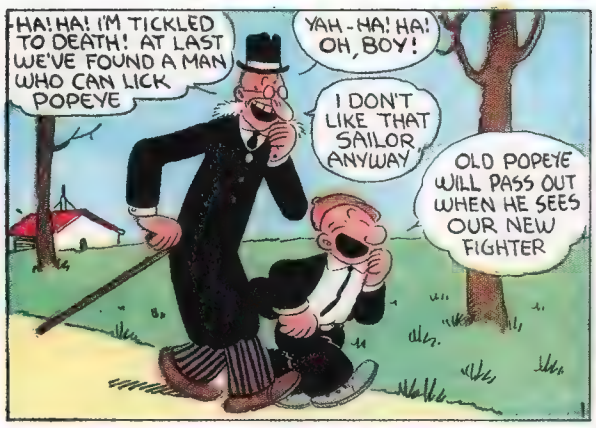


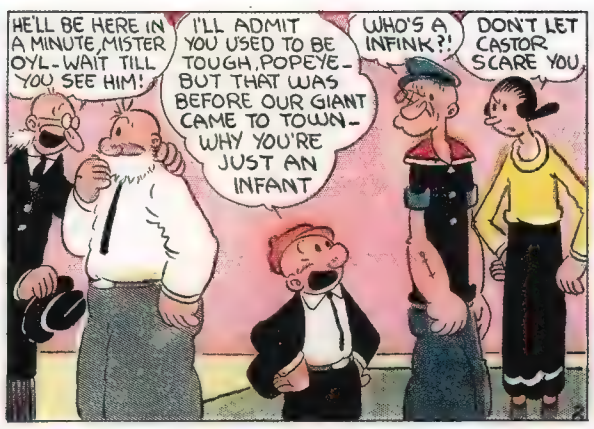

APPO
BY
EGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
MYRTLE, I'VE INVENTED A "DUCK-CALLER" IT SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE A DUCK CALLING IT'S MATE WHEN I BLOW IT
IT DOES SOUND REAL
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
I'LL SIT HERE AND BLOW IT TILL A FLOCK OF BIRDS COME AROUND- AND THEN- OH, BOY!!
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
WHERE'S THE DUCK?
QUACK
!
!
!

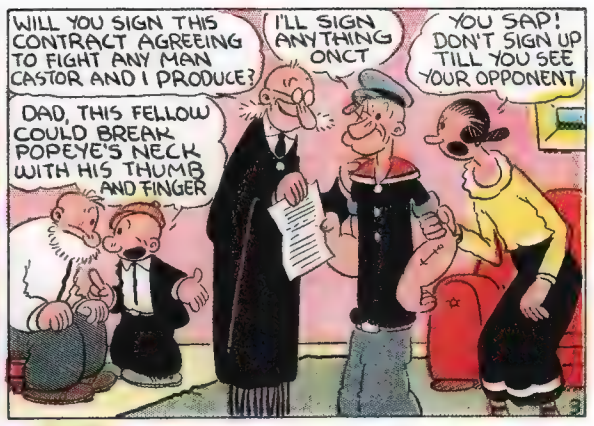

MISTER OYL - I GOT SUMPIN' I WANTS TO ASK YA - I SUSPOSE YA KNOWS I LOVES YER DAUGHTER, OLIVE - AN' THA'S WHY I WANTS TO MARRY HER PERNAMENT - KIN I HAVE 'ER?
POPEYE, I BELIEVE YOU'D BE A GOOD HUSBAND FOR MY DAUGHTER - TAKE HER, AND BE GOOD TO HER
'SALL OKAY, OLIVE - YER OL' MAN SAID I COULD HAVE YA PERNAMENT, HE WASN'T SUSPRISED - I RECKON HE SEEN ME EYE SPARKLE WHENEVER I LOOKED ATCHA
AND WE'LL BE HAPPY, WON'T WE, POPEYE? JUST LIKE TWO LITTLE BLUEBIRDS
BY THE WAY - BROTHER CASTOR SAID YOU SNORE QUITE A BIT - I WOULDN'T MARRY A MAN WHO SNORES - MERCY NO! AND HE SAID YOU HAVE NIGHTMARES AND THAT YOU ACT OUT YOUR DREAMS - WALK AND TALK IN YOUR SLEEP - I COULDN'T STAND THAT!
THA'SA BIG LIE! IF I DOES ANY OF THEM THINGS I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT -
IT'S GETTING LATE, OLIVE, YOU'D BETTER SEND POPEYE HOME
S-S-H - I'M KEEPING HIM LATE FOR A PURPOSE - I WANT HIM TO GO TO SLEEP - I MUST SEE IF HE SNORES AND DOES THINGS - HE'S GETTING SLEEPY NOW
ASLEEP AT LAST - I'LL WATCH HIM CLOSELY AND SEE IF HE DOES ANYTHING UNUSUAL
HE SAYS HE'S A QUIET SLEEPER AND I HOPE HE IS BECAUSE I LOVE HIM
S-S-S- HONK !
MAN THE LIFE BOATS AN' LEMME IN FIRST BECAUSE, I'M THE CAP'N
THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNIN' DECK, HIS FEETS WAS FULLA BLISKERS →
POPEYE! WAKE UP!
AH-HAHH!! JACK SNORK, ME OL' EMENY!!
NO! NO!

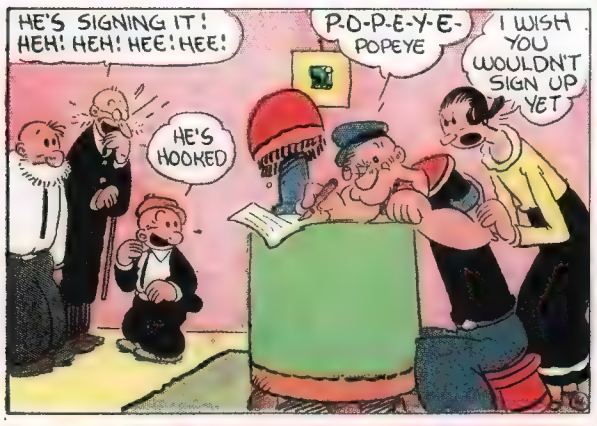

SO THA'S THE KIND OF A DAME SHE IS - I'M GLAD I FOUND HER OUT!
SLAM
3-8

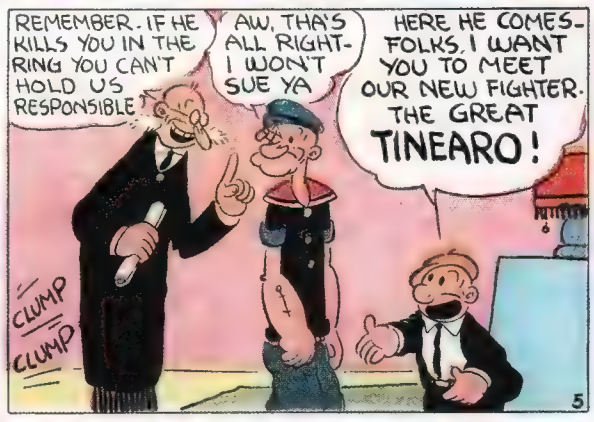

JOHN, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP BLOWING THAT THING? YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!
QUACK
QUACK
SAY, I'M GOING TO GET A PATENT ON THIS DUCK-CALLER WHICH I INVENTED - EVERY HUNTER IN THE WORLD WILL WANT ONE
QUACK
THERE'S A KNACK IN BLOWING IT - I NEED PRACTICE, SO I'LL TAKE A WALK OUT INTO THE COUNTRY
QUOCK
QUACK
QUOCK
QUACK
I WON'T BE INTERRUPTED OUT HERE
QUOCK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
?
QUACK
QUACK
WHAT THU —?!
DUCK FARM
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
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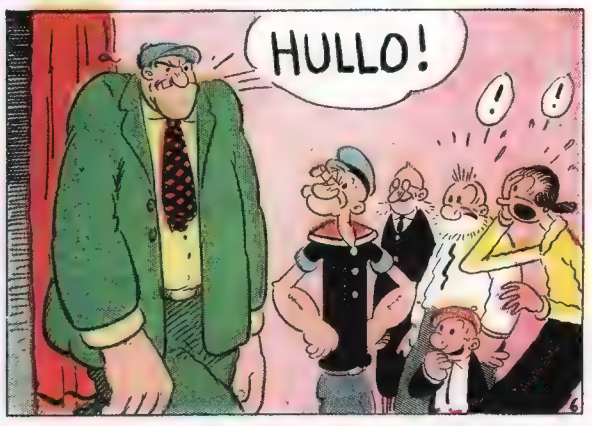

HA! HA! I'M TICKLED TO DEATH! AT LAST WE'VE FOUND A MAN WHO CAN LICK POPEYE
YAH-HA! HA! OH, BOY!
I DON'T LIKE THAT SAILOR ANYWAY
OLD POPEYE WILL PASS OUT WHEN HE SEES OUR NEW FIGHTER
1


HE'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE, MISTER OYL - WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM!
I'LL ADMIT YOU USED TO BE TOUGH, POPEYE - BUT THAT WAS BEFORE OUR GIANT CAME TO TOWN - WHY YOU'RE JUST AN INFANT
WHO'S A INFINK?!
DON'T LET CASTOR SCARE YOU
2


WILL YOU SIGN THIS CONTRACT AGREEING TO FIGHT ANY MAN CASTOR AND I PRODUCE?
I'LL SIGN ANYTHING ONCT
YOU SAP! DON'T SIGN UP TILL YOU SEE YOUR OPPONENT
DAD, THIS FELLOW COULD BREAK POPEYE'S NECK WITH HIS THUMB AND FINGER
3

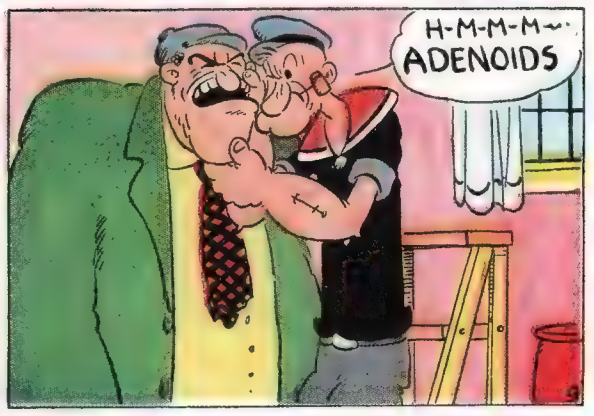

HE'S SIGNING IT! HEH! HEH! HEE! HEE!
P-O-P-E-Y-E- POPEYE
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SIGN UP YET
HE'S HOOKED


REMEMBER - IF HE KILLS YOU IN THE RING YOU CAN'T HOLD US RESPONSIBLE
AW, THA'S ALL RIGHT - I WON'T SUE YA
HERE HE COMES - FOLKS, I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR NEW FIGHTER. THE GREAT TINEARO!
CLUMP CLUMP
5

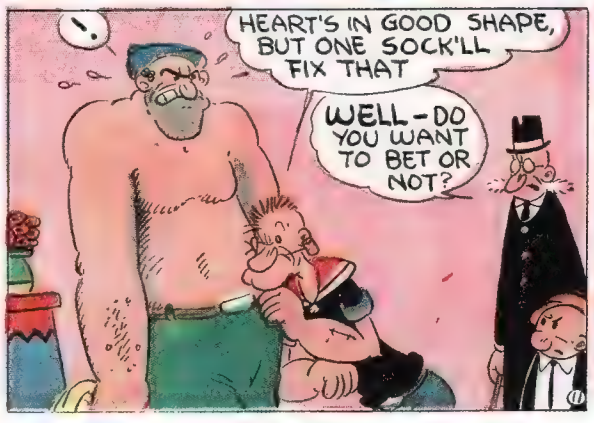

HULLO!
6

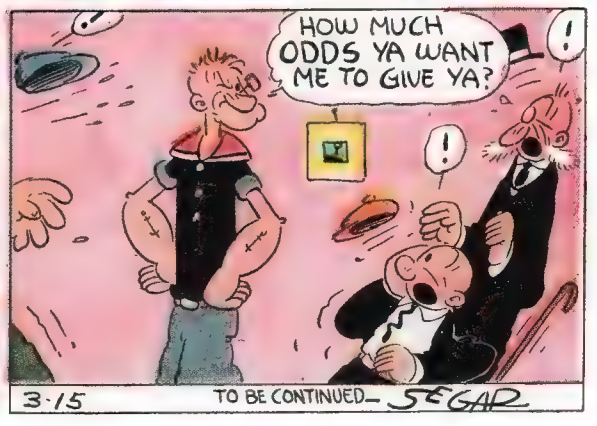

DON'T CRY, DAUGHTER - MAYBE WE CAN PERSUADE POPEYE TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY
SNIFF
BOO BOO
IT SCARES ME TO EVEN LOOK AT THE BRUTE! OH! POOR POPEYE! HE'LL BE KILLED
7

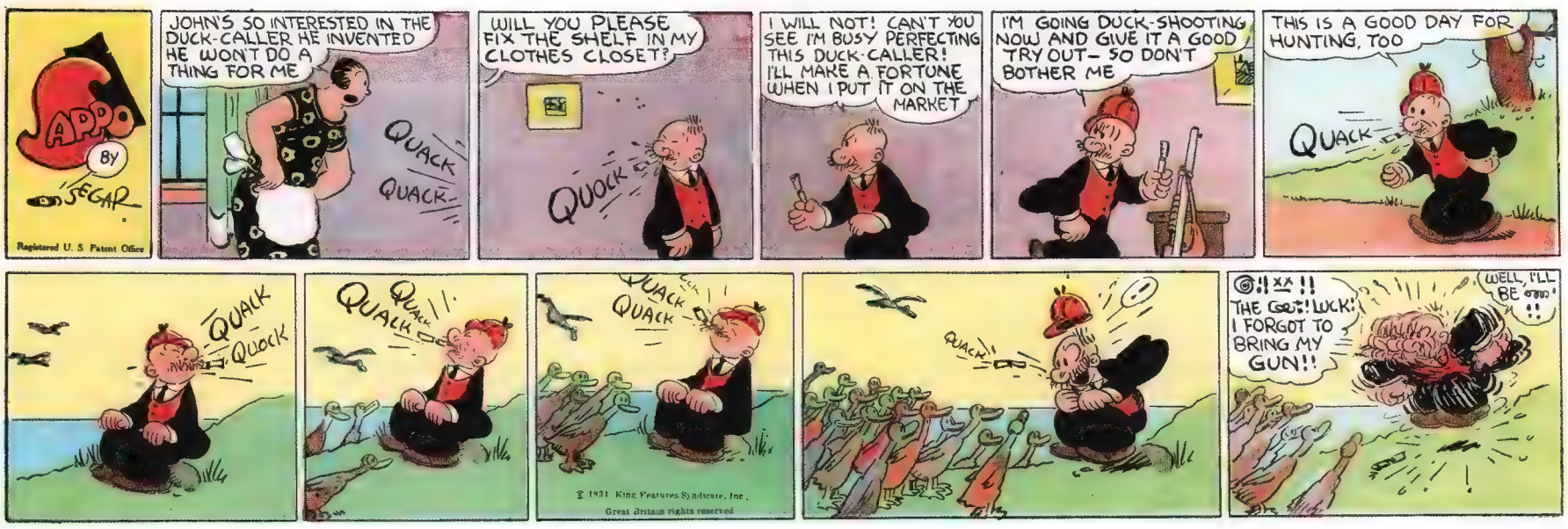

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE GAMBLING? I'LL BET FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS THAT HE LICKS YOU - HA! HA!
YA DON'T MIND IF I LOOKS 'IM OVER SOME, DO YA? I'D LIKE TO EXAMING HIM
GO TO IT
8


H-M-M-M~~ ADENOIDS
9


CHIN, OKAY - JUS' FITS ME FISK FINE — THA'S SWELL
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HEART'S IN GOOD SHAPE, BUT ONE SOCK'LL FIX THAT
WELL - DO YOU WANT TO BET OR NOT?
11


HOW MUCH ODDS YA WANT ME TO GIVE YA?
3-15
TO BE CONTINUED - SEGAR


APPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
JOHN'S SO INTERESTED IN THE DUCK-CALLER HE INVENTED HE WON'T DO A THING FOR ME
QUACK QUACK!
WILL YOU PLEASE FIX THE SHELF IN MY CLOTHES CLOSET?
QUOCK
I WILL NOT! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY PERFECTING THIS DUCK-CALLER! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WHEN I PUT IT ON THE MARKET
I'M GOING DUCK-SHOOTING NOW AND GIVE IT A GOOD TRY OUT - SO DON'T BOTHER ME
THIS IS A GOOD DAY FOR HUNTING, TOO
QUACK
QUACK QUOCK
QUACK QUACK
QUACK QUACK
QUACK!
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THE GR-!! LUCK! I FORGOT TO BRING MY GUN!!
WELL, I'LL BE ...!!

MISTER REPORTER, YOU MAY QUOTE US AS SAYING THAT OUR NEW FIGHTER, THE GREAT "TINEARO," WILL LICK POPEYE IN TEN SECONDS - MAKE IT STRONG - WE'RE SORE AT POPEYE BECAUSE HE DIDN'T DO US RIGHT WHEN WE WERE MANAGING HIM

I GET YOU

WHAT A MAN! WHAT A MAN! HA! HA! SAY- I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH!

TINEARO, OLD BOY- JUST AS SOON AS YOU LICK POPEYE WE'LL TAKE YOU ON A WORLD TOUR- WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS. YOU'LL GET RICH, TOO

IT'LL BE THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE WHEN I SEE YOU LAY THAT SAILOR OUT COLD

POPEYE - PLEASE GET ABOARD SOME SHIP AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY- THAT MAN MOUNTAIN WILL KILL YOU WHEN HE GETS YOU IN THE RING!

NEVER YET HAS I RUN FROM MAN NOR BEASK AN' I'LL BE LIKE THAT- PERNAMENT. BLOW ME DOWN!

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T RUN, SO THIS MORNING I ADVERTISED FOR AN EXPERT TRAINER- IF YOU INSIST UPON FIGHTING HIM - YOU MUST GET INTO CONDITION

I DON'T NEED NO TRAINER - I'M OKAY PHIZLICKLY

MY NAME'S BATTLING McGNAT, I READ DE AD AND HERE I AM - WHERE'S DAT POPEYE FELLA? LEMME LOOK 'IM OVER

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FIGHTING?

DAT'S A FINE CRACK! SAY- I'M DE GUY DAT SMACKED OUT T.N.T. SMITH IN DE FOIST ROUND - READ DE NEWS, DAME, AND GETCHA SELF WISED UP - WHO'S DIS UGLY EGG?

THAT'S POPEYE - YOU BOYS GET ACQUAINTED. I MUST DO THE DISHES

OH! YOU'RE POPEYE!? SAY, EXCUSE ME FOR SPILLIN' DAT INSULT ABOUT YOU BEIN' A UGLY EGG

THA'S ALL RIGHT- COMIN' FROM A FACE LIKE YOURN IT AIN'T NO INSULK

IS DAT ALL OF DE MUSCLE YA GOT? - NOT SO GOOD - BUT I'LL BUILD IT UP- I'LL MAKE A FIGHTER OUT OF YOU - AND I'LL TEACH YOU STRATEGY, TOO-

STRAGEDY - THA'S WHAT YA FOOLS 'EM WITH, AIN'T IT?

BY THE WAY- JA EVER HEAR ABOUT WHAT I DONE TO T.N.T. SMITH - GET A LOAD OF DIS - IT'S HOT - I CRAMS INTO DAT BABY LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNEZ

I DOUBLES 'IM UP WID A LEFT TO DE BREAD BASKET - DEN I BUSTS HIS NOSE AND I SLAMS 'IM LIKE DIS AND LIKE DAT - DEN I HOOKS 'IM AN' HE GOES STIFF

WELL, POPEYE, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR TRAINER?

HA! HA! I GETS A BIG KICK OUTTA HIM

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3-22

HE'S OKAY 'CEPT FOR ONE THING - HE AIN'T NO GOOD ON LANGWITCH - HE SAYS "DIS" AN' "DAT" - HE'S IGMORANT

TO BE CONTINUED - SEGAR

POPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

THE DUCK-CALLER I INVENTED IS JUST ABOUT PERFECT NOW - I'LL SOON HAVE IT ON THE MARKET

QUACK QUACK

JOHN, THE DOCTOR IS HERE AND HE WANTS HIS MONEY - HE SAYS I OWE HIM A HUNDRED DOLLARS

A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR A FEW BOXES OF PILLS AND A LITTLE ADVICE?!

YES - AND I'M NO BETTER - HE DIDN'T HELP MY INDIGESTION A BIT

WELL - I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM, BUT IT'S AN OUTRAGE

OF ALL THE QUACK M.D'S HE'S THE WORST

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

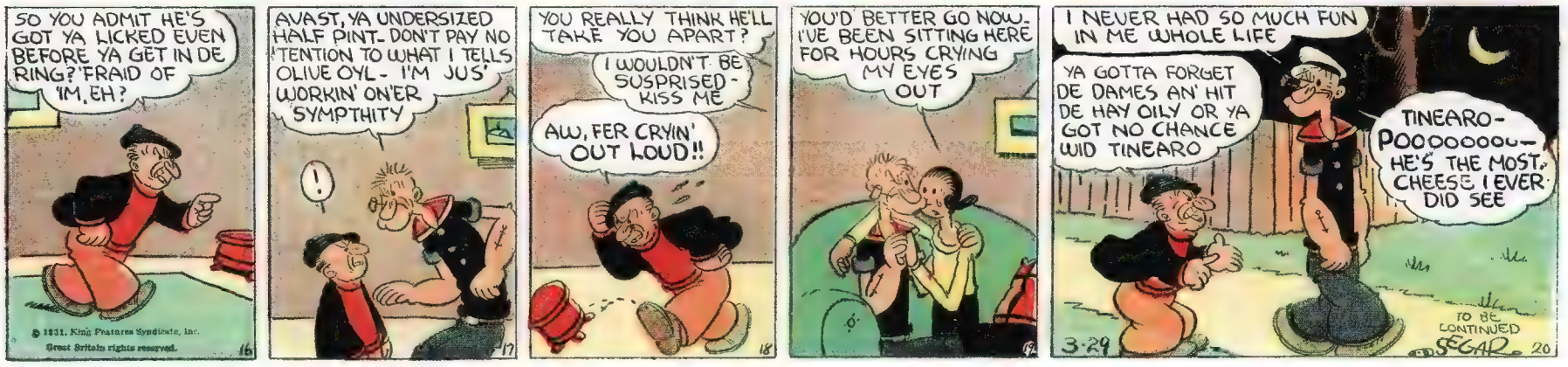
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM EVERY PLACE HE GOES AND LET PEOPLE KNOW WHAT KIND OF A DOCTOR HE IS

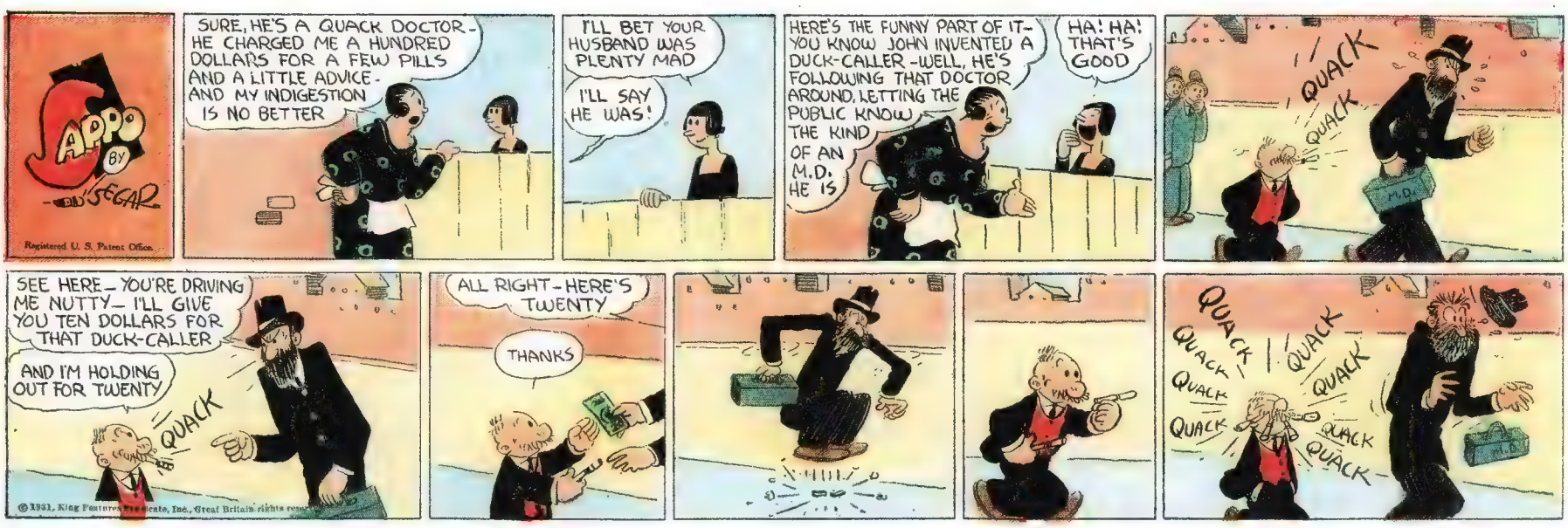
QUACK QUACK QUACK QUACK

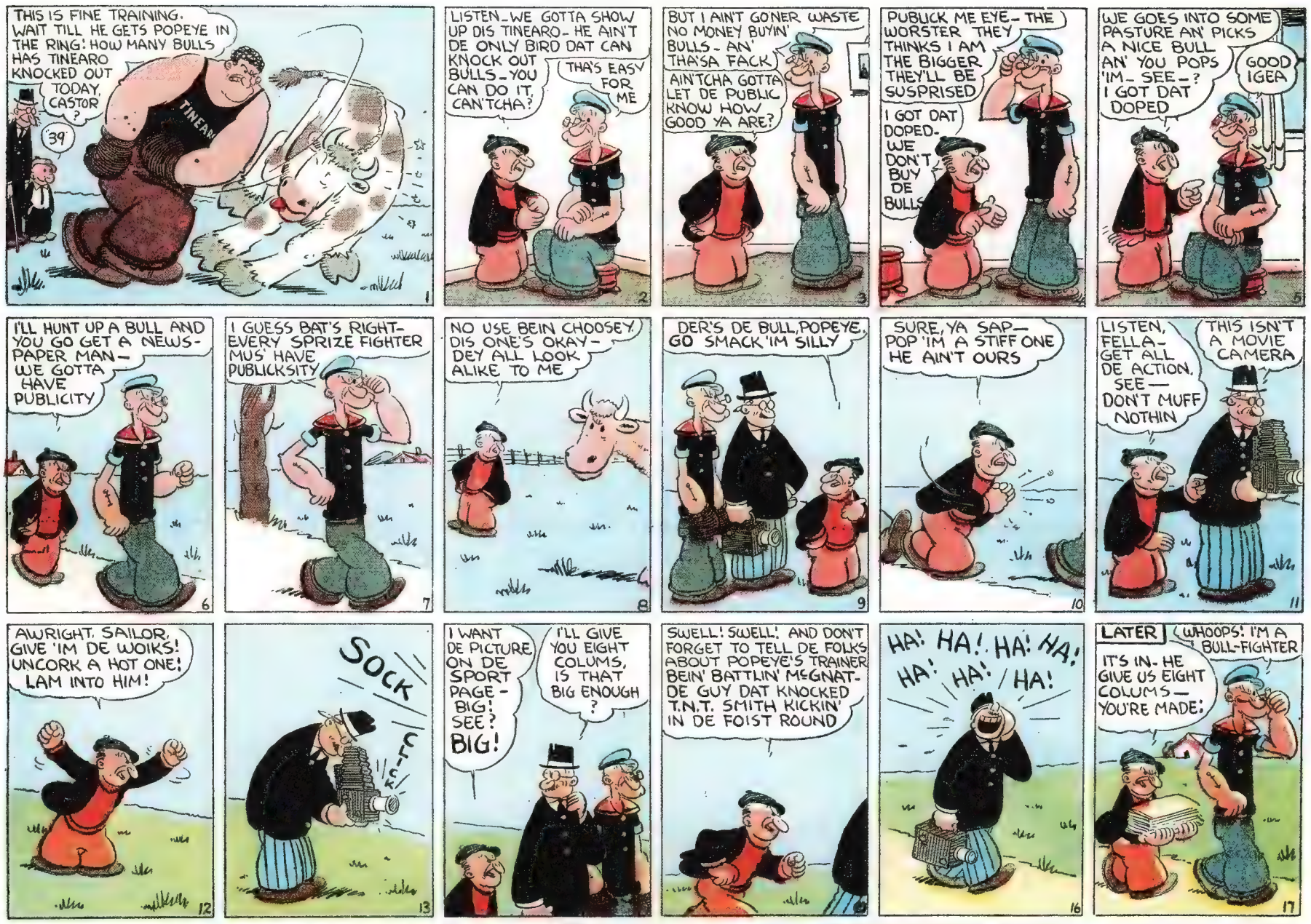
M.D.

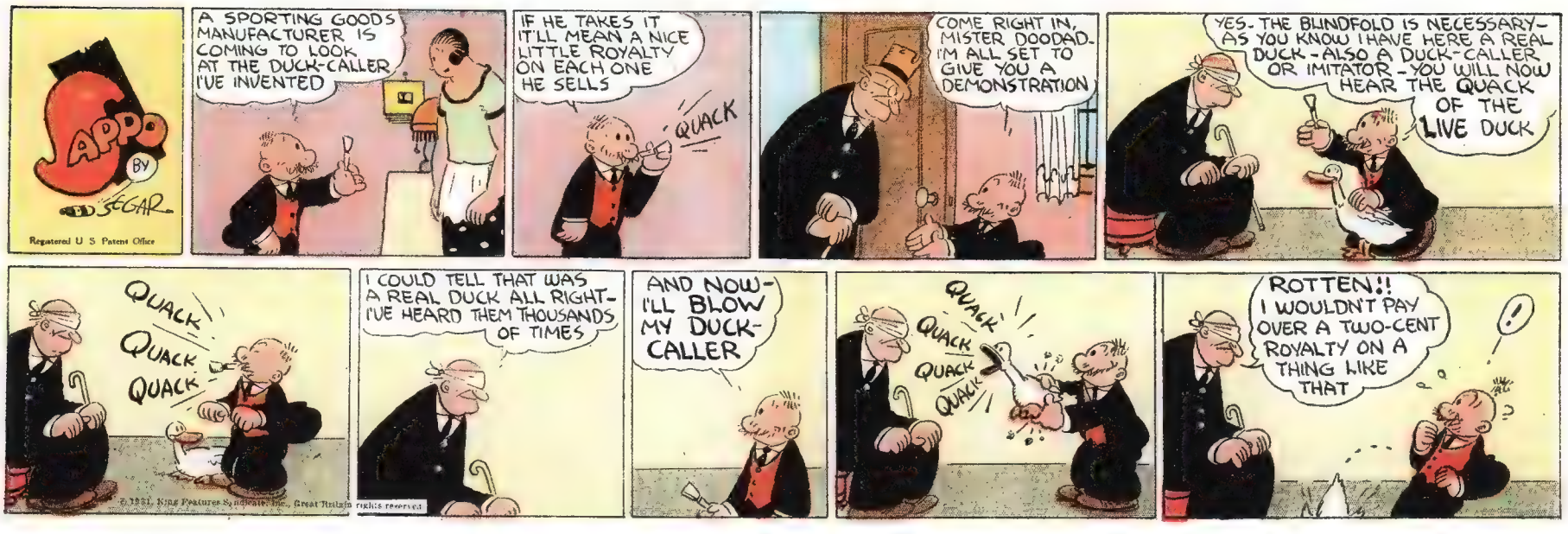
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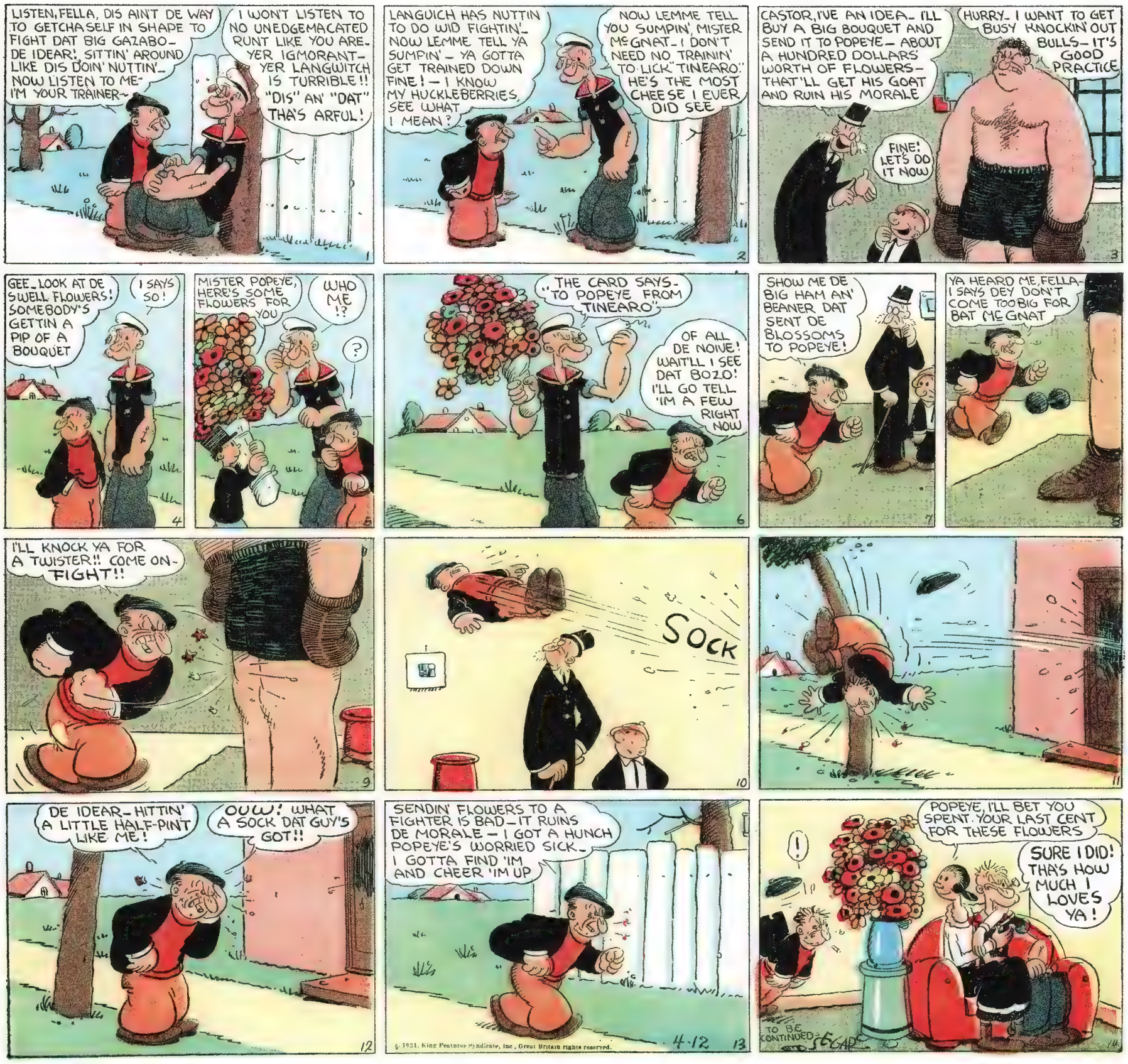

MERCY! TINEARO IS PRACTISING ON BULLS!
SOCK
SOME WALLOP! OH, MAMA, MAMA!
1
HA! HA! I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH
GET ME SOME MORE BULLS. I AIN'T EVEN WORKED UP A APPETITE YET
TINEARO
BUT, TINEARO- COUNTING THE COW THAT GOT IN BY MISTAKE YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT TWENTY-SEVEN BULLS
2
POPEYE, I WISH YOU'D LEAVE TOWN. THAT BRUTE WILL TEAR YOU TO PIECES IN THE RING
WE GOTTA LICK DAT BIRD WID STRATEGY- HE'S TOO STRONG FOR YA!
3
I'M YOUR TRAINER AND DE BLOKES DAT LISTEN TO BATTLING MEGNAT COME OUT ON TOP- NOW GET DIS, WE GOTTA USE STRATEGY
STRAGEDY, ME EYE!
4
GO 'WAY AN' LEMME BE. I GOT SUMPIN' ELSE ON ME MIND JUS' NOW
SAY, FELLA, YA GOTTA GETCHASELF IN SHAPE, SAVVY?
5
HONEY LE'S YOU AN' ME SET OVER ON THE SOFA
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR PETTING, POPEYE
6
WELL, I AIN'T POISON, CAN'T YA PUT YER ARM AROUN' ME?
NO
7
YA MAY NOT GET NO CHANCE TO PUT YER ARMS AROUN' ME AFTER THE FIGHT ON ACCOUNT OF I MAY GET KILLED
!
8
OH, POPEYE, DO YOU THINK THERE'S A CHANCE OF YOU GETTING KILLED?!
ABSOLUKELY!
9
SO DAT'S DE KIND OF A GUY I GOTTA WORK WID?!
I EXPECKS TO GET ALL ME RIBS BUSTED, TOO
10
HE MAY KNOCK ME HEAD CLEAN OFF'N ME NECK, YA CAN'T NEVER TELL
BOO BOOO
SNIFF SNIFF
11
DARLING, I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF HIM DOING ALL THAT TO YOU
THEY AIN'T MUCH HOPE
12
WELL, I'LL BE- I'LL BE ~~~! IF DAT GUY'S A FIGHTER I'MA LILAC!
I'LL BET HE KNOCKS ME OTHER EYE OUT
OH, HEAVENS!!
13
I HATES TO THINK OF CROAKIN' AN' LEAVIN' YA
SNIFF
SNOF
14
EXCUSE ME- I MUST GET ANOTHER HANKY
15

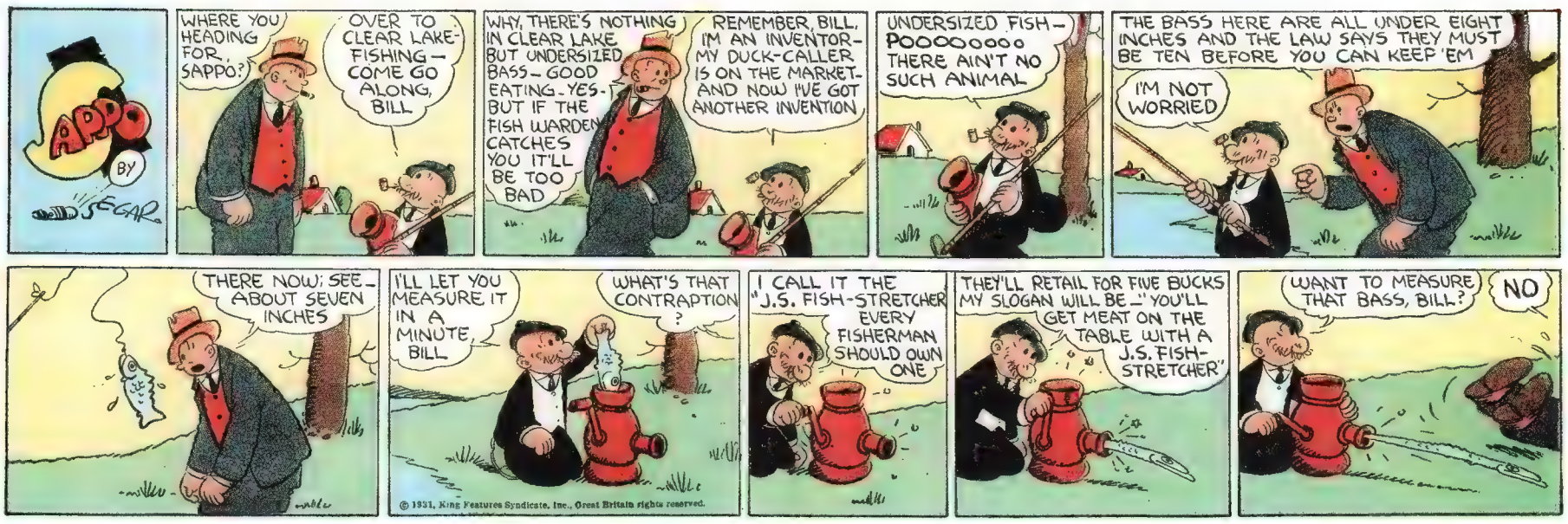

SO YOU ADMIT HE'S GOT YA LICKED EVEN BEFORE YA GET IN DE RING? 'FRAID OF 'IM, EH?
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16
AVAST, YA UNDERSIZED HALF PINT- DON'T PAY NO 'TENTION TO WHAT I TELLS OLIVE OYL- I'M JUS' WORKIN' ON'ER SYMPTHITY
!
17
YOU REALLY THINK HE'LL TAKE YOU APART?
I WOULDN'T BE SUSPRISED- KISS ME
AW, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD!!
18
YOU'D BETTER GO NOW. I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE FOR HOURS CRYING MY EYES OUT
I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ME WHOLE LIFE
YA GOTTA FORGET DE DAMES AN' HIT DE HAY OILY OR YA GOT NO CHANCE WID TINEARO
TINEARO- POOOOOOOO— HE'S THE MOST CHEESE I EVER DID SEE
3-29
TO BE CONTINUED
SEGAR
20

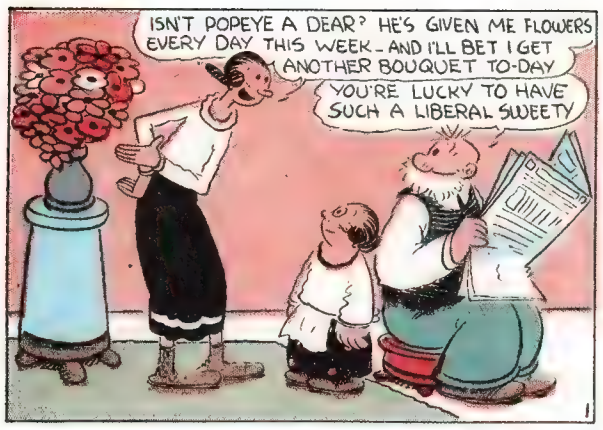

POPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
SURE, HE'S A QUACK DOCTOR- HE CHARGED ME A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A FEW PILLS AND A LITTLE ADVICE- AND MY INDIGESTION IS NO BETTER
I'LL BET YOUR HUSBAND WAS PLENTY MAD
I'LL SAY HE WAS!
HERE'S THE FUNNY PART OF IT- YOU KNOW JOHN INVENTED A DUCK-CALLER -WELL, HE'S FOLLOWING THAT DOCTOR AROUND, LETTING THE PUBLIC KNOW THE KIND OF AN M.D. HE IS
HA! HA! THAT'S GOOD
QUACK
QUACK
M.D.
SEE HERE- YOU'RE DRIVING ME NUTTY- I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS FOR THAT DUCK-CALLER
AND I'M HOLDING OUT FOR TWENTY
QUACK
ALL RIGHT- HERE'S TWENTY
THANKS
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK


THIS IS FINE TRAINING. WAIT TILL HE GETS POPEYE IN THE RING! HOW MANY BULLS HAS TINEARO KNOCKED OUT TODAY, CASTOR?
39
TINEARO
1
LISTEN - WE GOTTA SHOW UP DIS TINEARO - HE AIN'T DE ONLY BIRD DAT CAN KNOCK OUT BULLS - YOU CAN DO IT, CAN'TCHA?
THA'S EASY FOR ME
2
BUT I AIN'T GONER WASTE NO MONEY BUYIN' BULLS - AN' THA'SA FACK
AIN'TCHA GOTTA LET DE PUBLIC KNOW HOW GOOD YA ARE?
3
PUBLICK ME EYE - THE WORSTER THEY THINKS I AM THE BIGGER THEY'LL BE SUSPRISED
I GOT DAT DOPED - WE DON'T BUY DE BULLS
WE GOES INTO SOME PASTURE AN' PICKS A NICE BULL AN' YOU POPS 'IM - SEE - ? I GOT DAT DOPED
GOOD IGEA
5
I'LL HUNT UP A BULL AND YOU GO GET A NEWSPAPER MAN - WE GOTTA HAVE PUBLICITY
6
I GUESS BAT'S RIGHT - EVERY SPRIZE FIGHTER MUS' HAVE PUBLICKSITY
7
NO USE BEIN CHOOSEY DIS ONE'S OKAY - DEY ALL LOOK ALIKE TO ME
8
DER'S DE BULL, POPEYE, GO SMACK 'IM SILLY
9
SURE, YA SAP - POP 'IM A STIFF ONE HE AIN'T OURS
10
LISTEN, FELLA - GET ALL DE ACTION, SEE - DON'T MUFF NOTHIN
THIS ISN'T A MOVIE CAMERA
11
AWRIGHT, SAILOR, GIVE 'IM DE WOIKS! UNCORK A HOT ONE! LAM INTO HIM!
12
SOCK
CLICK
13
I WANT DE PICTURE ON DE SPORT PAGE - BIG! SEE? BIG!
I'LL GIVE YOU EIGHT COLUMS, IS THAT BIG ENOUGH?
SWELL! SWELL! AND DON'T FORGET TO TELL DE FOLKS ABOUT POPEYE'S TRAINER BEIN' BATTLIN' McGNAT - DE GUY DAT KNOCKED T.N.T. SMITH KICKIN' IN DE FOIST ROUND
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
16
LATER
WHOOPS! I'M A BULL-FIGHTER
IT'S IN - HE GIVE US EIGHT COLUMS - YOU'RE MADE!
17
BLOW ME DOWN! JUS' LOOK AT THAT OL' ONE-EYED SAILOR!
IT'S MY IDEAR, REMEMBER DAT!
18
YEAH, OLIVE - IT'S IN - LOOK AT THE BIG PITCHER OF ME! WE AIN'T READ THE WORDS YET
WHY, CERTAINLY IT'S A COW, YOU DUMB-BELLS!
MISTER McGNAT, I WANTS TO SEE YA OUTSIDE!
!
TO BE CONTINUED -
4-5
SEGAR
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SPORT XTRA
POPEYE KNOCKS OUT POOR OLD MILK COW
AND POPEYE
SHE MAY BE A MOTHER - WHO KNOWS?


APPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
A SPORTING GOODS MANUFACTURER IS COMING TO LOOK AT THE DUCK-CALLER I'VE INVENTED
IF HE TAKES IT IT'LL MEAN A NICE LITTLE ROYALTY ON EACH ONE HE SELLS
QUACK
COME RIGHT IN, MISTER DOODAD. I'M ALL SET TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION
YES - THE BLINDFOLD IS NECESSARY - AS YOU KNOW I HAVE HERE A REAL DUCK - ALSO A DUCK-CALLER OR IMITATOR - YOU WILL NOW HEAR THE QUACK OF THE LIVE DUCK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
I COULD TELL THAT WAS A REAL DUCK ALL RIGHT - I'VE HEARD THEM THOUSANDS OF TIMES
AND NOW - I'LL BLOW MY DUCK-CALLER
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
QUACK
ROTTEN!! I WOULDN'T PAY OVER A TWO-CENT ROYALTY ON A THING LIKE THAT
!
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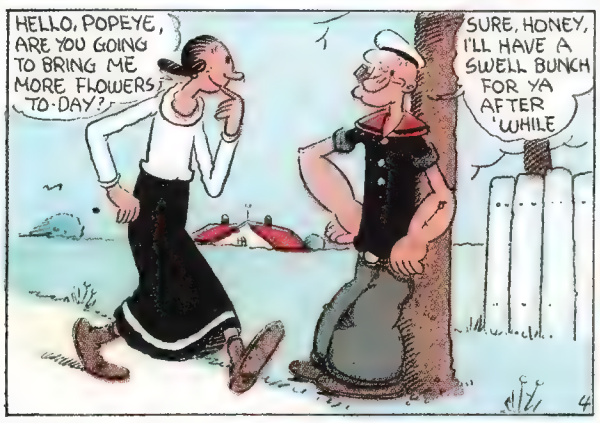

LISTEN, FELLA, DIS AIN'T DE WAY TO GETCHASELF IN SHAPE TO FIGHT DAT BIG GAZABO— DE IDEAR!, SITTIN' AROUND LIKE DIS DOIN' NUTTIN'— NOW LISTEN TO ME— I'M YOUR TRAINER—
I WON'T LISTEN TO NO UNEDGEMACATED RUNT LIKE YOU ARE— YER IGMORANT— YER LANGWITCH IS TURRIBLE!! "DIS" AN' "DAT" THA'S ARFUL!
1
LANGUICH HAS NUTTIN TO DO WID FIGHTIN'— NOW LEMME TELL YA SUMPIN'— YA GOTTA GET TRAINED DOWN FINE! — I KNOW MY HUCKLEBERRIES, SEE WHAT I MEAN?
NOW LEMME TELL YOU SUMPIN', MISTER MEGNAT— I DON'T NEED NO TRAININ' TO LICK "TINEARO." HE'S THE MOST CHEESE I EVER DID SEE
2
CASTOR, I'VE AN IDEA— I'LL BUY A BIG BOUQUET AND SEND IT TO POPEYE— ABOUT A HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF FLOWERS— THAT'LL GET HIS GOAT AND RUIN HIS MORALE
FINE! LET'S DO IT NOW
HURRY— I WANT TO GET BUSY KNOCKIN' OUT BULLS— IT'S GOOD PRACTICE
3
GEE— LOOK AT DE SWELL FLOWERS! SOMEBODY'S GETTIN A PIP OF A BOUQUET
I SAYS SO!
4
MISTER POPEYE, HERE'S SOME FLOWERS FOR YOU
WHO ME !?
?
5
THE CARD SAYS— "TO POPEYE FROM TINEARO"
OF ALL DE NOIVE! WAIT'LL I SEE DAT BOZO! I'LL GO TELL 'IM A FEW RIGHT NOW
6
SHOW ME DE BIG HAM AN' BEANER DAT SENT DE BLOSSOMS TO POPEYE!
7
YA HEARD ME, FELLA— I SAYS DEY DON'T COME TOO BIG FOR BAT MEGNAT
8
I'LL KNOCK YA FOR A TWISTER!! COME ON— FIGHT!!
9
SOCK
10
11
DE IDEAR— HITTIN' A LITTLE HALF-PINT LIKE ME!
OUW! WHAT A SOCK DAT GUY'S GOT!!
12
SENDIN' FLOWERS TO A FIGHTER IS BAD— IT RUINS DE MORALE — I GOT A HUNCH POPEYE'S WORRIED SICK— I GOTTA FIND 'IM AND CHEER 'IM UP
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4-12
13
POPEYE, I'LL BET YOU SPENT YOUR LAST CENT FOR THESE FLOWERS
SURE I DID! THA'S HOW MUCH I LOVES YA!
!
TO BE CONTINUED
SEGAR

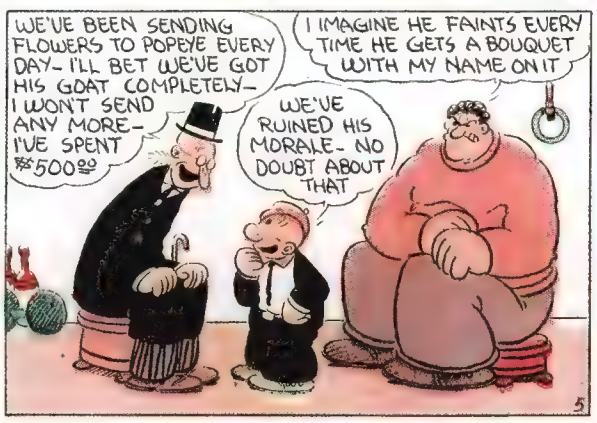

APPO
BY
SEGAR
WHERE YOU HEADING FOR, SAPPO?
OVER TO CLEAR LAKE— FISHING— COME GO ALONG, BILL
WHY, THERE'S NOTHING IN CLEAR LAKE BUT UNDERSIZED BASS— GOOD EATING— YES— BUT IF THE FISH WARDEN CATCHES YOU IT'LL BE TOO BAD
REMEMBER, BILL, I'M AN INVENTOR— MY DUCK-CALLER IS ON THE MARKET— AND NOW I'VE GOT ANOTHER INVENTION
UNDERSIZED FISH— POOOOOOOO THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL
THE BASS HERE ARE ALL UNDER EIGHT INCHES AND THE LAW SAYS THEY MUST BE TEN BEFORE YOU CAN KEEP 'EM
I'M NOT WORRIED
THERE NOW; SEE— ABOUT SEVEN INCHES
I'LL LET YOU MEASURE IT IN A MINUTE, BILL
WHAT'S THAT CONTRAPTION ?
I CALL IT THE "J.S. FISH-STRETCHER EVERY FISHERMAN SHOULD OWN ONE
THEY'LL RETAIL FOR FIVE BUCKS MY SLOGAN WILL BE—" YOU'LL GET MEAT ON THE TABLE WITH A J.S. FISH-STRETCHER"
WANT TO MEASURE THAT BASS, BILL?
NO
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ISN'T POPEYE A DEAR? HE'S GIVEN ME FLOWERS EVERY DAY THIS WEEK - AND I'LL BET I GET ANOTHER BOUQUET TO-DAY
YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A LIBERAL SWEETY
1

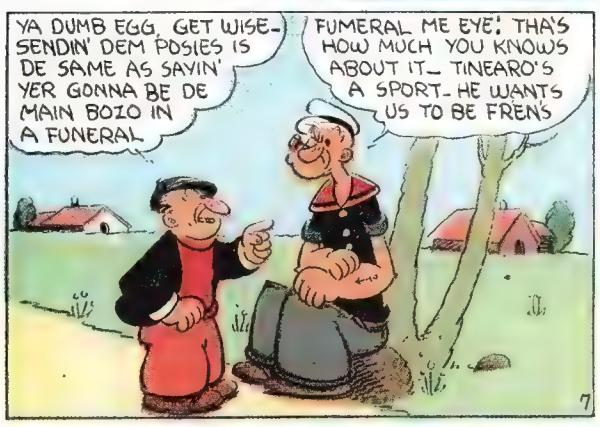

I'M TELLIN' YA, MISTER OYL- THIS TINEARO", WHICH I GOT TO FIGHT IN THE RING, IS A HECK OF A SWELL GUY - HE'S OKAY!
SOUNDS FUNNY TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT
?
2

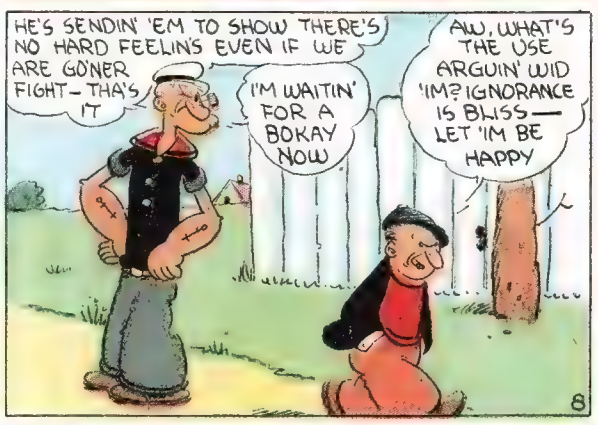

AN' FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER HE LIKES ME - I HATES TO FIGHT A SWELL MAN LIKE HIM
WELL, I'LL BE ~~~! WONDER WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?
3

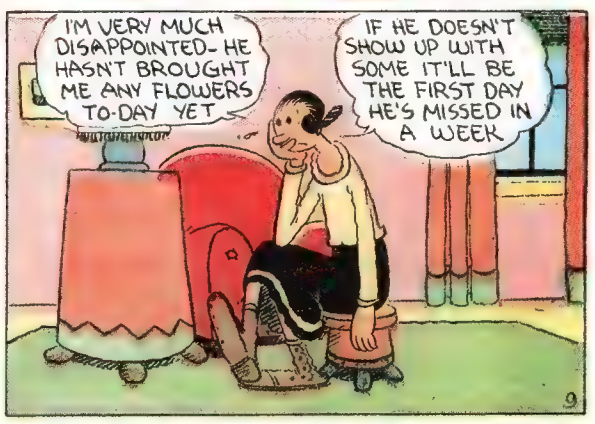

HELLO, POPEYE, ARE YOU GOING TO BRING ME MORE FLOWERS TO-DAY?
SURE, HONEY, I'LL HAVE A SWELL BUNCH FOR YA AFTER 'WHILE
4


WE'VE BEEN SENDING FLOWERS TO POPEYE EVERY DAY - I'LL BET WE'VE GOT HIS GOAT COMPLETELY - I WON'T SEND ANY MORE - I'VE SPENT $500.00
I IMAGINE HE FAINTS EVERY TIME HE GETS A BOUQUET WITH MY NAME ON IT
WE'VE RUINED HIS MORALE - NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT
5

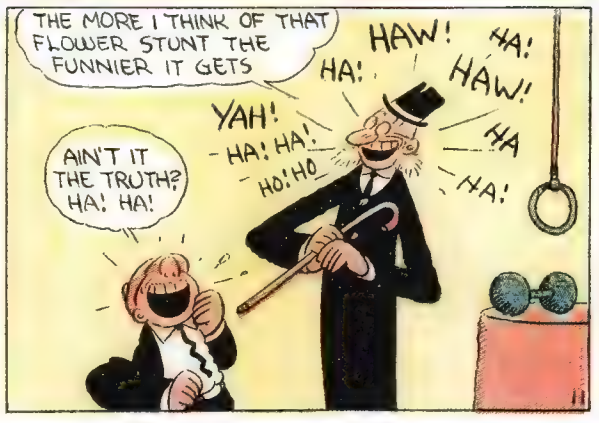

GETTIN' DEM BLOSSOMS DON'T WORRY YOU, DOES IT, POPEYE? YA TEAR TINEARO'S TAG OFF AND GIVE 'EM TO YER SWEETY, DONTCHA?
YEAH, BUT DON'T TELL TINEARO I'M GIVIN' 'EM AWAY BECAUSE HE'S ME FREN'
6

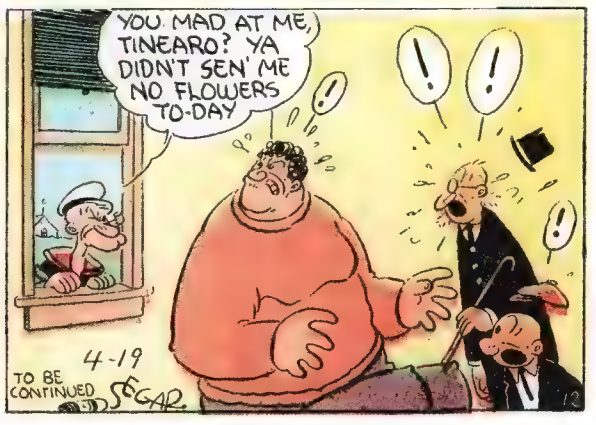

YA DUMB EGG, GET WISE - SENDIN' DEM POSIES IS DE SAME AS SAVIN' YER GONNA BE DE MAIN BOZO IN A FUNERAL
FUMERAL ME EYE! THA'S HOW MUCH YOU KNOWS ABOUT IT - TINEARO'S A SPORT - HE WANTS US TO BE FREN'S
7

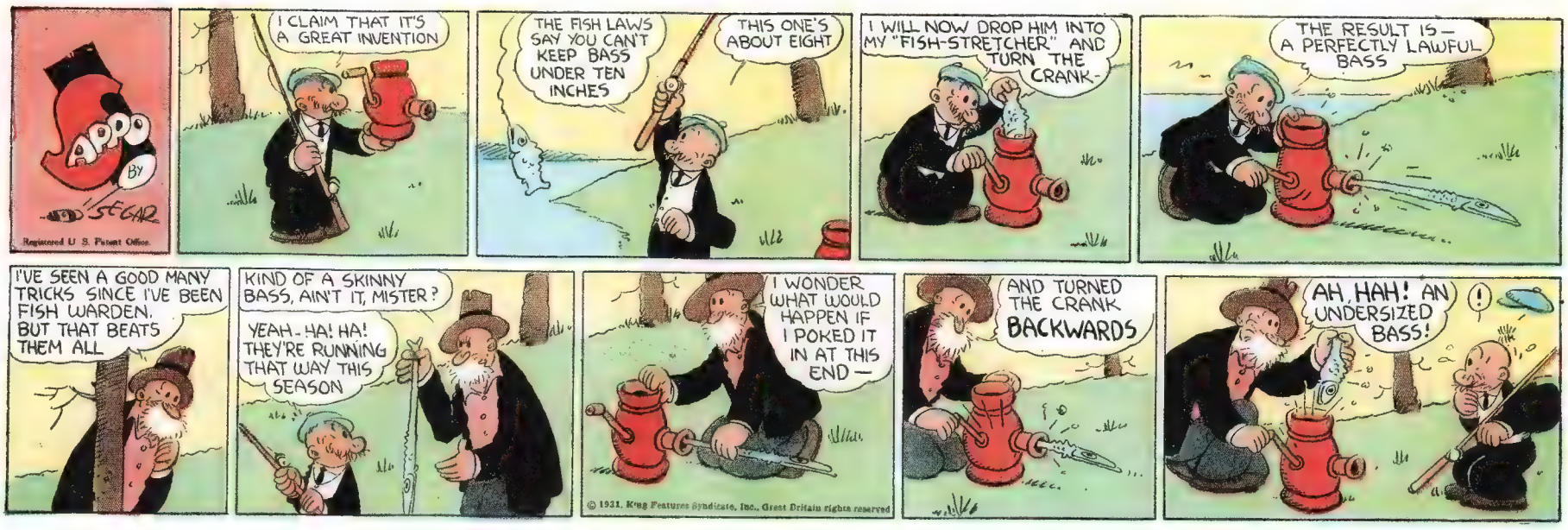

HE'S SENDIN' 'EM TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELIN'S EVEN IF WE ARE GO'NER FIGHT - THA'S IT
I'M WAITIN' FOR A BOKAY NOW
AW, WHAT'S THE USE ARGUIN' WID 'IM? IGNORANCE IS BLISS — LET 'IM BE HAPPY
8

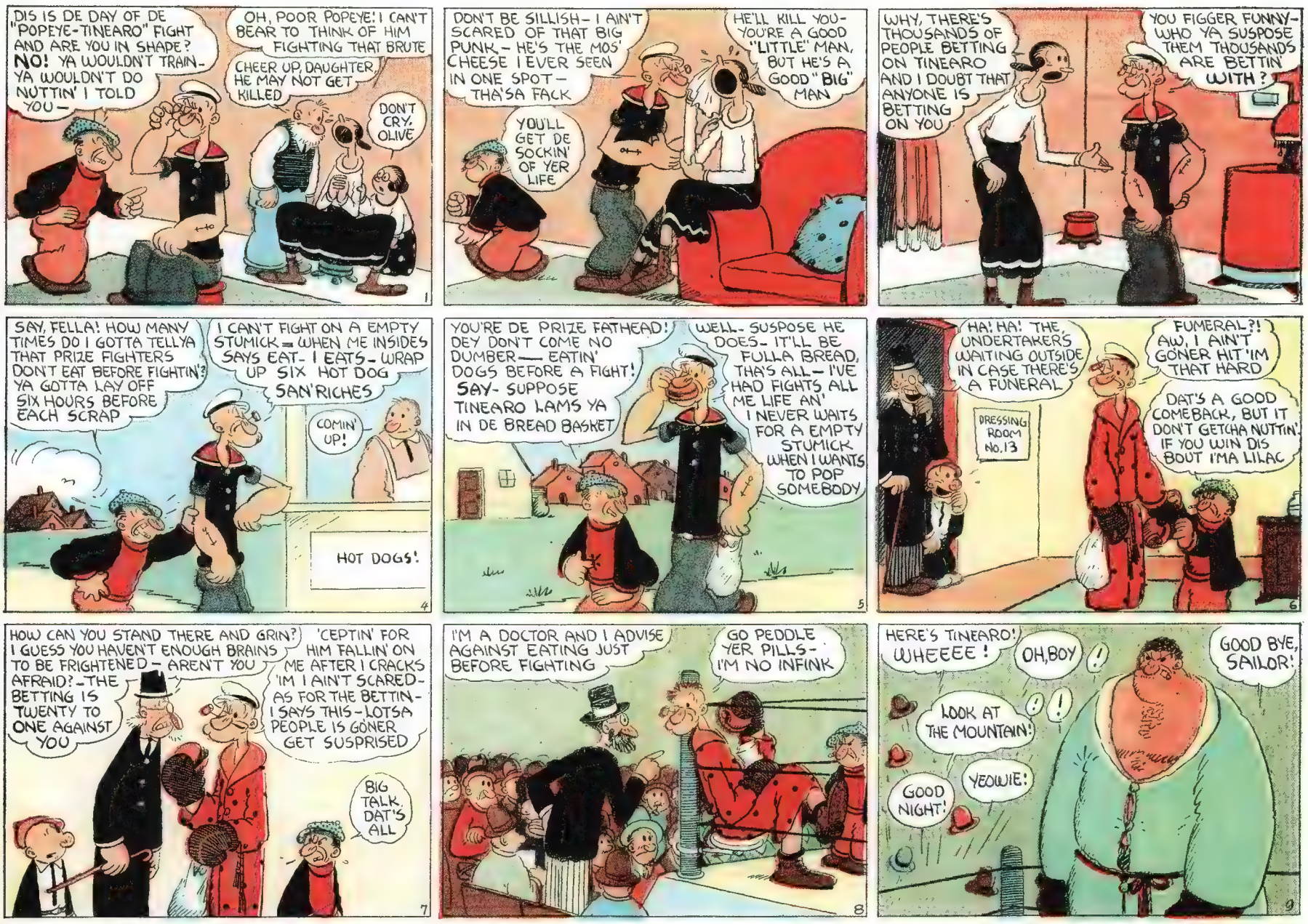

I'M VERY MUCH DISAPPOINTED - HE HASN'T BROUGHT ME ANY FLOWERS TO-DAY YET
IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP WITH SOME IT'LL BE THE FIRST DAY HE'S MISSED IN A WEEK
9


I WON'T WAIT ANY LONGER - THE SUN'S ALMOST DOWN - I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S WRONG
10

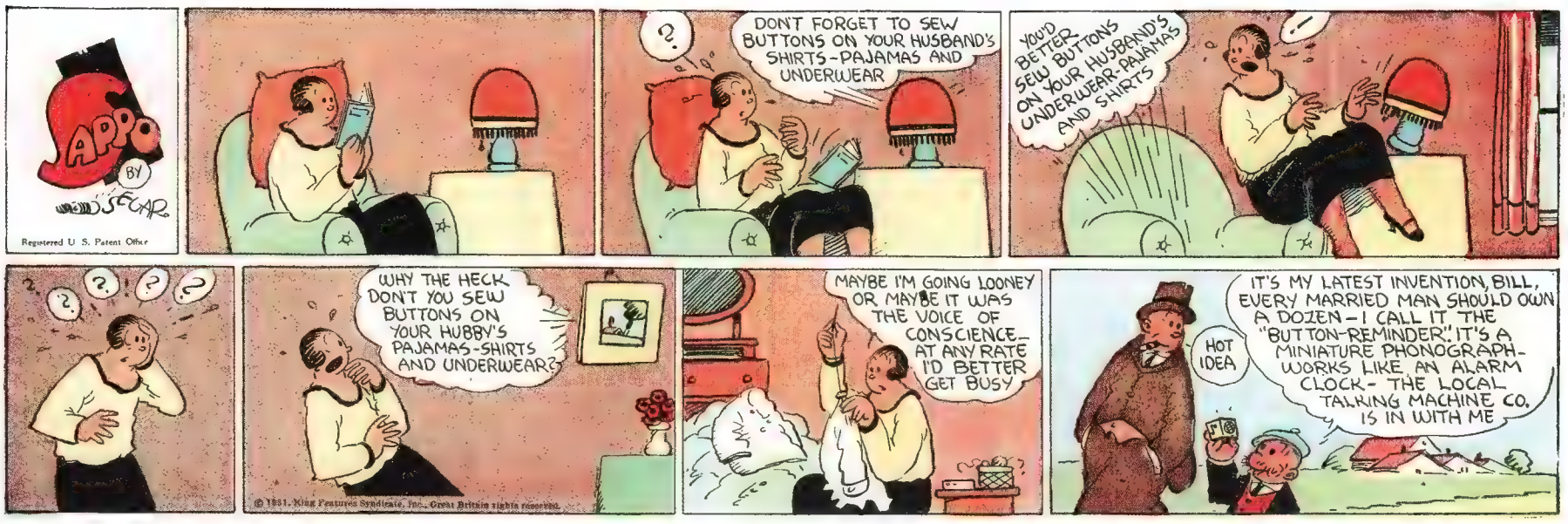

THE MORE I THINK OF THAT FLOWER STUNT THE FUNNIER IT GETS
HAW! HA! HA! HAW! HA! HA!
YAH! HA! HA! HO! HO
AIN'T IT THE TRUTH? HA! HA!
11

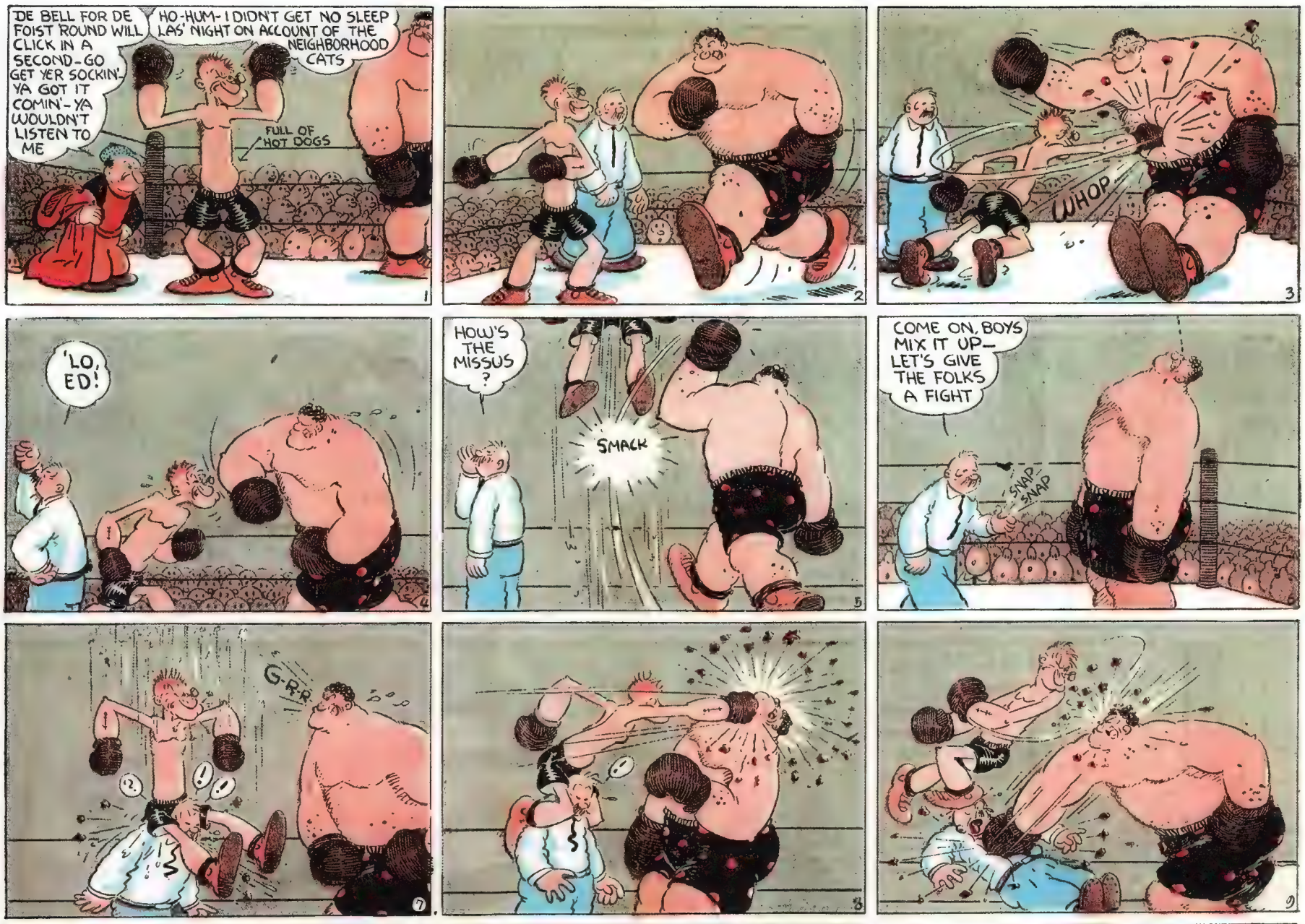

YOU MAD AT ME, TINEARO? YA DIDN'T SEN' ME NO FLOWERS TO-DAY
4-19
TO BE CONTINUED
SEGAR
12


POPEYE
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I CLAIM THAT IT'S A GREAT INVENTION
THE FISH LAWS SAY YOU CAN'T KEEP BASS UNDER TEN INCHES
THIS ONE'S ABOUT EIGHT
I WILL NOW DROP HIM INTO MY "FISH-STRETCHER" AND TURN THE CRANK -
THE RESULT IS — A PERFECTLY LAWFUL BASS
I'VE SEEN A GOOD MANY TRICKS SINCE I'VE BEEN FISH WARDEN. BUT THAT BEATS THEM ALL
KIND OF A SKINNY BASS, AIN'T IT, MISTER?
YEAH - HA! HA! THEY'RE RUNNING THAT WAY THIS SEASON
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I POKED IT IN AT THIS END —
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AND TURNED THE CRANK BACKWARDS
AH, HAH! AN UNDERSIZED BASS!


DIS IS DE DAY OF DE "POPEYE-TINEARO" FIGHT AND ARE YOU IN SHAPE? NO! YA WOULDN'T TRAIN- YA WOULDN'T DO NUTTIN' I TOLD YOU—
OH, POOR POPEYE! I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF HIM FIGHTING THAT BRUTE
CHEER UP, DAUGHTER, HE MAY NOT GET KILLED
DON'T CRY, OLIVE
1
DON'T BE SILLISH—I AIN'T SCARED OF THAT BIG PUNK—HE'S THE MOS' CHEESE I EVER SEEN IN ONE SPOT— THA'SA FACK
HE'LL KILL YOU- YOU'RE A GOOD "LITTLE" MAN, BUT HE'S A GOOD "BIG" MAN
YOU'LL GET DE SOCKIN' OF YER LIFE
2
WHY, THERE'S THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE BETTING ON TINEARO AND I DOUBT THAT ANYONE IS BETTING ON YOU
YOU FIGGER FUNNY- WHO YA SUSPOSE THEM THOUSANDS ARE BETTIN' WITH?
3
SAY, FELLA! HOW MANY TIMES DO I GOTTA TELLYA THAT PRIZE FIGHTERS DON'T EAT BEFORE FIGHTIN'? YA GOTTA LAY OFF SIX HOURS BEFORE EACH SCRAP
I CAN'T FIGHT ON A EMPTY STUMICK = WHEN ME INSIDES SAYS EAT- I EATS- WRAP UP SIX HOT DOG SAN'RICHES
COMIN' UP!
HOT DOGS!
4
YOU'RE DE PRIZE FATHEAD! DEY DON'T COME NO DUMBER— EATIN' DOGS BEFORE A FIGHT! SAY- SUPPOSE TINEARO LAMS YA IN DE BREAD BASKET
WELL- SUSPOSE HE DOES- IT'LL BE FULLA BREAD, THA'S ALL— I'VE HAD FIGHTS ALL ME LIFE AN' I NEVER WAITS FOR A EMPTY STUMICK WHEN I WANTS TO POP SOMEBODY
5
HA! HA! THE UNDERTAKER'S WAITING OUTSIDE IN CASE THERE'S A FUNERAL
FUMERAL?! AW, I AIN'T GONER HIT 'IM THAT HARD
DRESSING ROOM No. 13
DAT'S A GOOD COMEBACK, BUT IT DON'T GETCHA NUTTIN'. IF YOU WIN DIS BOUT I'MA LILAC
6
HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND GRIN? I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BRAINS TO BE FRIGHTENED— AREN'T YOU AFRAID?—THE BETTING IS TWENTY TO ONE AGAINST YOU
'CEPTIN' FOR HIM FALLIN' ON ME AFTER I CRACKS 'IM I AIN'T SCARED- AS FOR THE BETTIN- I SAYS THIS- LOTSA PEOPLE IS GONER GET SUSPRISED
BIG TALK, DAT'S ALL
7
I'M A DOCTOR AND I ADVISE AGAINST EATING JUST BEFORE FIGHTING
GO PEDDLE YER PILLS- I'M NO INFINK
8
HERE'S TINEARO!
WHEEEE!
OH, BOY
GOOD BYE, SAILOR!
LOOK AT THE MOUNTAIN!
YEOWIE!
GOOD NIGHT!
9

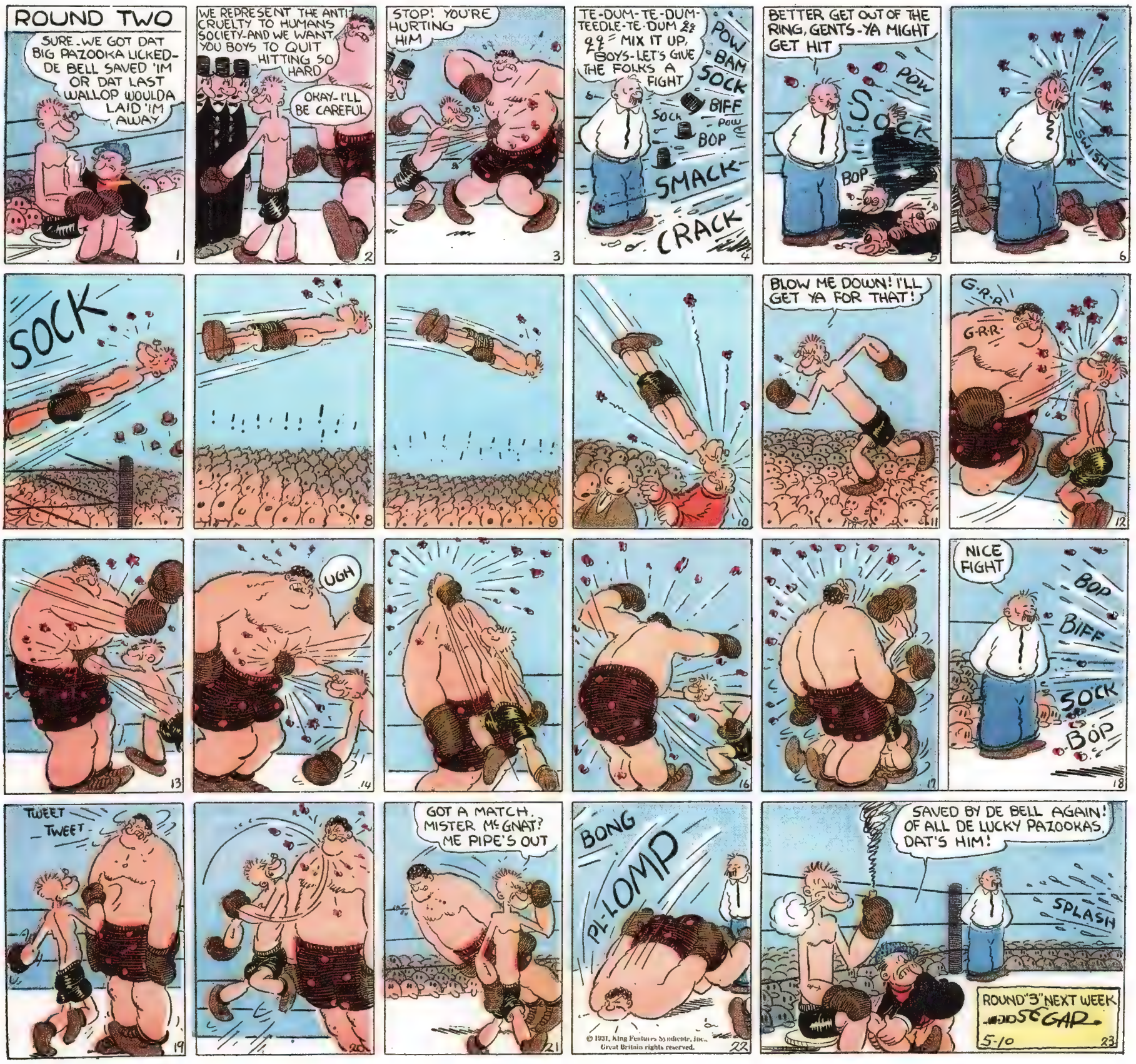

GEE— HE BROKE THROUGH THE RING!
WHAT THU—?!
CRASH
© 1931, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.
TO
WHAT A MAN!
HE WENT THROUGH AS IF IT WAS MADE OF PAPER
HE MUST WEIGH A MILLION POUNDS
HOLY SMOKE
THA'S WHAT YA GETS FOR BEIN SUCHA BIG ELEPHINK— HERE, HAVE A HOT DOG WHILE WE'RE WAITIN' FOR 'EM TO FIX THAT HOLE
NO, THANKS- I'VE GOT BETTER SENSE THAN TO EAT BEFORE A FIGHT
YA MUS'BE DELIKIT
TO BE CONTINUED
4-26
SEGAR

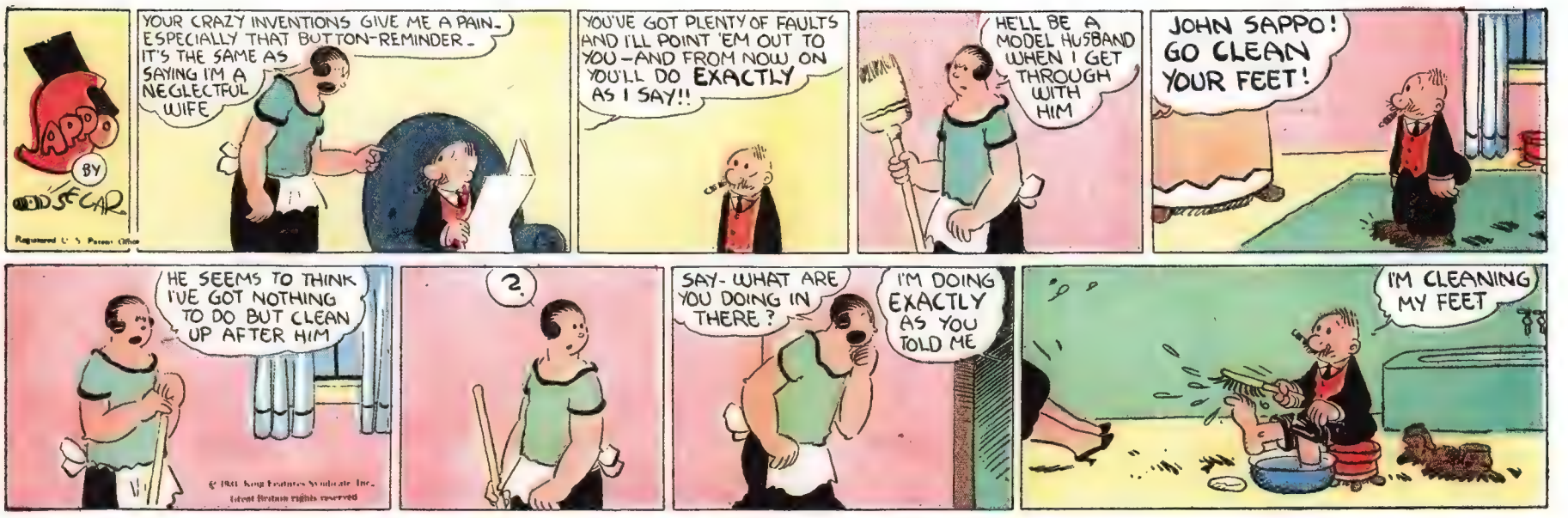

POPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
DON'T FORGET TO SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SHIRTS-PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR
YOU'D BETTER SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S UNDERWEAR-PAJAMAS AND SHIRTS
WHY THE HECK DON'T YOU SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUBBY'S PAJAMAS-SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR?
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MAYBE I'M GOING LOONEY OR MAYBE IT WAS THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE— AT ANY RATE I'D BETTER GET BUSY
HOT IDEA
IT'S MY LATEST INVENTION, BILL, EVERY MARRIED MAN SHOULD OWN A DOZEN—I CALL IT THE "BUTTON-REMINDER". IT'S A MINIATURE PHONOGRAPH- WORKS LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK- THE LOCAL TALKING MACHINE CO. IS IN WITH ME


DE BELL FOR DE FOIST ROUND WILL CLICK IN A SECOND-GO GET YER SOCKIN'-YA GOT IT COMIN'-YA WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME
HO-HUM-I DIDN'T GET NO SLEEP LAS' NIGHT ON ACCOUNT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD CATS
FULL OF HOT DOGS
WHOP
'LO, ED!
HOW'S THE MISSUS?
SMACK
COME ON, BOYS MIX IT UP— LET'S GIVE THE FOLKS A FIGHT
SNAP SNAP
G-R-R
BONG
CRACK
G-R-R
G-R-R-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R
NOT BAD, FELLA-WE'LL LICK DE BIG PAZOOKA YET. WE GOT 'IM GROGGY NOW. SEE WHAT I MEAN? WE HIT DAT BOZO A GOOD WALLOP- DE BELL SAVED HIM
DO SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING! ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM LAY HERE LIKE THIS? CARRY HIM TO HIS CORNER!
ROUND "2" NEXT WEEK
SEGAR
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SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
A "BUTTON-REMINDER"!? OF ALL THE FOOL INVENTORS YOU'RE THE CHAMP
THE PHONOGRAPH COMPANY THOUGHT WELL ENOUGH OF IT TO GO IN WITH ME
A HUSBAND GETS TIRED OF TELLING HIS WIFE TO SEW BUTTONS ON HIS SHIRTS, ETC -
SO HE HIDES MY MINIATURE PHONOGRAPH IN SOME ROOM- IT WORKS LIKE AN ALARM CLOCK
WHEN IT GOES OFF IT STARTLES THE WIFE AND THE MESSAGE MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON HER MIND
WHY DON'T YOU SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S PAJAMAS?
ANOTHER BUTTON OFF!! SAY, I'M GOING TO TEACH HER A LESSON
GOOD-BYE JOHN- I'M GOING TO GIVE A LECTURE AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB
OKAY
LADIES OF THE CLUB- MRS. SAPPO WILL NOW ADDRESS YOU- THE SUBJECT WILL BE "A WIFE'S DUTIES
AS I SAID BEFORE- THE THINGS THAT COUNT ARE THE LITTLE THINGS YOU DO FOR YOUR HUSBAND
WHY DON'T YOU SEW BUTTONS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S UNDERWEAR?
I NEVER WAS SO EMBARRASSED IN ALL MY LIFE!
WILL YOU STOP GIGGLING?
HA HA HEE
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ROUND TWO


SURE - WE GOT DAT BIG PAZOOKA LICKED-DE BELL SAVED 'IM OR DAT LAST WALLOP WOULDA LAID 'IM AWAY
WE REPRESENT THE ANTI-CRUELTY TO HUMANS SOCIETY - AND WE WANT YOU BOYS TO QUIT HITTING SO HARD
OKAY - I'LL BE CAREFUL
STOP! YOU'RE HURTING HIM
TE-DUM-TE-DUM-TEEDLE-TE-DUM ♫♫ MIX IT UP, BOYS - LET'S GIVE THE FOLKS A FIGHT
POW
BAM
SOCK
BIFF
SOCK
POW
BOP
SMACK
CRACK
BETTER GET OUT OF THE RING, GENTS - YA MIGHT GET HIT
POW
SOCK
BOP
SWISH
SOCK
BLOW ME DOWN! I'LL GET YA FOR THAT!
G-R-R
G-R-R
UGH
TWEET TWEET
GOT A MATCH, MISTER MCGNAT? ME PIPE'S OUT
BONG
PLOMP
SAVED BY DE BELL AGAIN! OF ALL DE LUCKY PAZOOKAS, DAT'S HIM!
SPLASH
ROUND "3" NEXT WEEK
SEGAR
5-10
NICE FIGHT
BOP
BIFF
SOCK
BOP


JAPPO
BY
SEGAR
YOUR CRAZY INVENTIONS GIVE ME A PAIN - ESPECIALLY THAT BUTTON-REMINDER - IT'S THE SAME AS SAYING I'M A NEGLECTFUL WIFE
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF FAULTS AND I'LL POINT 'EM OUT TO YOU - AND FROM NOW ON YOU'LL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!!
HE'LL BE A MODEL HUSBAND WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM
JOHN SAPPO! GO CLEAN YOUR FEET!
HE SEEMS TO THINK I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO BUT CLEAN UP AFTER HIM
2.
SAY - WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?
I'M DOING EXACTLY AS YOU TOLD ME
I'M CLEANING MY FEET

TINEARO, I'VE GOT ONE MILLION DOLLARS BET ON YOU... I'VE SPENT THOUSANDS GETTING YOU IN SHAPE FOR THIS FIGHT, AND HERE THE THIRD ROUND IS COMING UP AND YOU HAVEN'T HURT POPEYE YET

SNIFF

NOW WHEN THE BELL RINGS GO IN THERE AND TEAR HIM TO PIECES— TEAR 'IM TO PIECES

SURE

GRRR G-R-R-R-K GRRR-R-R

G-R-R-R-R-R-R GRRRRRR G-R-R-R-R-R-R-A GRR GRR GRRR GRRR

BONG

OUW

OUW

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?!

I'VE GOT SYMPATHY PAINS!

ME, TOO OUW

OUW

I'M GOIN' HOME! DIS SCRAP'S TOO BRUTAL

SOCK

POPEYE VS TINEARO

ADMISSION 5¢ — RINGSIDE SIX BITS

AND THEN POP-POP- POPEYE POPEYE-OUW ~ THIS CAN'T GO ON ~~ P-POPEYE

OUW SOCK!

SOCK

NICE FIGHT

SMASH SOCK

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SOCK

BLOW ME DOWN!!

YOU ROUGH NECK!

5-17

SEGAR

APPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

GOOD HEAVENS, JOHN! - OH!

'SMATTER ?!?

I'M GETTING FAT! FAT! - I WEIGHED MYSELF THIS MORNING AND I'M "200" POUNDS

IF THIS KEEPS UP I'LL BE READY FOR THE CIRCUS IN A MONTH

THAT'S A COINCIDENCE THE INVENTION I'M WORKING ON NOW IS FOR FAT PEOPLE

MYRTLE, COME TRY MY NEW INVENTION - IT'S A NEW KIND OF SCALE

SCALES GIVE ME A PAIN!

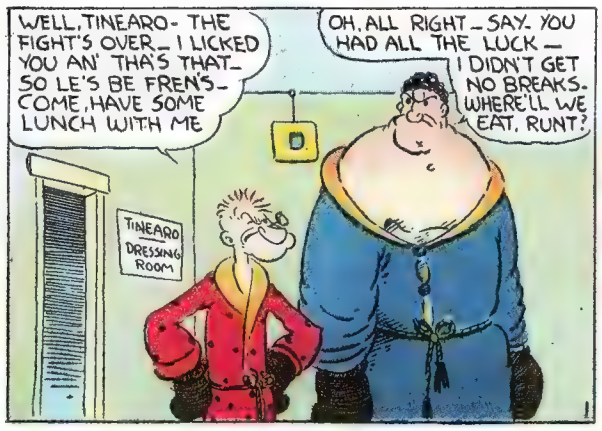
A HUNDRED AND TEN POUNDS!! THAT SCALE THIS MORNING MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG

TRA LA-LE LA

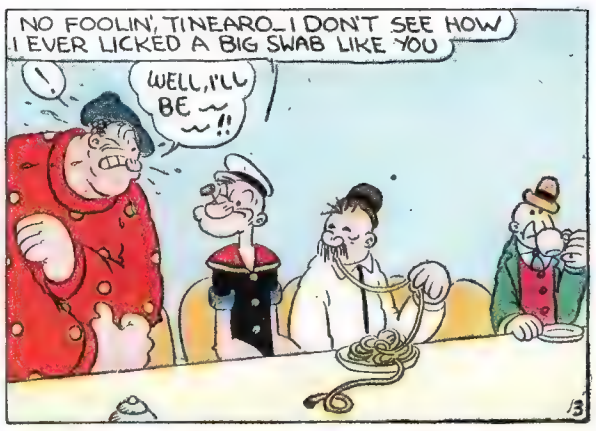
GREAT INVENTION, ISN'T IT? HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS

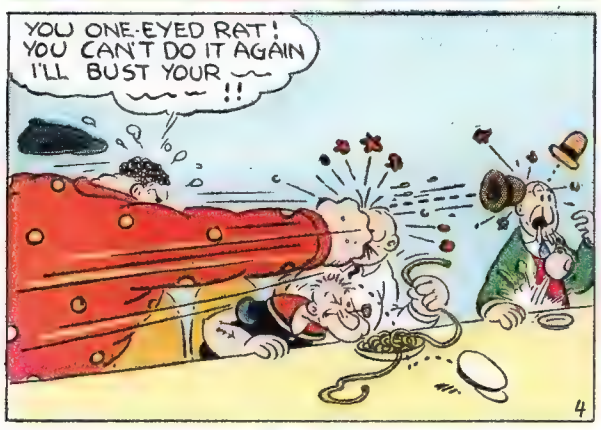
-WHEN A SKINNY LADY GETS ON, IT ADDS FORTY POUNDS TO HER WEIGHT- AND WHEN A FAT LADY LIKE YOURSELF STEPS ON IT TAKES NINETY OFF, SEE?

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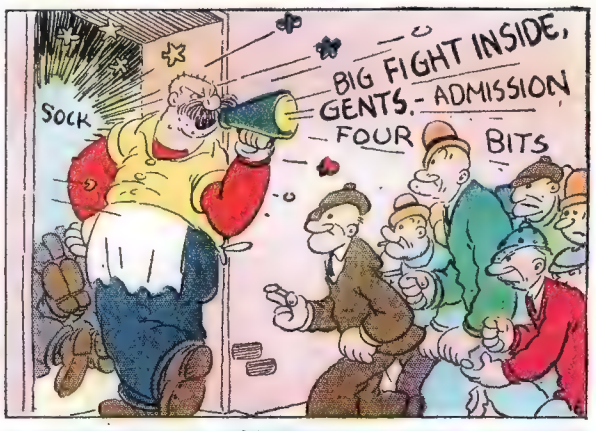

WELL, TINEARO- THE FIGHT'S OVER- I LICKED YOU AN' THA'S THAT- SO LE'S BE FREN'S- COME, HAVE SOME LUNCH WITH ME
OH, ALL RIGHT - SAY, YOU HAD ALL THE LUCK - I DIDN'T GET NO BREAKS- WHERE'LL WE EAT, RUNT?
TINEARO DRESSING ROOM
1

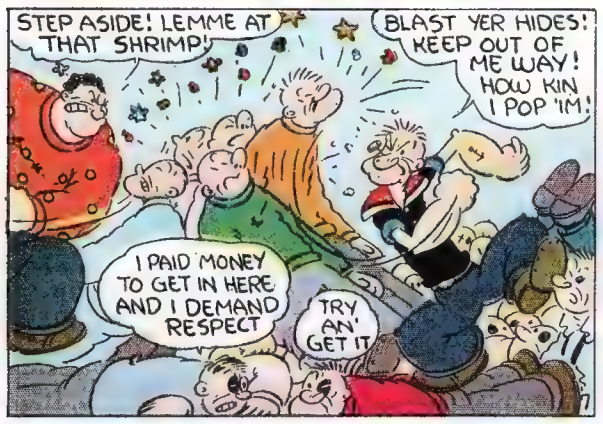

BLOW ME DOWN! HERE'S OUR OL' FREN. THE REF'REE WHICH COUNTED YOU OUT
QUIT BRINGIN' UP THAT FIGHT! I DON'T LIKE IT!
R-R-RUS BIFF- RARE!
2

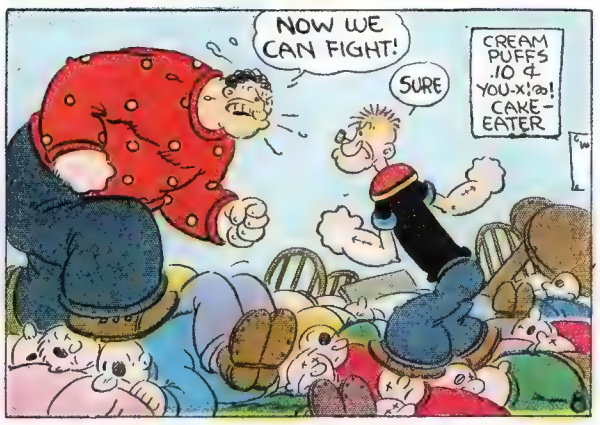

NO FOOLIN', TINEARO- I DON'T SEE HOW I EVER LICKED A BIG SWAB LIKE YOU
!
WELL, I'LL BE -!!
3


YOU ONE-EYED RAT! YOU CAN'T DO IT AGAIN I'LL BUST YOUR -!!
4

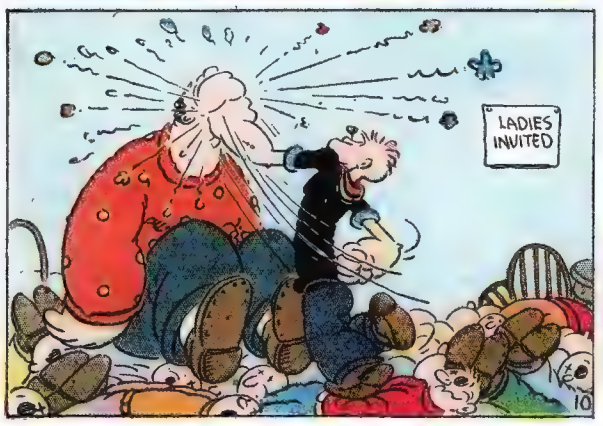

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
AW, LET 'EM FIGHT- IT'LL DRAW BIZNEZZ
5

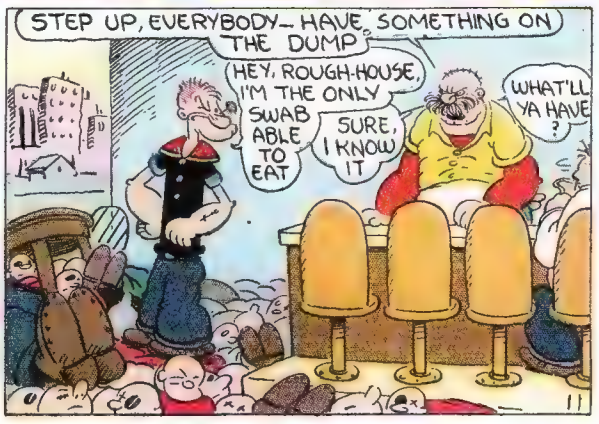

SOCK
BIG FIGHT INSIDE, GENTS.- ADMISSION FOUR BITS
6

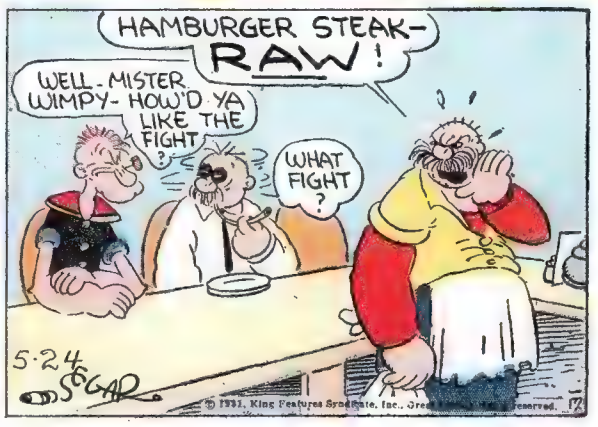

STEP ASIDE! LEMME AT THAT SHRIMP!
BLAST YER HIDES! KEEP OUT OF ME WAY! HOW KIN I POP 'IM!
I PAID MONEY TO GET IN HERE AND I DEMAND RESPECT
TRY AN' GET IT
7


NOW WE CAN FIGHT!
SURE
CREAM PUFFS .10 ¢ YOU-X!@! CAKE-EATER
8

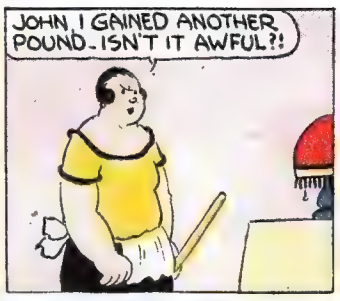

LADIES INVITED
9

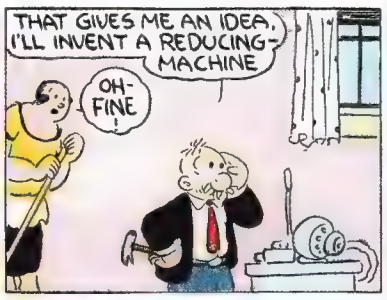

LADIES INVITED
10


STEP UP, EVERYBODY- HAVE SOMETHING ON THE DUMP
HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE, I'M THE ONLY SWAB ABLE TO EAT
SURE, I KNOW IT
WHAT'LL YA HAVE?
11

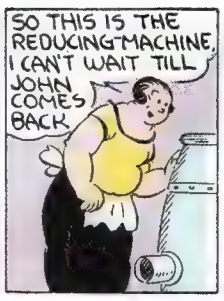

HAMBURGER STEAK- RAW!
WELL- MISTER WIMPY- HOW'D YA LIKE THE FIGHT?
WHAT FIGHT?
5-24 SEGAR
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12


POPEYE
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office


JOHN, I GAINED ANOTHER POUND- ISN'T IT AWFUL?!


THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, I'LL INVENT A REDUCING-MACHINE
OH- FINE!


LATER
WELL- THAT'S FINISHED- I'LL GO BUY SOME PAINT
TO START PUSH LEVER DOWN

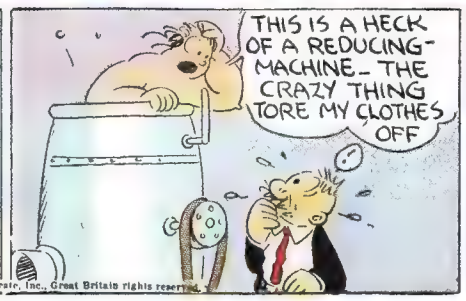

SO THIS IS THE REDUCING-MACHINE, I CAN'T WAIT TILL JOHN COMES BACK

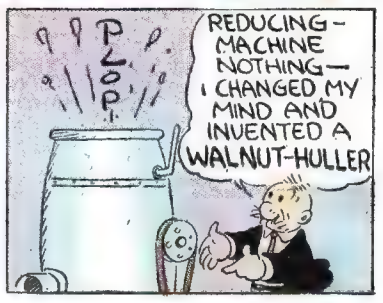

NOW I'LL PUSH THE LEVER DOWN- GEE, I HOPE IT WORKS
TO START PUSH LEVER DOWN


OUW! HELP!
R-R-R-R-

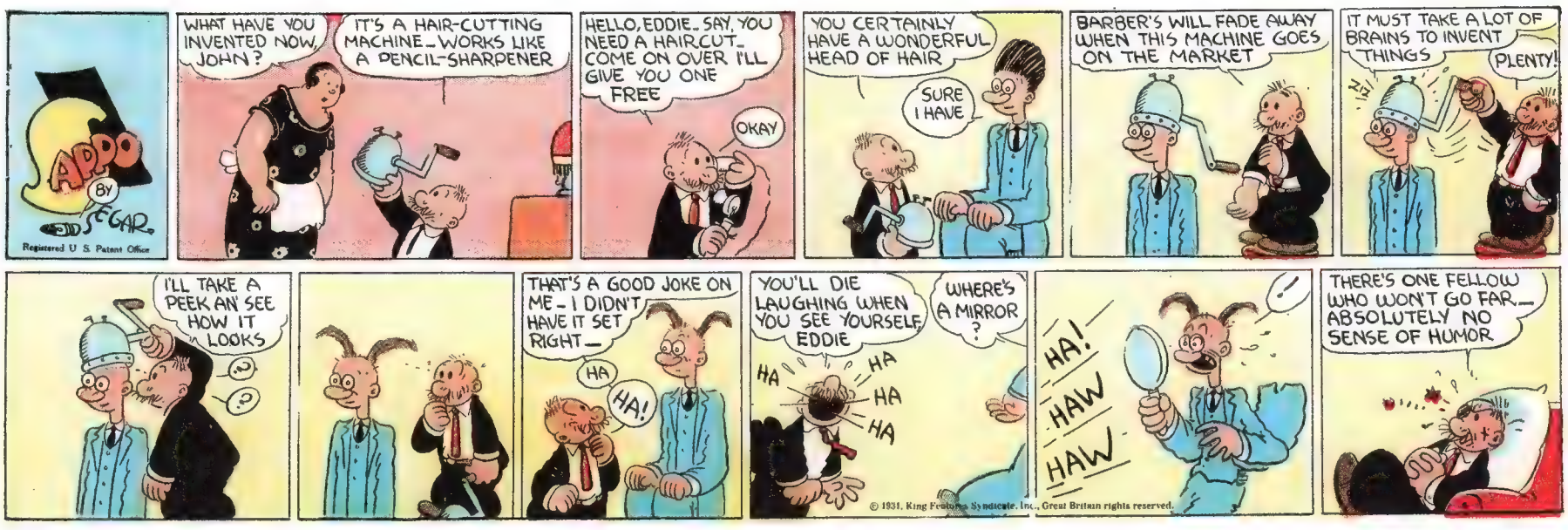

HELP HELP R-R-R-

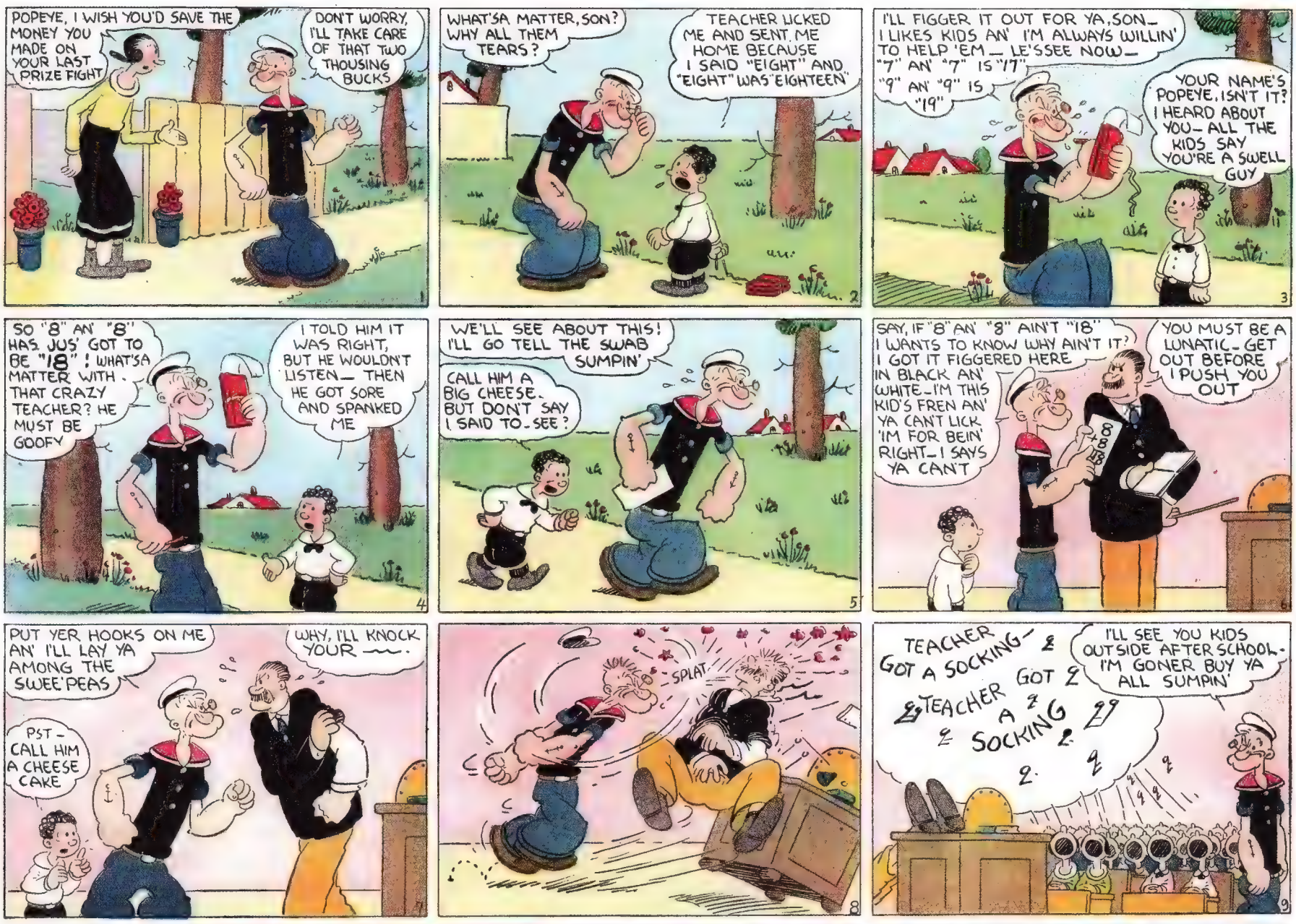

HELP - HELP
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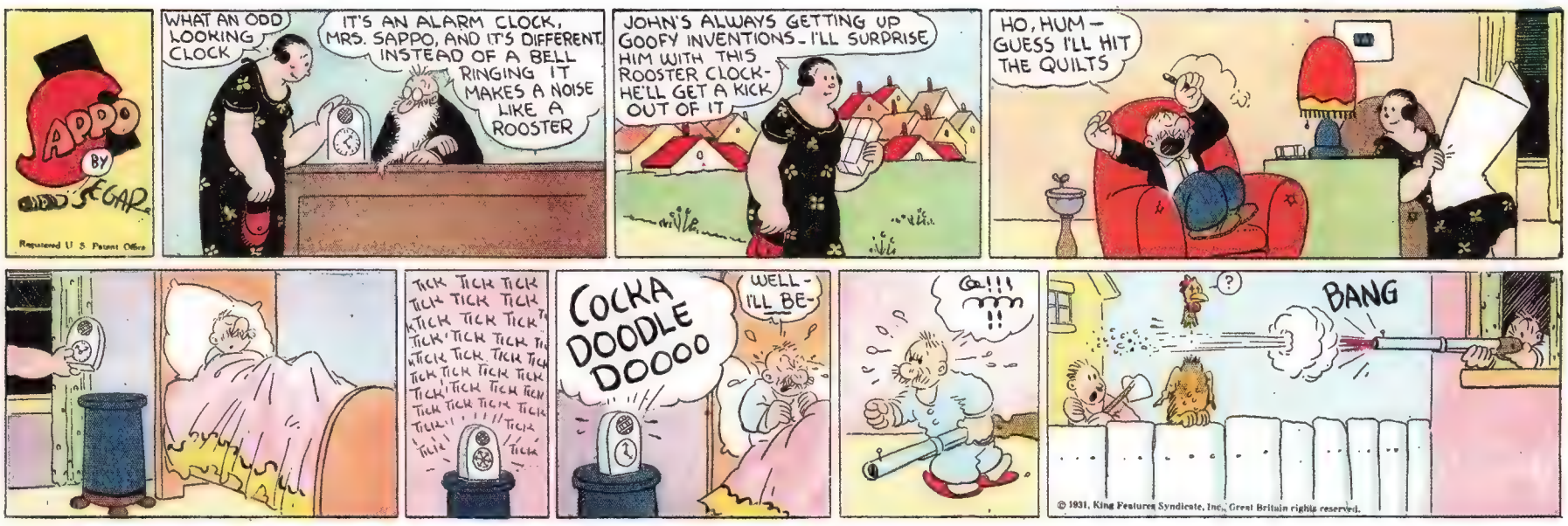

THIS IS A HECK OF A REDUCING-MACHINE- THE CRAZY THING TORE MY CLOTHES OFF

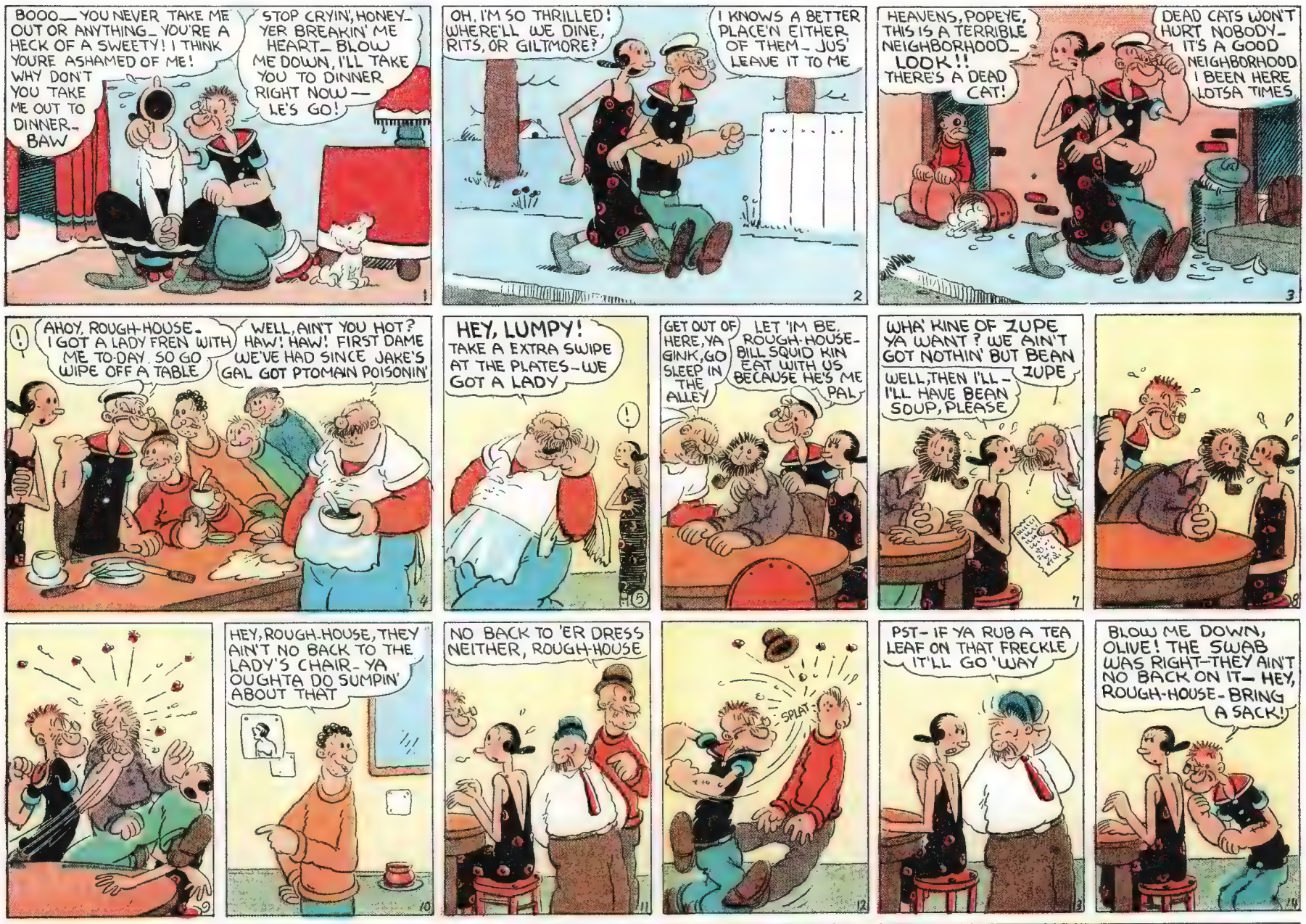

POP!
REDUCING-MACHINE NOTHING- I CHANGED MY MIND AND INVENTED A WALNUT-HULLER

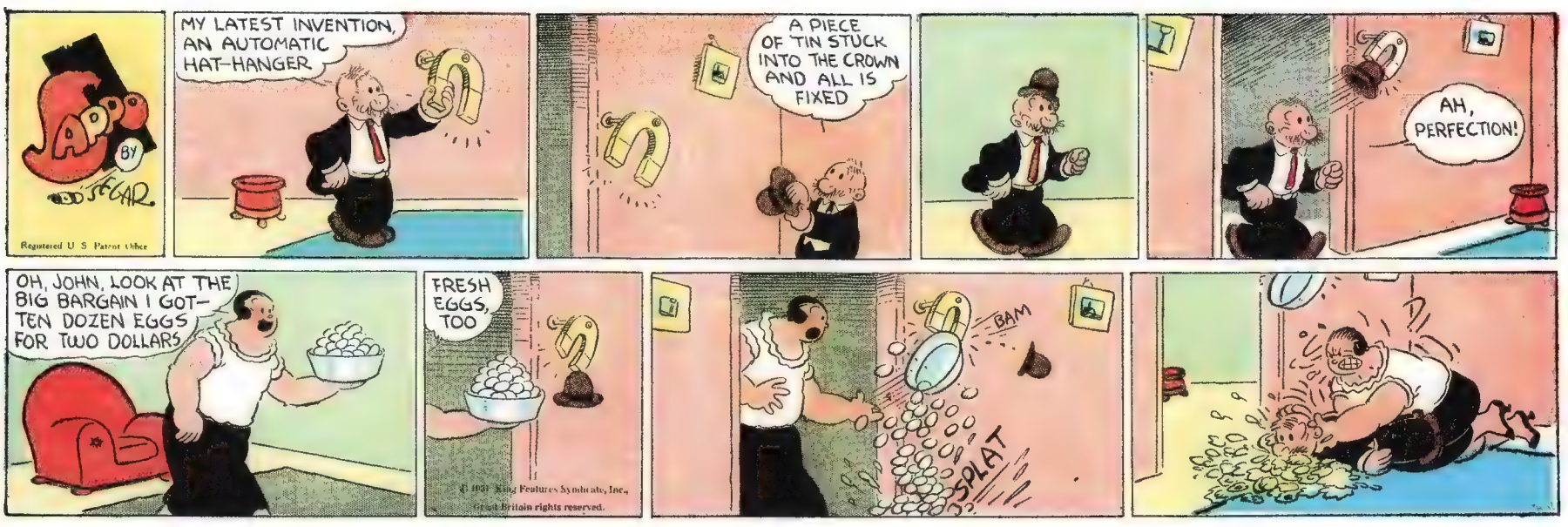

MISTER KILPH ISN'T MUCH OF A SPORT—HE HATES POPEYE LIKE POISON
THAT CRAZY ONE-EYED SAILOR LICKS EVERY FIGHTER I PUT INTO THE RING—I LOST A MILLION DOLLARS BETTING ON TINEARO
G-RRR
I'LL SAY HE DOES
WHAT'S MONEY TO YOU? YOU'RE WORTH FIFTY MILLION
1
I DON'T CARE FOR THE MONEY! I WANT TO SEE THAT RAT GET LICKED—I CAN'T STAND IT! I'LL GO NUTTY IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T THRASH HIM—I'LL DO IT MYSELF RIGHT NOW! I'LL KNOCK HIM UPSIDE DOWN
HEY! HEY!
NO! NO! NIX! DON'T HIT POPEYE
HOLD HIM!
2
HOW'RE YA, MISTER KILP? PUTTER THERE OL' TIMER—HOW'S ALLA FOLKS
YOU—YOU—WHY YOU—!! I'LL PUNCH YOUR NOSE
MR. KILPH!
HEY!
3
2.
DON'T TRY TO HOLD ME!!
MISTER KILPH! MISTER KILPH!
HERE! HERE!
4
THERE NOW—SLEEP!
GET AN AMBULANCE FOR MR. KILPH!
5
I IGNORES LITTLE TAPS LIKE THAT
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY COAT OFF
6
NOW SLEEP!
7
I CAN'T HIT WITH MY VEST ON
8
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
9
10
HE'S LAYIN' ME AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
11
G-RR!
G-RR
12
I'M GOING HOME
13
JUS'A MINUTE. LEMME SHOW YA HOW
? ? ?
G-RR
? ?
14
SOCK
OUW!
15
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU SKIN YOUR KNUCKLES LIKE THAT, MISTER KILPH?
M.D.
DOC. SLAV
5-31
SEGAR
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16


POPEYE
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHAT HAVE YOU INVENTED NOW, JOHN?
IT'S A HAIR-CUTTING MACHINE—WORKS LIKE A PENCIL-SHARPENER
HELLO, EDDIE—SAY, YOU NEED A HAIRCUT—COME ON OVER. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE FREE
OKAY
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A WONDERFUL HEAD OF HAIR
SURE I HAVE
BARBER'S WILL FADE AWAY WHEN THIS MACHINE GOES ON THE MARKET
IT MUST TAKE A LOT OF BRAINS TO INVENT THINGS
PLENTY!
I'LL TAKE A PEEK AN' SEE HOW IT LOOKS
THAT'S A GOOD JOKE ON ME—I DIDN'T HAVE IT SET RIGHT—
HA
HA!
YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING WHEN YOU SEE YOURSELF, EDDIE
WHERE'S A MIRROR?
HA
HA
HA
HA!
HAW
HAW
THERE'S ONE FELLOW WHO WON'T GO FAR—ABSOLUTELY NO SENSE OF HUMOR
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POPEYE, I WISH YOU'D SAVE THE MONEY YOU MADE ON YOUR LAST PRIZE FIGHT
DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT TWO THOUSING BUCKS
1
WHAT'SA MATTER, SON? WHY ALL THEM TEARS?
TEACHER LICKED ME AND SENT ME HOME BECAUSE I SAID "EIGHT" AND "EIGHT" WAS "EIGHTEEN"
2
I'LL FIGGER IT OUT FOR YA, SON— I LIKES KIDS AN' I'M ALWAYS WILLIN' TO HELP 'EM— LE'SSEE NOW— "7" AN' "7" IS "17" "9" AN' "9" IS "19"
YOUR NAME'S POPEYE, ISN'T IT? I HEARD ABOUT YOU— ALL THE KIDS SAY YOU'RE A SWELL GUY
3
SO "8" AN' "8" HAS JUS' GOT TO BE "18"! WHAT'SA MATTER WITH THAT CRAZY TEACHER? HE MUST BE GOOFY
I TOLD HIM IT WAS RIGHT, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN— THEN HE GOT SORE AND SPANKED ME
4
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THIS! I'LL GO TELL THE SWAB SUMPIN'
CALL HIM A BIG CHEESE. BUT DON'T SAY I SAID TO-SEE?
5
SAY, IF "8" AN' "8" AIN'T "18" I WANTS TO KNOW WHY AIN'T IT? I GOT IT FIGGERED HERE IN BLACK AN' WHITE— I'M THIS KID'S FREN AN' YA CAN'T LICK 'IM FOR BEIN' RIGHT— I SAYS YA CAN'T
YOU MUST BE A LUNATIC— GET OUT BEFORE I PUSH YOU OUT
6
PUT YER HOOKS ON ME AN' I'LL LAY YA AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
WHY, I'LL KNOCK YOUR——.
PST— CALL HIM A CHEESE CAKE
7
SPLAT
8
TEACHER GOT A SOCKING— TEACHER GOT A SOCKING
I'LL SEE YOU KIDS OUTSIDE AFTER SCHOOL— I'M GONER BUY YA ALL SUMPIN'
9
YEAH— I WANTS TO BUY TWENTY OF 'EM AN' I WANTS ONE FOR MESELF— THA'S TWENTY-ONE
!
OFFICE EQUIPMENT SUPPLIES ETC
10
SCHOOL
HERE'S A ADDIN' MACHINE FOR EACH KID— NOW YA KIN GET YER 'RITHMATIC CORRECK
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11
AN' NOW I'LL PROVE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT PROBLIM
CLICK
12
"SIXTEEN"! BLOW ME DOWN, THA'S FUNNY!
?
6-7
EGAR
13


APPO BY EGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHAT AN ODD LOOKING CLOCK
IT'S AN ALARM CLOCK, MRS. SAPPO, AND IT'S DIFFERENT. INSTEAD OF A BELL RINGING IT MAKES A NOISE LIKE A ROOSTER
JOHN'S ALWAYS GETTING UP GOOFY INVENTIONS— I'LL SURPRISE HIM WITH THIS ROOSTER CLOCK— HE'LL GET A KICK OUT OF IT
HO, HUM— GUESS I'LL HIT THE QUILTS
TICK TICK TICK
COCKA DOODLE DOOOO
WELL— I'LL BE—
G!!! !!
BANG
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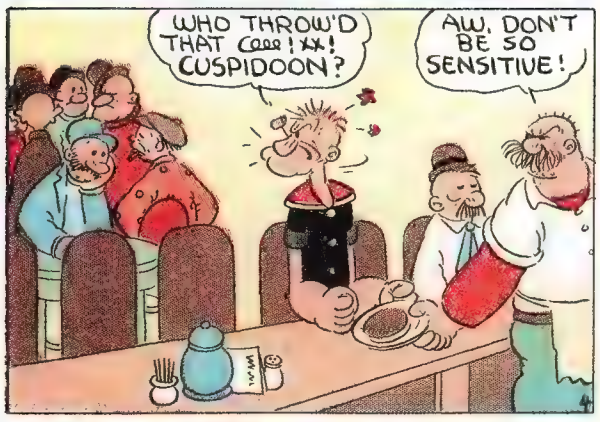

BOOO— YOU NEVER TAKE ME OUT OR ANYTHING— YOU'RE A HECK OF A SWEETY! I THINK YOURE ASHAMED OF ME! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OUT TO DINNER— BAW
STOP CRYIN', HONEY— YER BREAKIN' ME HEART— BLOW ME DOWN, I'LL TAKE YOU TO DINNER RIGHT NOW — LE'S GO!
OH, I'M SO THRILLED! WHERE'LL WE DINE, RITS, OR GILTMORE?
I KNOWS A BETTER PLACE'N EITHER OF THEM— JUS' LEAVE IT TO ME
HEAVENS, POPEYE, THIS IS A TERRIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD— LOOK!! THERE'S A DEAD CAT!
DEAD CATS WON'T HURT NOBODY— IT'S A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD I BEEN HERE LOTSA TIMES
AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE— I GOT A LADY FREN WITH ME TO-DAY. SO GO WIPE OFF A TABLE
WELL, AIN'T YOU HOT? HAW! HAW! FIRST DAME WE'VE HAD SINCE JAKE'S GAL GOT PTOMAIN POISONIN'
HEY, LUMPY! TAKE A EXTRA SWIPE AT THE PLATES— WE GOT A LADY
GET OUT OF HERE, YA GINK, GO SLEEP IN THE ALLEY
LET 'IM BE, ROUGH-HOUSE— BILL SQUID KIN EAT WITH US BECAUSE HE'S ME PAL
WHA' KINE OF ZUPE YA WANT? WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BUT BEAN ZUPE
WELL, THEN I'LL— I'LL HAVE BEAN SOUP, PLEASE
HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE, THEY AIN'T NO BACK TO THE LADY'S CHAIR— YA OUGHTA DO SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT
NO BACK TO 'ER DRESS NEITHER, ROUGH-HOUSE
SPLAT
PST— IF YA RUB A TEA LEAF ON THAT FRECKLE IT'LL GO 'WAY
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! THE SWAB WAS RIGHT— THEY AIN'T NO BACK ON IT— HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE— BRING A SACK!
YOU SAP, THIS IS AN EVENING DRESS! HAVEN'T YOU GOT A BIT OF SENSE!?
IT'S OKAY, BOYS— THA'S THE WAY IT'S MADE ON PURPLOUS
YOU RUFFIAN! I'M GOING HOME
HAW! HAW! HAW!
ANYBODY ELSE FEELIN' HOOMEROUS?
SEGAR 6-14

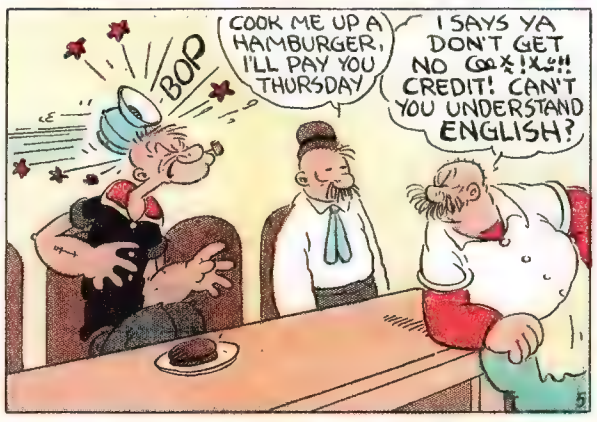

APPP BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
MY LATEST INVENTION, AN AUTOMATIC HAT-HANGER
A PIECE OF TIN STUCK INTO THE CROWN AND ALL IS FIXED
AH, PERFECTION!
OH, JOHN, LOOK AT THE BIG BARGAIN I GOT— TEN DOZEN EGGS FOR TWO DOLLARS
FRESH EGGS, TOO
BAM
SPLAT

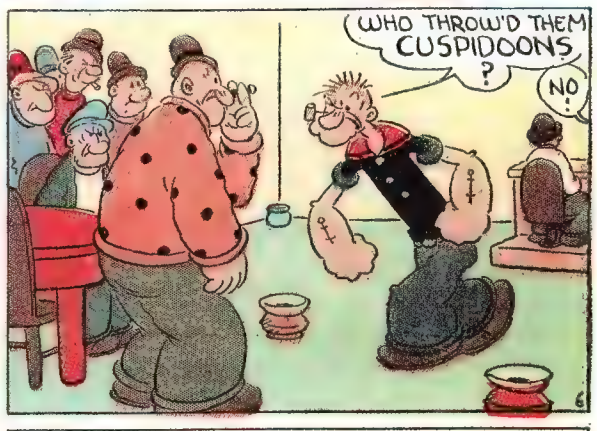

POPEYE, IF YOU WANT TO BE MY SWEETY YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE RUFFIANS WHO HANG AROUND THAT CHEAP HASH HOUSE
OKAY— I WON'T NEVER GO THERE NO MORE
1

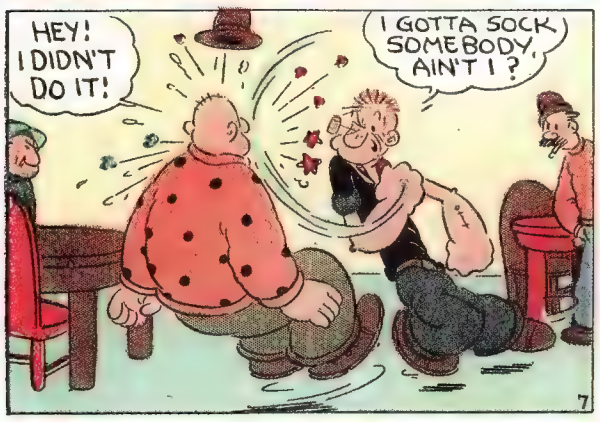

IF OLIVE FINDS OUT I LIED TO HER ME CONSCIENCE'LL HURT SUMPIN' ARFUL
COOK ME UP A HAMBURGER ON CREDIT
NO!
2

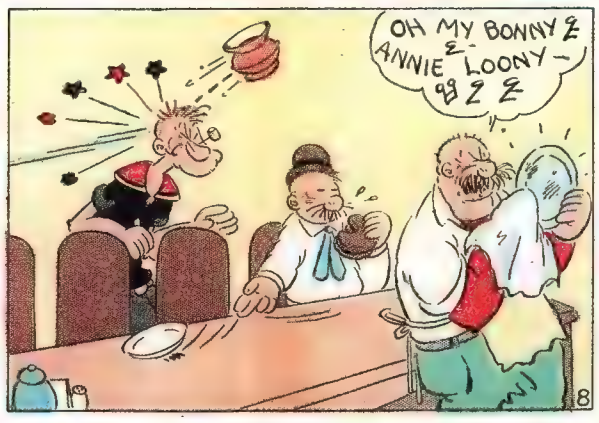

BOP
YOUR CREDIT AIN'T NO GOOD FOR A HAMBURGER, NOW DON'T ASK AGAIN
HOW ABOUT A HOT DOG ?
3

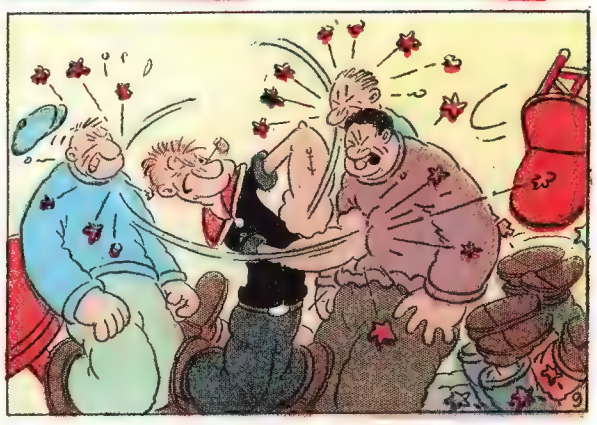

WHO THROW'D THAT Cooo!xx! CUSPIDOON?
AW, DON'T BE SO SENSITIVE!
4

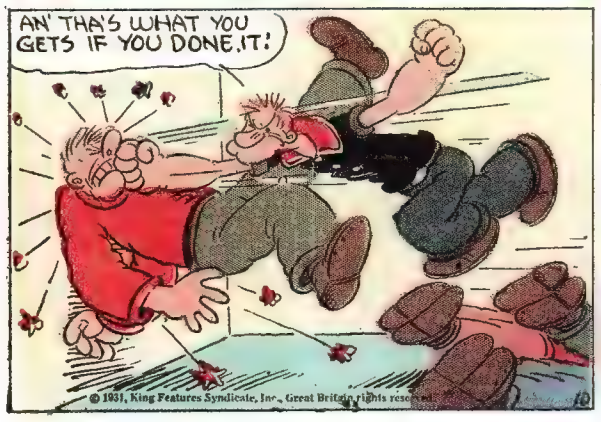

BOP
COOK ME UP A HAMBURGER, I'LL PAY YOU THURSDAY
I SAYS YA DON'T GET NO Coo%!x%!! CREDIT! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH?
5

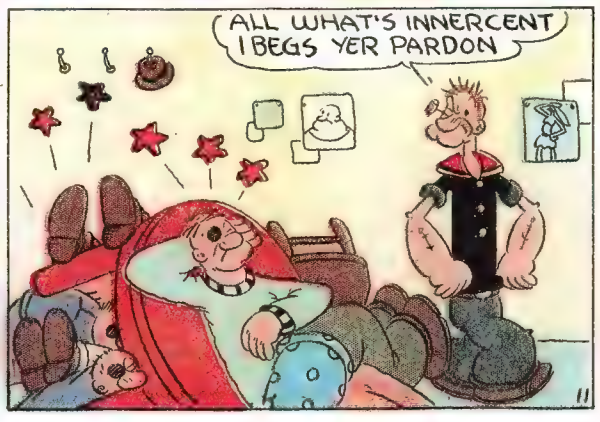

WHO THROW'D THEM CUSPIDOONS ?
NO!
6

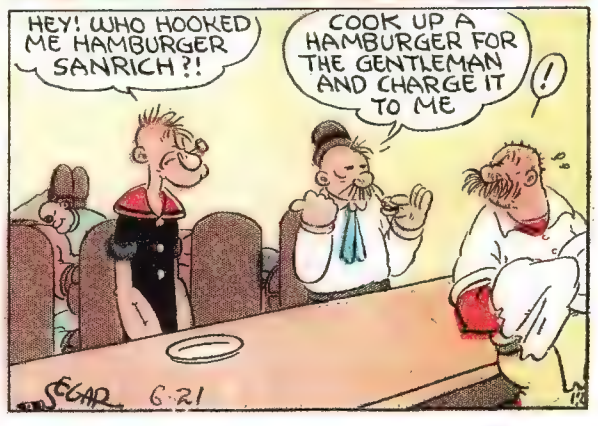

HEY! I DIDN'T DO IT!
I GOTTA SOCK SOMEBODY, AIN'T I?
7

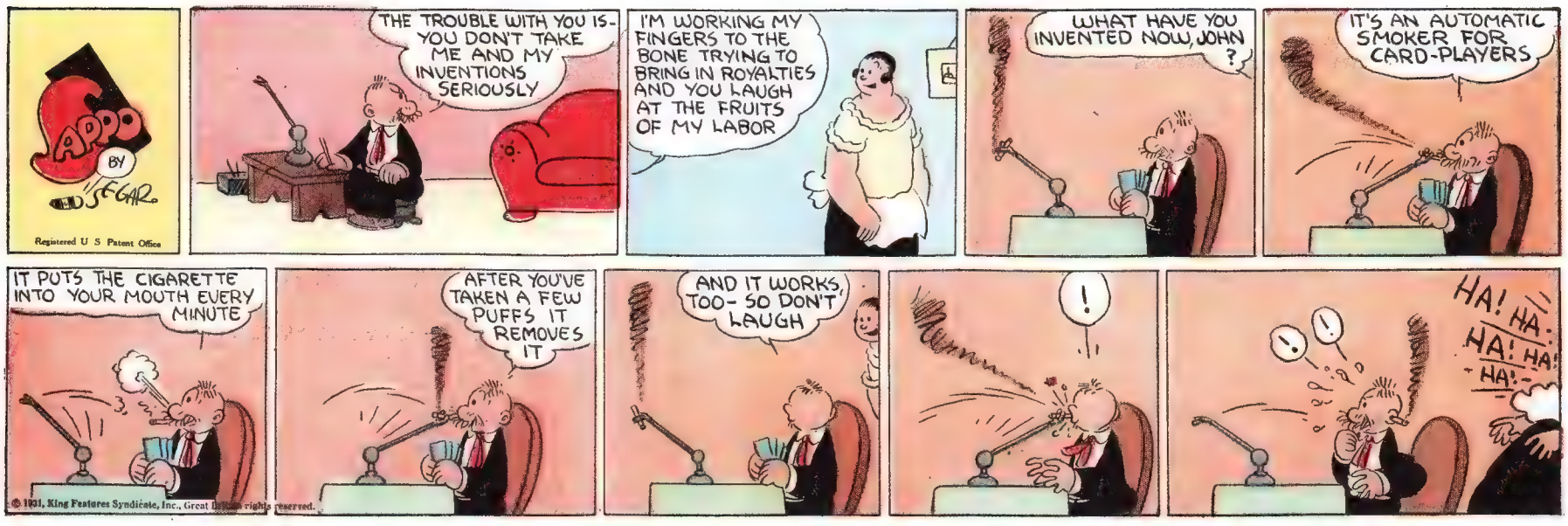

OH MY BONNY ℰ ANNIE LOONY — ℰ ℰ
8

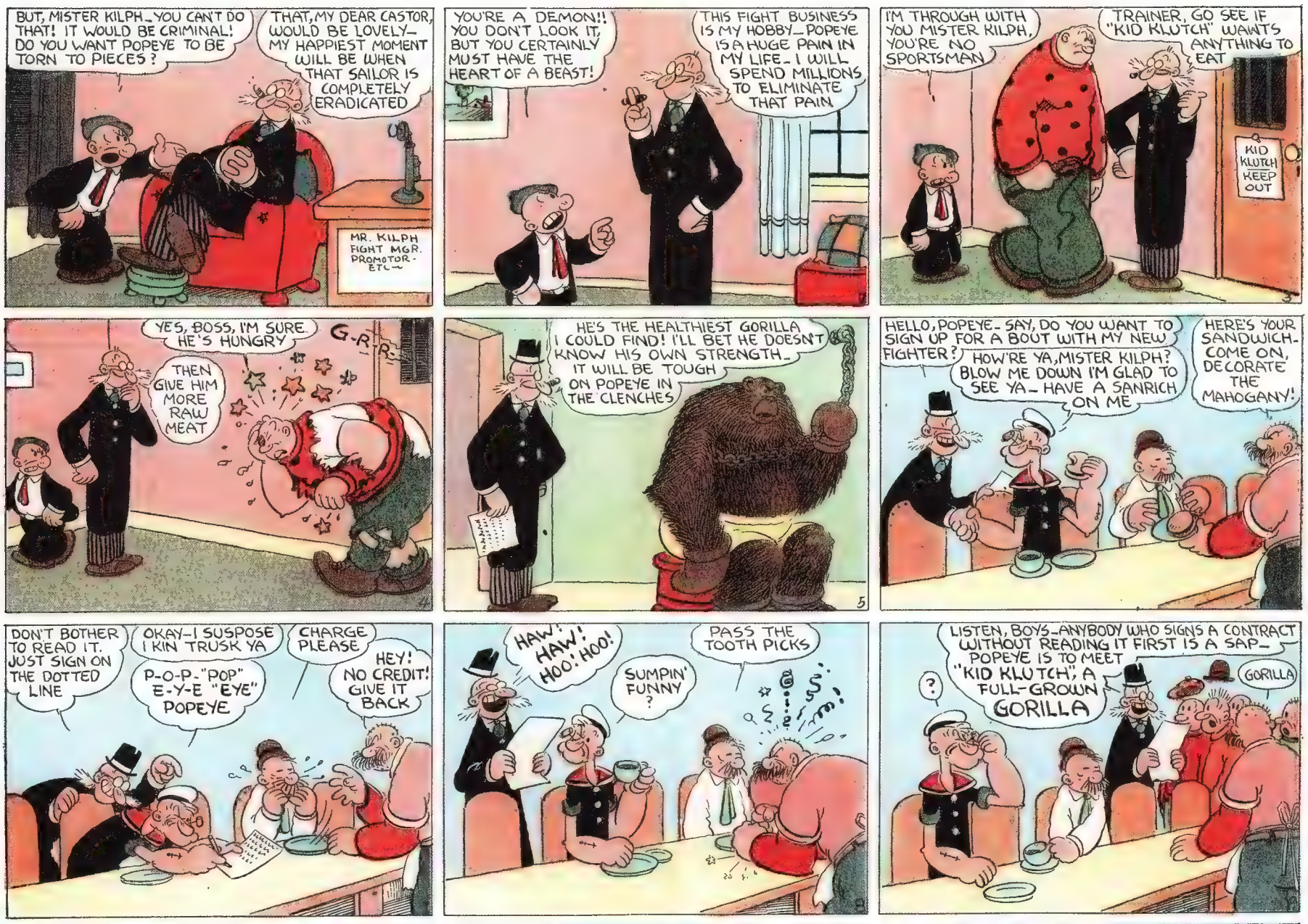

9


AN' THA'S WHAT YOU GETS IF YOU DONE IT!
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10

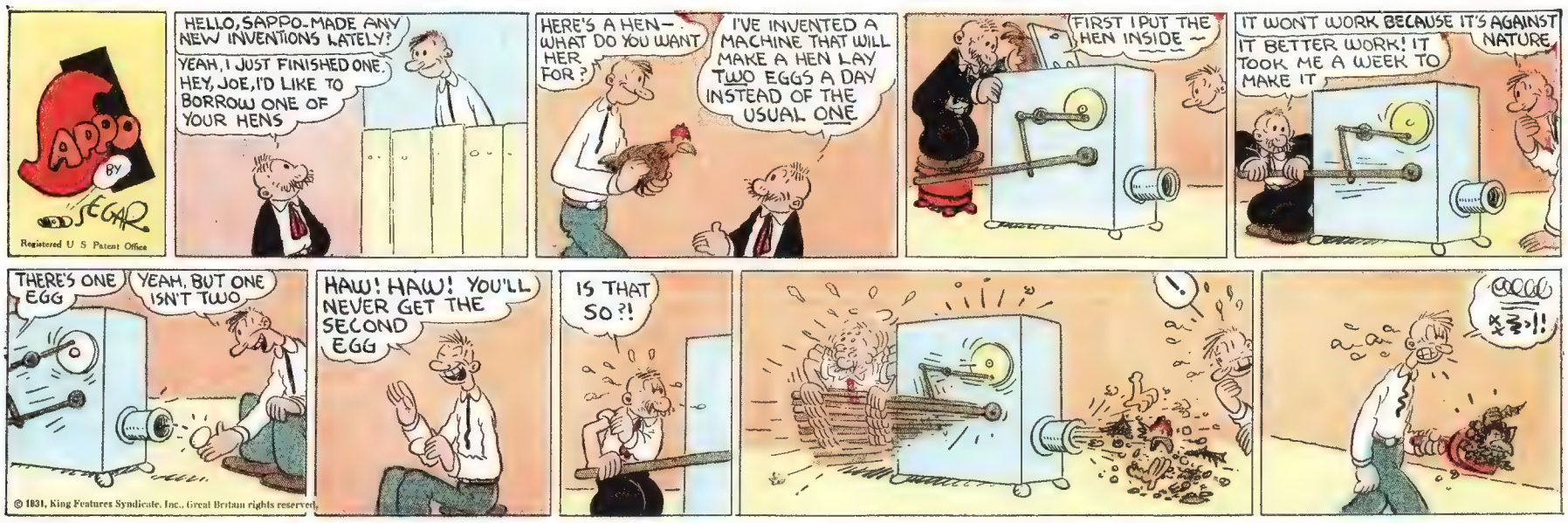

ALL WHAT'S INNERCENT I BEGS YER PARDON
11

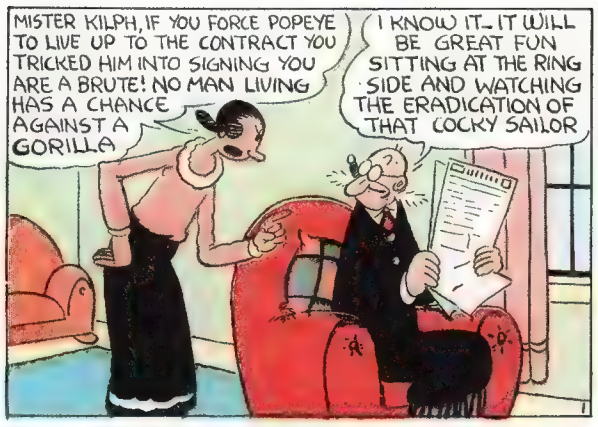

HEY! WHO HOOKED ME HAMBURGER SANRICH?!
COOK UP A HAMBURGER FOR THE GENTLEMAN AND CHARGE IT TO ME
SEGAR 6-21
12

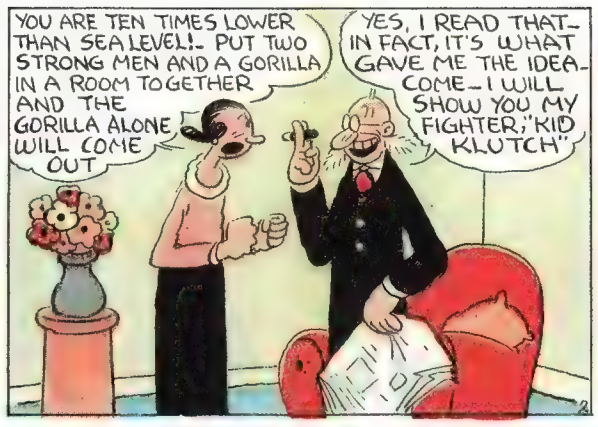

APPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS- YOU DON'T TAKE ME AND MY INVENTIONS SERIOUSLY
I'M WORKING MY FINGERS TO THE BONE TRYING TO BRING IN ROYALTIES AND YOU LAUGH AT THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR
WHAT HAVE YOU INVENTED NOW, JOHN ?
IT'S AN AUTOMATIC SMOKER FOR CARD-PLAYERS
IT PUTS THE CIGARETTE INTO YOUR MOUTH EVERY MINUTE
AFTER YOU'VE TAKEN A FEW PUFFS IT REMOVES IT
AND IT WORKS, TOO- SO DON'T LAUGH
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
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BUT, MISTER KILPH - YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT WOULD BE CRIMINAL! DO YOU WANT POPEYE TO BE TORN TO PIECES?
THAT, MY DEAR CASTOR, WOULD BE LOVELY - MY HAPPIEST MOMENT WILL BE WHEN THAT SAILOR IS COMPLETELY ERADICATED
MR. KILPH FIGHT MGR. PROMOTOR - ETC -
YOU'RE A DEMON!! YOU DON'T LOOK IT, BUT YOU CERTAINLY MUST HAVE THE HEART OF A BEAST!
THIS FIGHT BUSINESS IS MY HOBBY - POPEYE IS A HUGE PAIN IN MY LIFE - I WILL SPEND MILLIONS TO ELIMINATE THAT PAIN
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU MISTER KILPH, YOU'RE NO SPORTSMAN
TRAINER, GO SEE IF "KID KLUTCH" WANTS ANYTHING TO EAT
KID KLUTCH KEEP OUT
YES, BOSS, I'M SURE HE'S HUNGRY
G-R-R-
THEN GIVE HIM MORE RAW MEAT
HE'S THE HEALTHIEST GORILLA I COULD FIND! I'LL BET HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH - IT WILL BE TOUGH ON POPEYE IN THE CLENCHES
HELLO, POPEYE - SAY, DO YOU WANT TO SIGN UP FOR A BOUT WITH MY NEW FIGHTER?
HOW'RE YA, MISTER KILPH? BLOW ME DOWN I'M GLAD TO SEE YA - HAVE A SANRICH ON ME
HERE'S YOUR SANDWICH - COME ON, DECORATE THE MAHOGANY!
DON'T BOTHER TO READ IT. JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE
OKAY - I SUSPOSE I KIN TRUSK YA
P-O-P-"POP" E-Y-E "EYE" POPEYE
CHARGE PLEASE
HEY! NO CREDIT! GIVE IT BACK
HAW! HAW! HOO! HOO!
SUMPIN' FUNNY?
PASS THE TOOTH PICKS
LISTEN, BOYS - ANYBODY WHO SIGNS A CONTRACT WITHOUT READING IT FIRST IS A SAP - POPEYE IS TO MEET "KID KLUTCH", A FULL-GROWN GORILLA
?
GORILLA

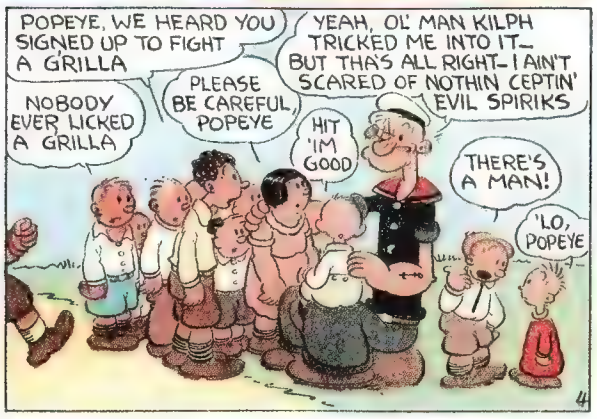

A GORILLA
AT LAST I'VE GOT HIS GOAT - HA! HE'S SCARED TO DEATH
YOU AIN'T WORRIED, ARE YOU, POPEYE?
YES, I AM WORRIED ON ACCOUNT OF ——
HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
I HATES TO KNOCK OUT DUMB AMINALS
6-28
SEGAR
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APPO BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
HELLO, SAPPO - MADE ANY NEW INVENTIONS LATELY?
YEAH, I JUST FINISHED ONE. HEY, JOE, I'D LIKE TO BORROW ONE OF YOUR HENS
HERE'S A HEN - WHAT DO YOU WANT HER FOR?
I'VE INVENTED A MACHINE THAT WILL MAKE A HEN LAY TWO EGGS A DAY INSTEAD OF THE USUAL ONE
FIRST I PUT THE HEN INSIDE —
IT WON'T WORK BECAUSE IT'S AGAINST NATURE
IT BETTER WORK! IT TOOK ME A WEEK TO MAKE IT
THERE'S ONE EGG
YEAH, BUT ONE ISN'T TWO
HAW! HAW! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE SECOND EGG
IS THAT SO?!
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MISTER KILPH, IF YOU FORCE POPEYE TO LIVE UP TO THE CONTRACT YOU TRICKED HIM INTO SIGNING YOU ARE A BRUTE! NO MAN LIVING HAS A CHANCE AGAINST A GORILLA
I KNOW IT- IT WILL BE GREAT FUN SITTING AT THE RING SIDE AND WATCHING THE ERADICATION OF THAT COCKY SAILOR
1

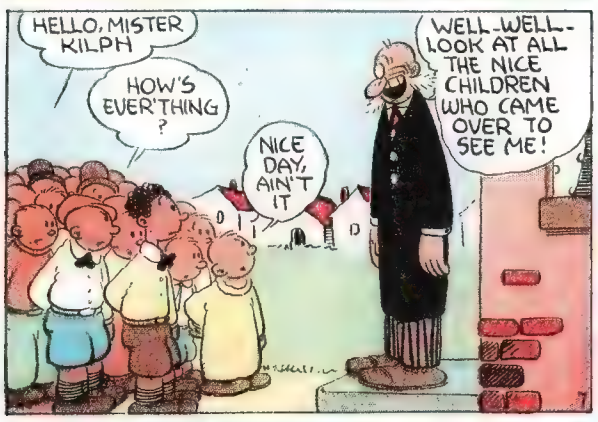

YOU ARE TEN TIMES LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL!- PUT TWO STRONG MEN AND A GORILLA IN A ROOM TOGETHER AND THE GORILLA ALONE WILL COME OUT
YES, I READ THAT- IN FACT, IT'S WHAT GAVE ME THE IDEA- COME- I WILL SHOW YOU MY FIGHTER, "KID KLUTCH"
2

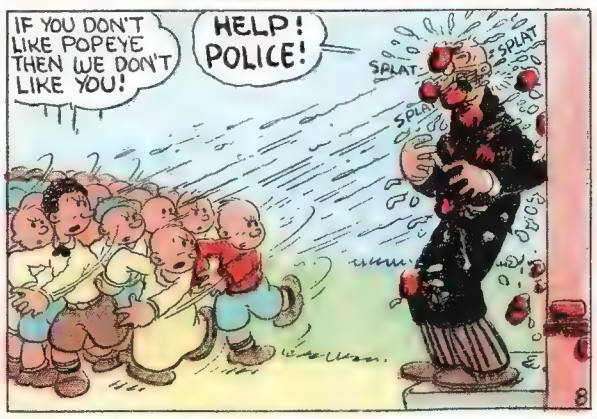

OH! POOR POPEYE!!
I IMAGINE POPEYE WILL HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN THE CLINCHES
3

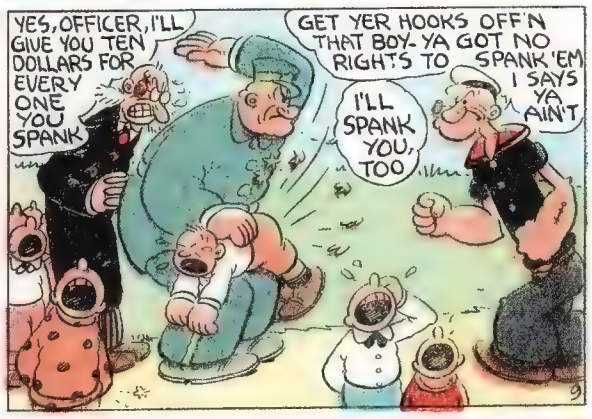

POPEYE, WE HEARD YOU SIGNED UP TO FIGHT A GRILLA
YEAH, OL' MAN KILPH TRICKED ME INTO IT- BUT THA'S ALL RIGHT- I AIN'T SCARED OF NOTHIN CEPTIN' EVIL SPIRIKS
NOBODY EVER LICKED A GRILLA
PLEASE BE CAREFUL, POPEYE
HIT 'IM GOOD
THERE'S A MAN!
'LO, POPEYE
4


SURE- POPEYE GOT TRICKED- THAT GRILLA MIGHT KILL HIM- OLD KILPH CAN'T TREAT OUR PAL LIKE THAT
I'LL SAY HE CAN'T. LET'S ALL GET RIPE TOMATOES
SURE HE CAN'T
LE'S GO
5

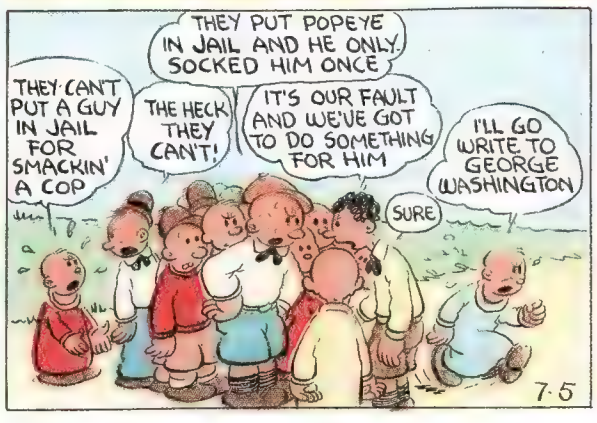

COME ON OUT, MISTER KILPH
6

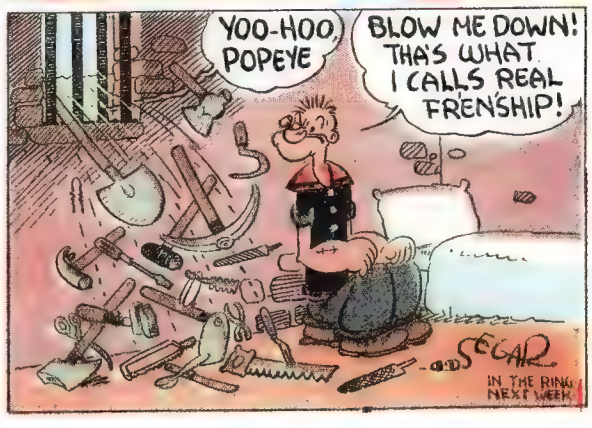

HELLO, MISTER KILPH
HOW'S EVER'THING ?
NICE DAY, AIN'T IT
WELL-WELL- LOOK AT ALL THE NICE CHILDREN WHO CAME OVER TO SEE ME!
7

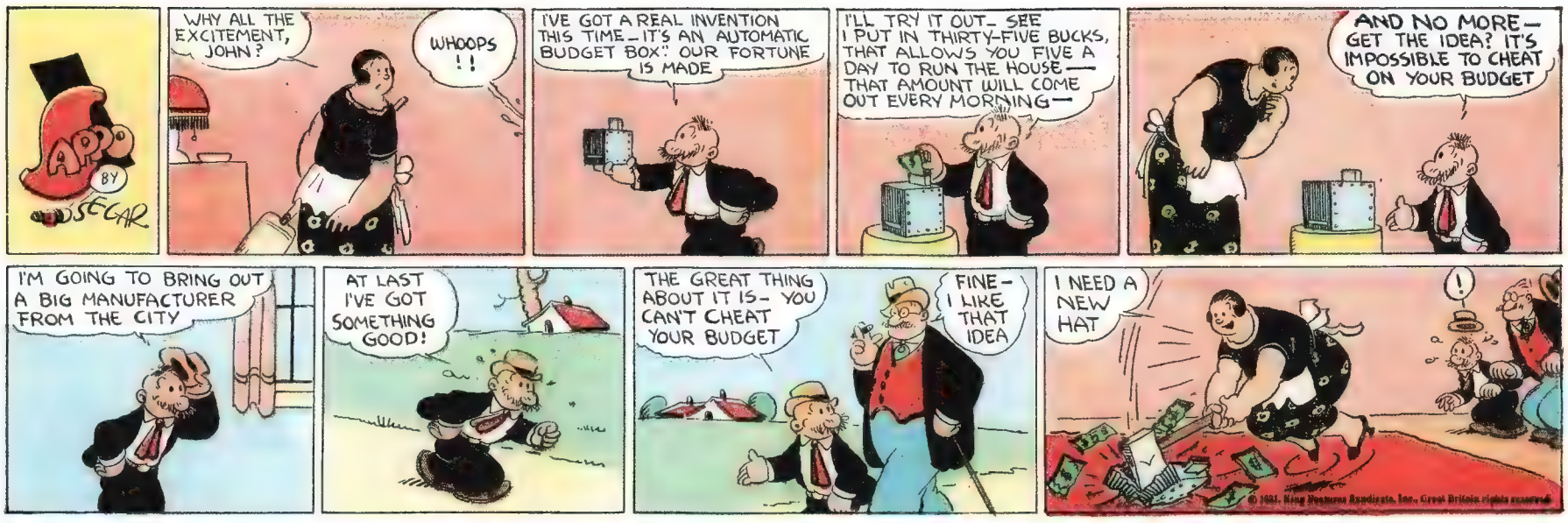

IF YOU DON'T LIKE POPEYE THEN WE DON'T LIKE YOU!
HELP! POLICE!
SPLAT
SPLAT
SPLAT
8

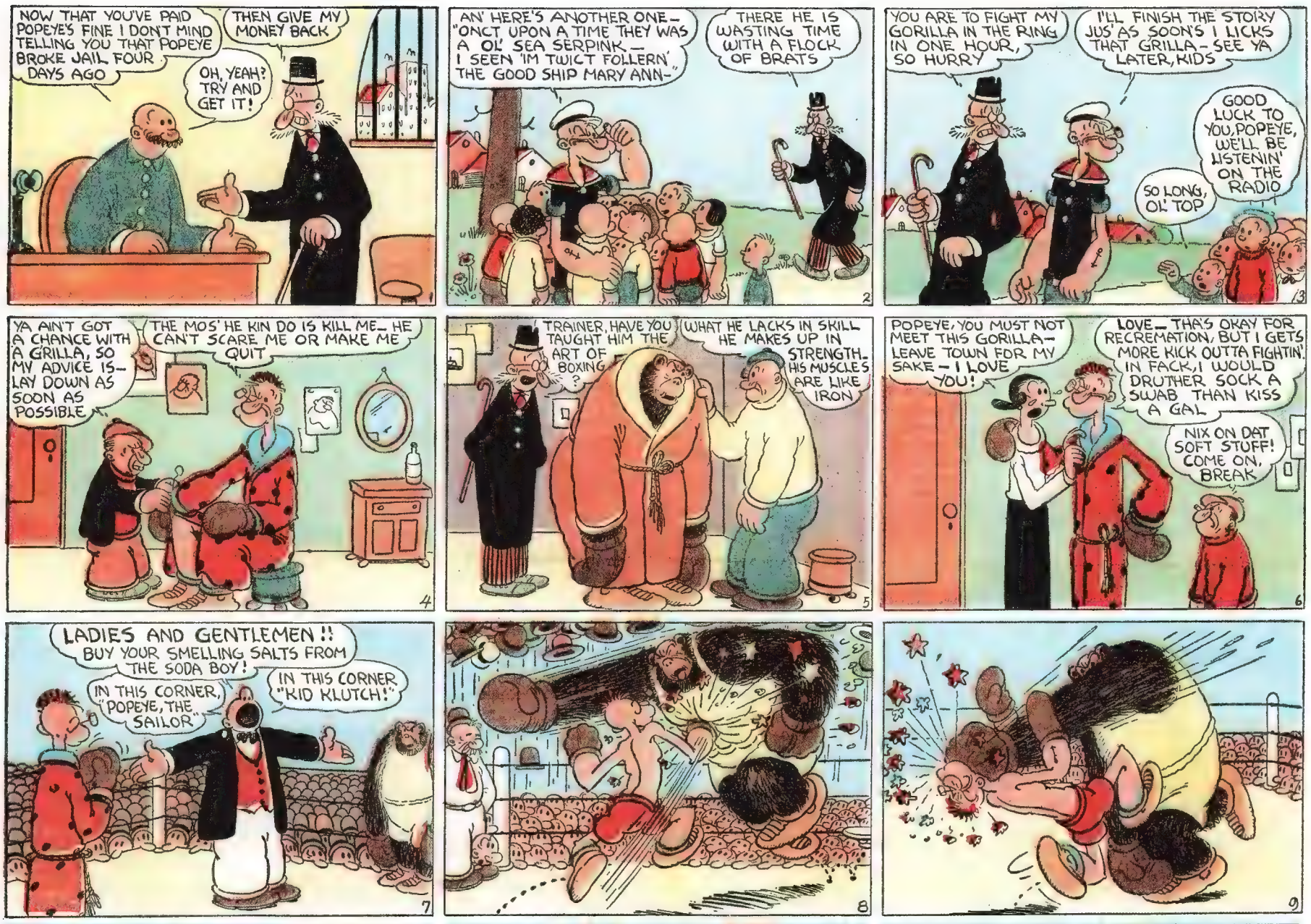

YES, OFFICER, I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS FOR EVERY ONE YOU SPANK
GET YER HOOKS OFF'N THAT BOY- YA GOT NO RIGHTS TO SPANK 'EM I SAYS YA AIN'T
I'LL SPANK YOU, TOO
9

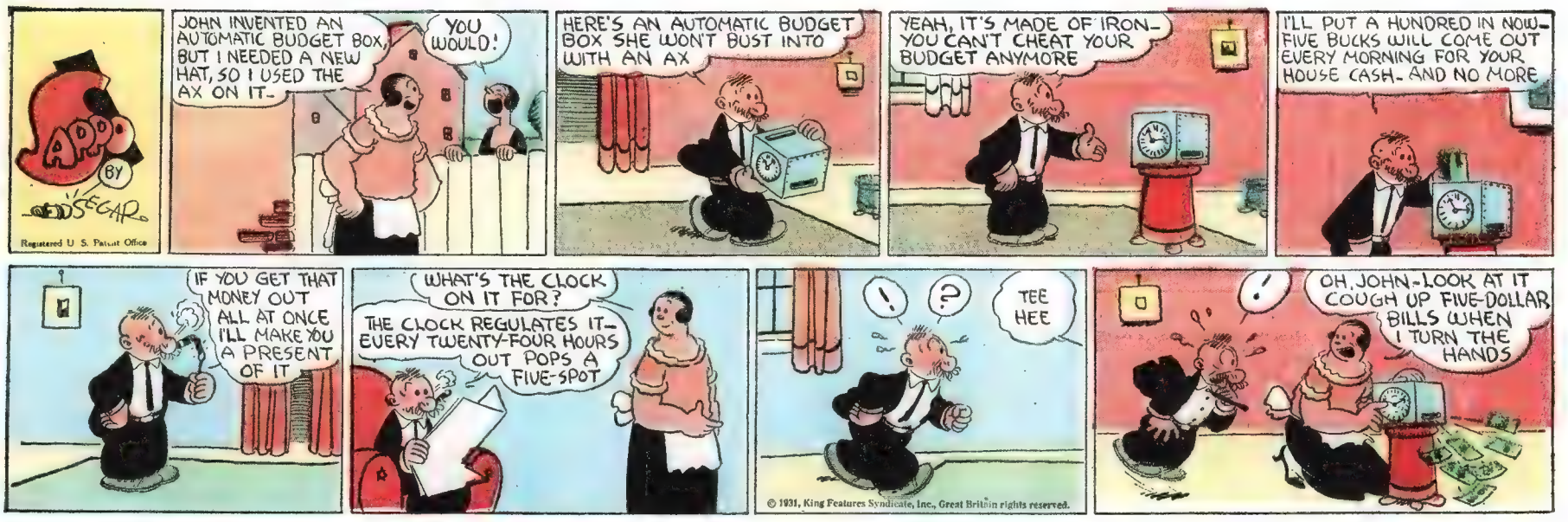

I'LL CALL THE WAGON!
I RESPECKS REAL COPS, BUT NOT KID BULLIERS!
SPLAT
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10


THEY PUT POPEYE IN JAIL AND HE ONLY SOCKED HIM ONCE
THEY CAN'T PUT A GUY IN JAIL FOR SMACKIN' A COP
THE HECK THEY CAN'T!
IT'S OUR FAULT AND WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM
I'LL GO WRITE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON
SURE
7-5


YOO-HOO, POPEYE
BLOW ME DOWN! THA'S WHAT I CALLS REAL FREN'SHIP!
SEGAR
IN THE RING NEXT WEEK


APPLE BY SEGAR
WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT, JOHN?
WHOOPS !!
I'VE GOT A REAL INVENTION THIS TIME- IT'S AN AUTOMATIC BUDGET BOX! OUR FORTUNE IS MADE
I'LL TRY IT OUT- SEE I PUT IN THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS, THAT ALLOWS YOU FIVE A DAY TO RUN THE HOUSE— THAT AMOUNT WILL COME OUT EVERY MORNING—
AND NO MORE— GET THE IDEA? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CHEAT ON YOUR BUDGET
I'M GOING TO BRING OUT A BIG MANUFACTURER FROM THE CITY
AT LAST I'VE GOT SOMETHING GOOD!
THE GREAT THING ABOUT IT IS- YOU CAN'T CHEAT YOUR BUDGET
FINE- I LIKE THAT IDEA
I NEED A NEW HAT
!
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NOW THAT YOU'VE PAID POPEYE'S FINE I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT POPEYE BROKE JAIL FOUR DAYS AGO
THEN GIVE MY MONEY BACK
OH, YEAH? TRY AND GET IT!
1
AN' HERE'S ANOTHER ONE— "ONCT UPON A TIME THEY WAS A OL' SEA SERPINK— I SEEN 'IM TWICT FOLLERN' THE GOOD SHIP MARY ANN—"
THERE HE IS WASTING TIME WITH A FLOCK OF BRATS
2
YOU ARE TO FIGHT MY GORILLA IN THE RING IN ONE HOUR, SO HURRY
I'LL FINISH THE STORY JUS' AS SOON'S I LICKS THAT GRILLA— SEE YA LATER, KIDS
GOOD LUCK TO YOU, POPEYE, WE'LL BE LISTENIN' ON THE RADIO
SO LONG, OL' TOP
3
YA AIN'T GOT A CHANCE WITH A GRILLA, SO MY ADVICE IS— LAY DOWN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
THE MOS' HE KIN DO IS KILL ME— HE CAN'T SCARE ME OR MAKE ME QUIT
4
TRAINER, HAVE YOU TAUGHT HIM THE ART OF BOXING?
WHAT HE LACKS IN SKILL HE MAKES UP IN STRENGTH. HIS MUSCLES ARE LIKE IRON
5
POPEYE, YOU MUST NOT MEET THIS GORILLA— LEAVE TOWN FOR MY SAKE— I LOVE YOU!
LOVE— THAT'S OKAY FOR RECREMATION, BUT I GETS MORE KICK OUTTA FIGHTIN'. IN FACK, I WOULD DRUTHER SOCK A SWAB THAN KISS A GAL
NIX ON DAT SOFT STUFF! COME ON, BREAK
6
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!! BUY YOUR SMELLING SALTS FROM THE SODA BOY!
IN THIS CORNER, "POPEYE, THE SAILOR"
IN THIS CORNER "KID KLUTCH!"
7
8
9
BONG BONG BONG
?
GENTLEMEN, THE BELL HAS RANG— STOP FIGHTING
GRR
7-12
10
GRR
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11
SOCK
QUIT HITTIN' 'IM SO HARD! YA WANT TO MAKE 'IM MAD?!
CLAP CLAP
A TERRIFIC BATTLE AND THE FINISH NEXT WEEK— SEGAR


ADD BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
JOHN INVENTED AN AUTOMATIC BUDGET BOX, BUT I NEEDED A NEW HAT, SO I USED THE AX ON IT—
YOU WOULD!
HERE'S AN AUTOMATIC BUDGET BOX SHE WON'T BUST INTO WITH AN AX
YEAH, IT'S MADE OF IRON— YOU CAN'T CHEAT YOUR BUDGET ANYMORE
I'LL PUT A HUNDRED IN NOW— FIVE BUCKS WILL COME OUT EVERY MORNING FOR YOUR HOUSE CASH— AND NO MORE
IF YOU GET THAT MONEY OUT ALL AT ONCE I'LL MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF IT
WHAT'S THE CLOCK ON IT FOR?
THE CLOCK REGULATES IT— EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OUT POPS A FIVE-SPOT
! ?
TEE HEE
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!
OH, JOHN— LOOK AT IT COUGH UP FIVE-DOLLAR BILLS WHEN I TURN THE HANDS

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

KID KLUTCH, THE GORILLA, CARES NOT FOR BELLS OR GONGS. SO THIS PROMISES TO BE A ONE-ROUND BATTLE. BUT, OH, WHAT A ROUND!

1

WHAT THU—! AVAST, YA SWAB

GRRRRR

HEY! QUIT LIKE THAT!

2

LOOK! LOOK! POPEYE'S A CONTORTIONIST!

NO DOING THAT ALLOWED !!!

GRR

4

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

BONGO! BONGO!

SOCK

5

BONGO!

6

7

UGH

BIFF

SOCK

SMACK

HIT 'IM, POPEYE! HIT 'IM IN THE SOLAR PLEXY!

HIT 'IM

SOCK 'IM, SAILOR

SMACK 'IM DOWN

8

COME ON, POPEYE! SLAP 'IM IN THE BREAD BASKET

IF HE LICKS MY GORILLA I'LL GO NUTTY! ow!!!

TAKE 'IM, SAILOR!

GIVE 'IM THE WORKS

SOCK

TUCK 'IM IN!

UGH

10

SMACK

OUUUW

7-19

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11

FIVE AND FIVE'S TEN— YOU'RE OUT YA Coo ☆×☆ oo!!

BLOW ME DOWN!

YOU RUFFIAN!

SEGAR

13

APPO BY SEGAR

WHAT HAVE YOU INVENTED NOW, JOHN?

IT'S A LETTER-SIGNER, IT WILL SIGN YOUR NAME EXACTLY AS YOU WRITE IT YOURSELF

BUT HOW DOES IT KNOW WHAT NAME TO SIGN?

THE SIGNATURE IS ENGRAVED ON A METAL PLATE AND PLACED INSIDE

THIS ENGRAVING ACTS AS A GUIDE TO THE PEN— A PLATE OF MY NAME IS IN IT NOW

REALLY!!

WATCH IT SIGN MY MONICKER

WHY, THAT'S MARVELOUS

TEE HEE.

WHAT THE HECK'S SHE GIGGLING ABOUT?

WON'T I HAVE FUN WRITING CHECKS ON MY HUSBAND'S ACCOUNT?

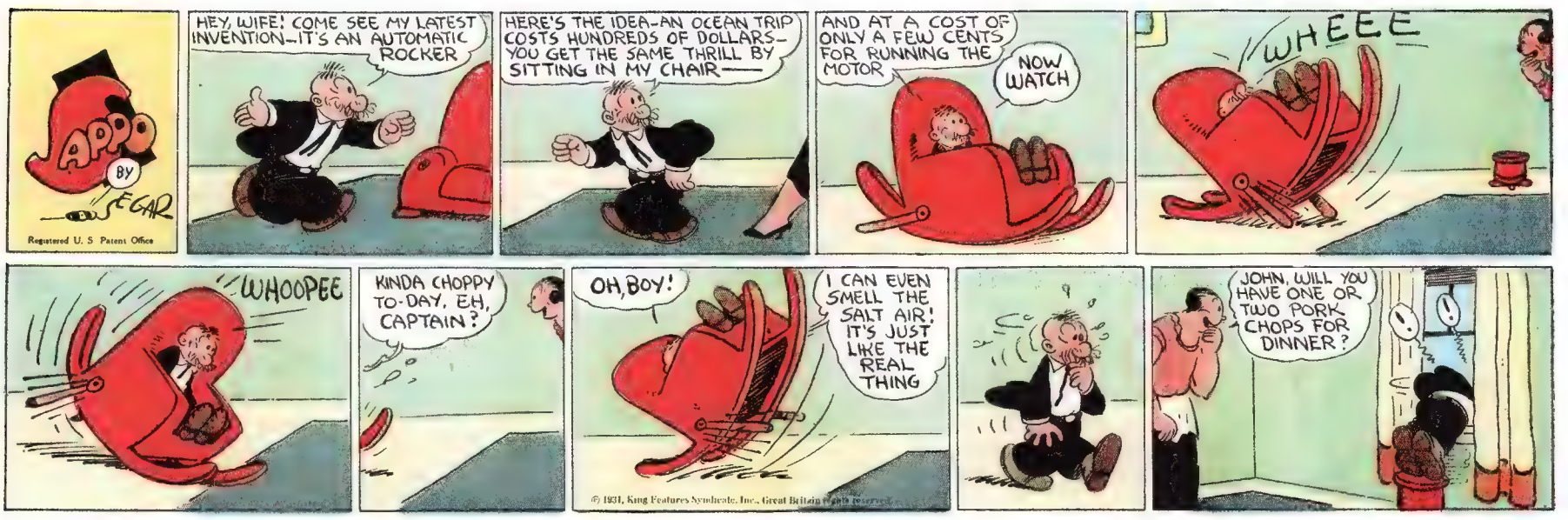
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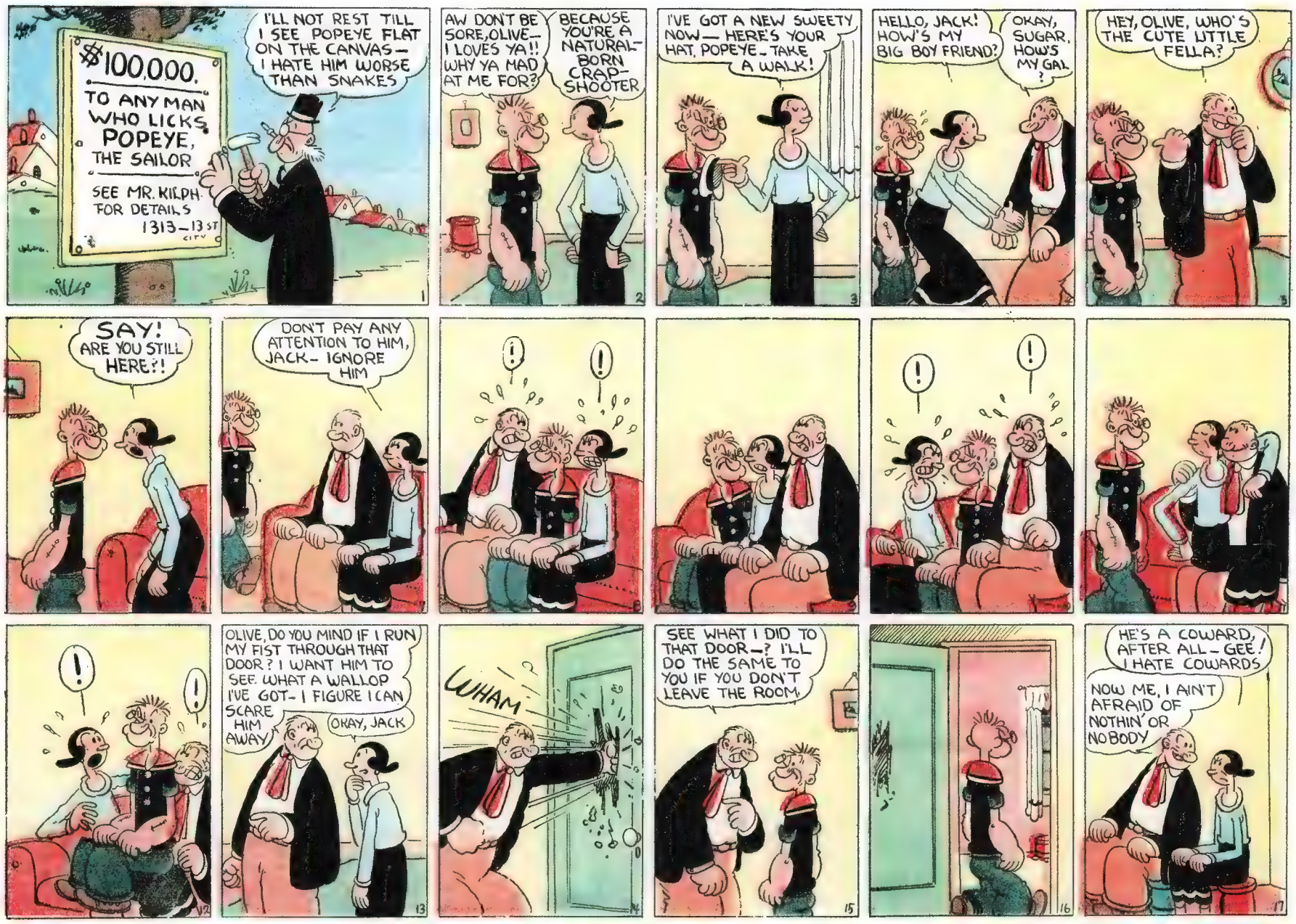
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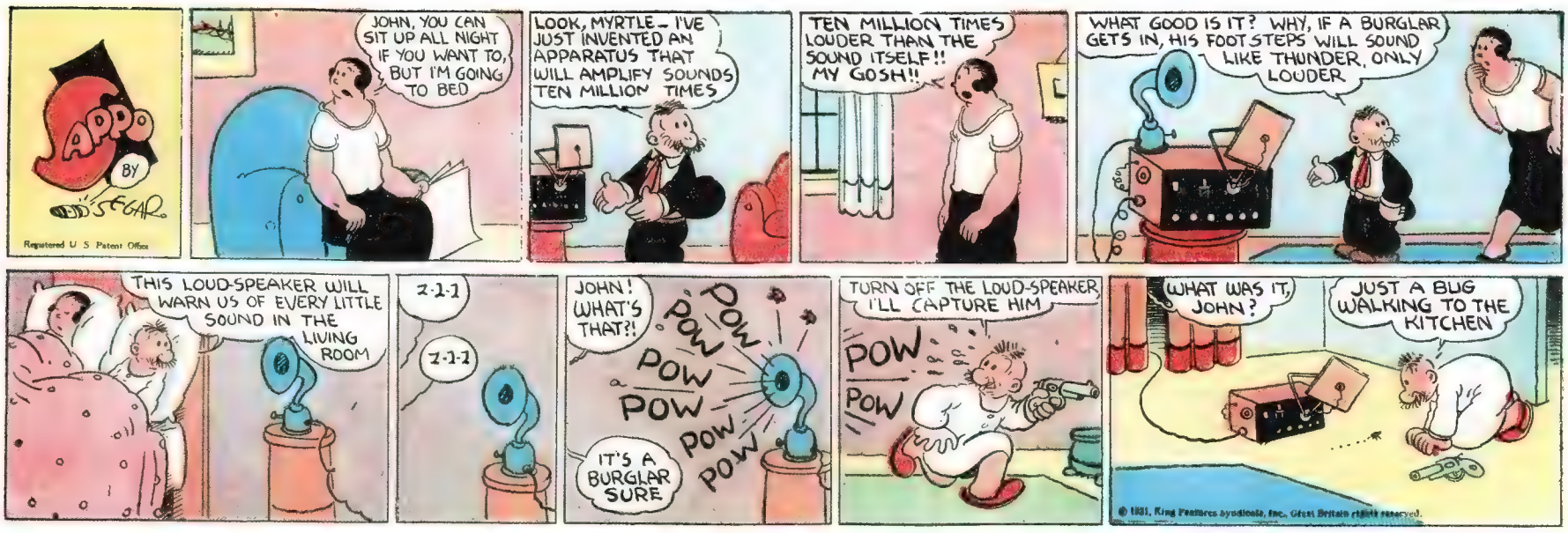
THERE'S ONE INVENTION THAT WILL NEVER GO ON THE MARKET

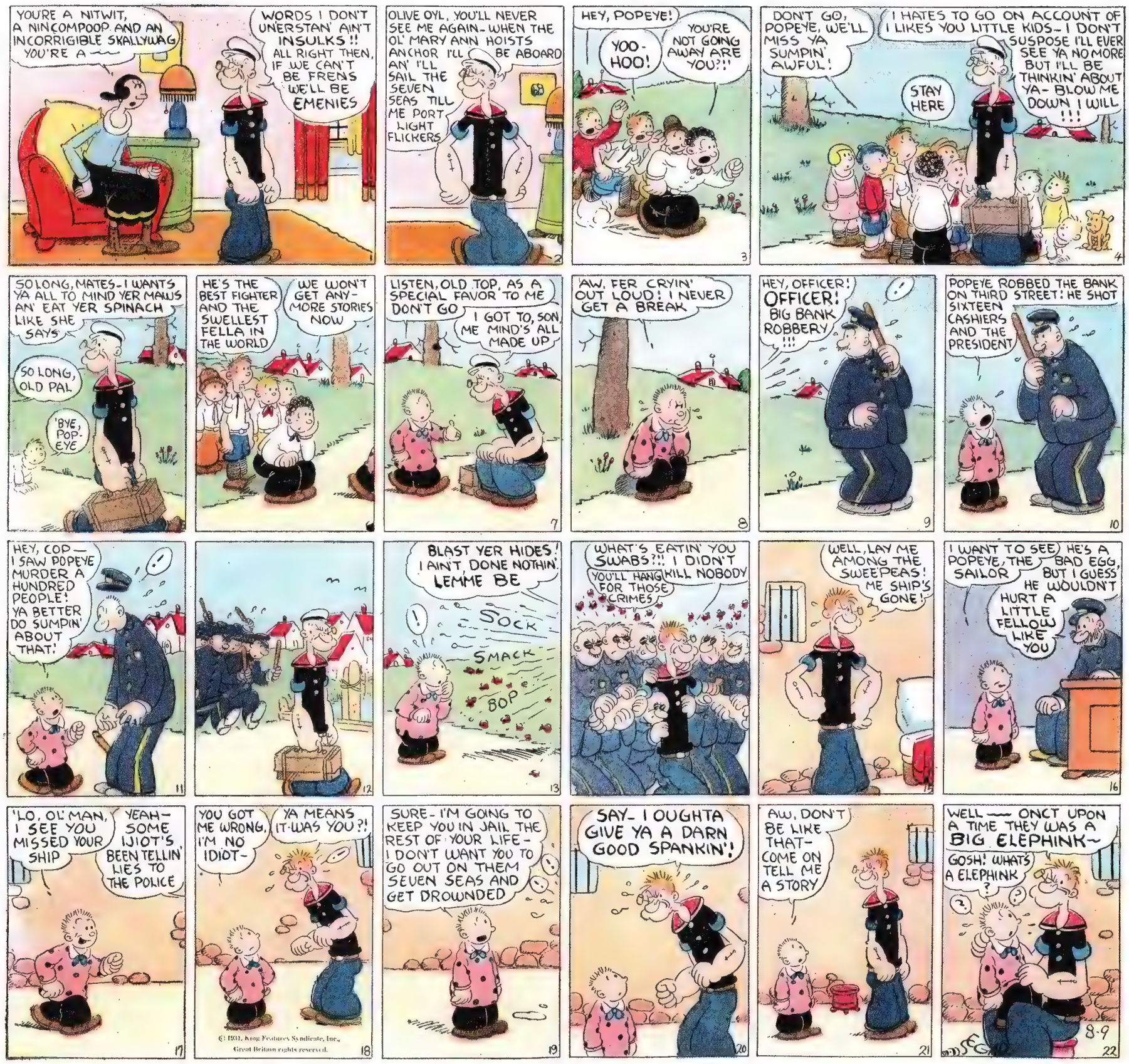

I GOT FIVE THOUSING DOLLARS FOR ME LAST SPRIZE FIGHT— 'SCUSE ME FOR TALKIN' PERSNAL, BUT I LOVES YA, OLIVE— AN' THA'S WHY I WANTS TO MARRY YA PERNAMENT
POPEYE - I'LL MARRY YOU IF YOU'LL PUT THAT MONEY INTO A HOME— LET'S GO LOOK FOR ONE NOW
LET'S FIND A LITTLE PLACE WITH A FENCE AROUND IT WHERE WE CAN RAISE VEGETABLES
VEGETABLES !!!
WAIT HERE IN THE PARK FOR ME, HONEY— I WANTS TO TELL "ROUGH-HOUSE" HOW I LICKED THAT GRILLA
DON'T STAY LONG, DARLING
OKAY, LITTLE SWEE'PEA
YEAH, ROUGH-HOUSE, I WIN'D FIVE THOUSING BUCKS FOR LICKIN' THAT GRILLA
I'M THE BEST CRAP-SHOOTER IN TOWN
I'M THE BEST CRAP-SHOOTER IN TOWN
!
YER THE BES' CRAP-SHOOTER IN TOWN WHEN I'M AT SEA, YA BLASTED BARNACLE!
PROVE THAT!
COME OUT IN THE BACK ROOM— WE'LL EACH USE HIS OWN DICE
YEAH, HIS OWN DICE
THROW THEM PLAYERS OUT, POPEYE, I DIDN'T BUY THAT TABLE FOR BILLIARDS
BEAT IT, YA SWABS! ME AN' "SQUID" IS USIN' SQUARE BILLARD BALLS ON THIS TABLE
LISTEN, OFFICER, YOU KEEP WATCH AN' TELL US IF ANY COPS COMES AROUN'
OKE
THREE HOURS LATER
READ 'EM AN' WEEP
SNAP
WHAM
COME ON, SEVEN
DON'T FOOL ME, DICE
BILL SQUID- YER A @@@#$39! CHEAT!
YOU SHOULD TALK! YOUR DICE ARE CROOKED, TOO, AIN'T THEY?
SURE, THEY ARE! BUT YOURN'S CROOKEDER - THA'S WHY I SAYS IT AIN'T FAIR PLAY - BESIDES, WHAT GOOD DO LOADED DICE DO ME WHEN I DON'T GET TO USE 'EM? YA BEEN ROLLIN' SEVENS FOR THREE HOURS
IF YA WASN'T A GOOD FREN' OF MINE I'D KNOCK YA WHISTLIN'
POPEYE, OL' BOY, I HAD TO USE EXTRA CROOKED DICE BECAUSE I ONLY HAD FOUR BITS WHEN WE STARTED AN' YOU HAD $5000.00 YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'TCHA, OLD PAL?
AW, THA'S ALL RIGHT, BILL— EASY COME, GO QUICK— WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT FIVE THOUSING? I ALWAYS SAID YOU WAS BROAD MINDED
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

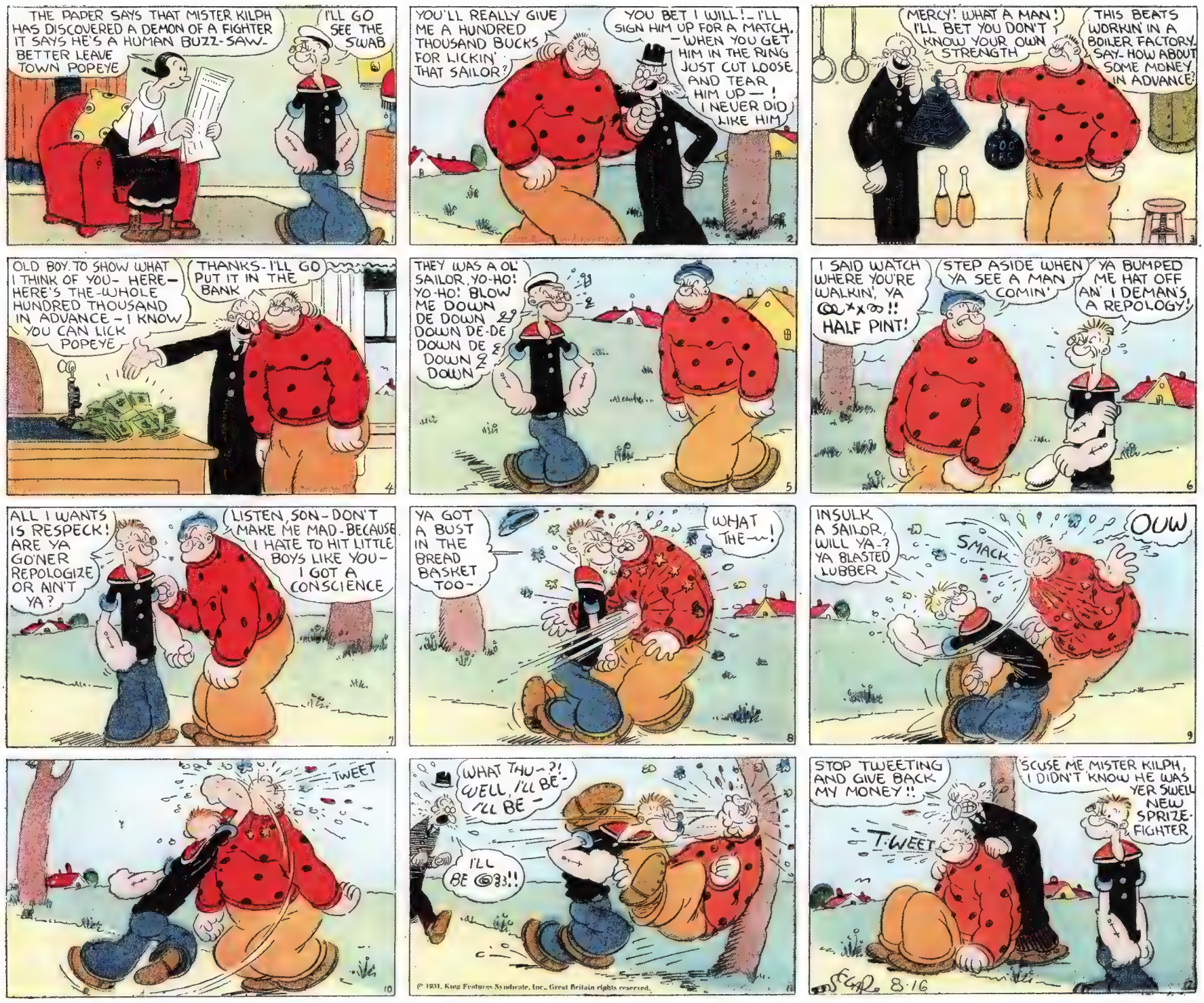

OH, HELLO, OLIVE, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' DOWN HERE?
ARE YOU CRAZY?! WE STARTED OUT TO BUY A HOME— WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED, AREN'T WE?
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BLOW ME DOWN! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT!
WELL, COME ON— LET'S FIND A HOUSE
CAN'T BUY NO HOME— I ONLY GOT TWO BITS LEFT AN' I NEEDS THAT FOR SMOKIN' TOBACKER
WHY, YOU RAT! YOU'RE LOWER THAN SEA LEVEL! DOG! BRUTE! NINCOMPOOP!
NO MATTER WHAT YA SAYS I YAM— I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
7-26
SEGAR

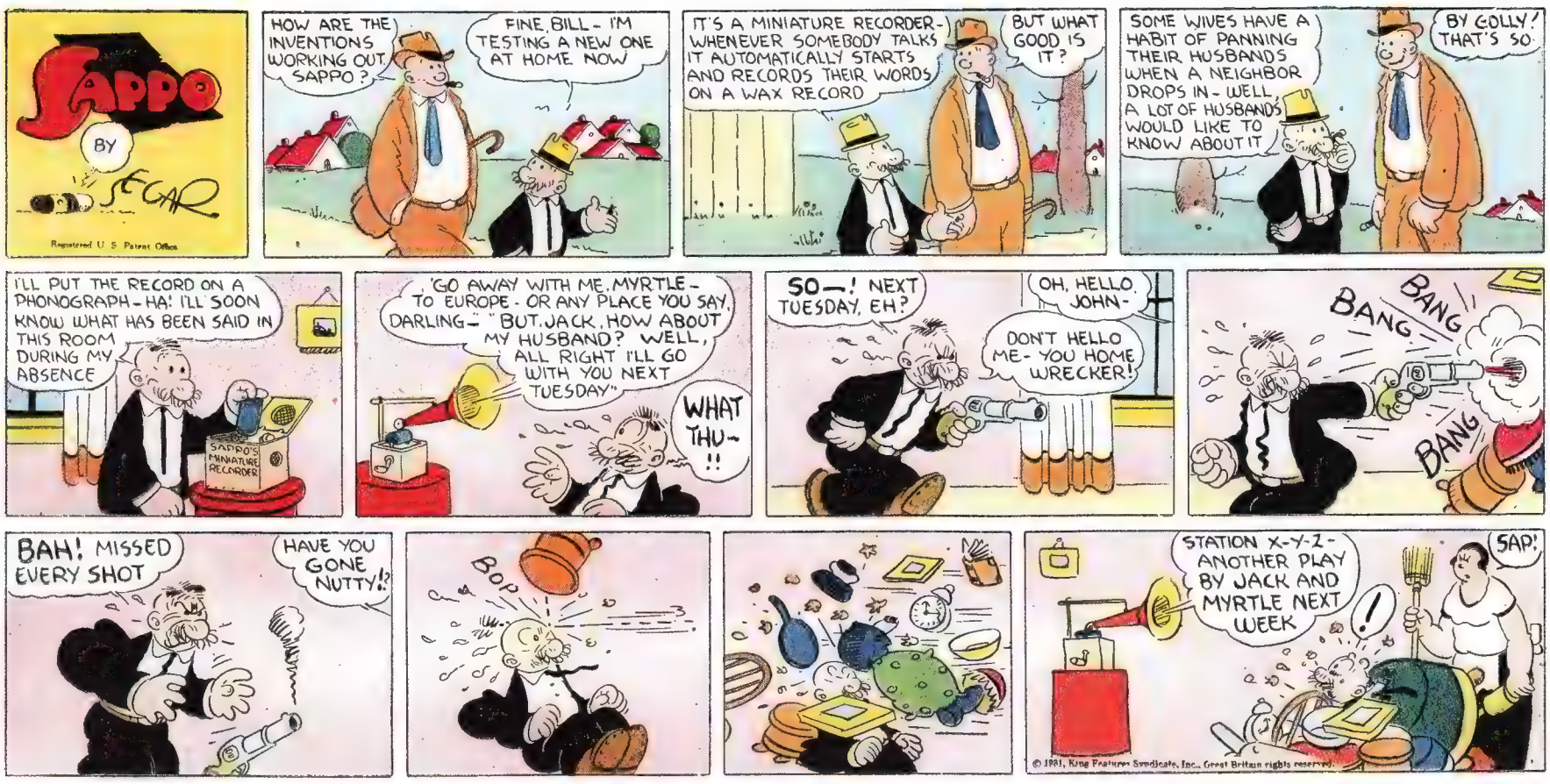

POPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S Patent Office
HEY, WIFE! COME SEE MY LATEST INVENTION—IT'S AN AUTOMATIC ROCKER
HERE'S THE IDEA—AN OCEAN TRIP COSTS HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS— YOU GET THE SAME THRILL BY SITTING IN MY CHAIR——
AND AT A COST OF ONLY A FEW CENTS FOR RUNNING THE MOTOR
NOW WATCH
WHEEE
WHOOPEE
KINDA CHOPPY TO-DAY, EH, CAPTAIN?
OH, BOY!
I CAN EVEN SMELL THE SALT AIR! IT'S JUST LIKE THE REAL THING
© 1931, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.
JOHN, WILL YOU HAVE ONE OR TWO PORK CHOPS FOR DINNER?


$100,000.
TO ANY MAN WHO LICKS POPEYE, THE SAILOR
SEE MR. KILPH FOR DETAILS
1313–13 ST
I'LL NOT REST TILL I SEE POPEYE FLAT ON THE CANVAS— I HATE HIM WORSE THAN SNAKES
AW DON'T BE SORE, OLIVE— I LOVES YA!! WHY YA MAD AT ME FOR?
BECAUSE YOU'RE A NATURAL-BORN CRAP-SHOOTER
I'VE GOT A NEW SWEETY NOW— HERE'S YOUR HAT, POPEYE— TAKE A WALK!
HELLO, JACK! HOW'S MY BIG BOY FRIEND?
OKAY, SUGAR. HOW'S MY GAL?
HEY, OLIVE, WHO'S THE CUTE LITTLE FELLA?
SAY! ARE YOU STILL HERE?!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, JACK— IGNORE HIM
OLIVE, DO YOU MIND IF I RUN MY FIST THROUGH THAT DOOR? I WANT HIM TO SEE. WHAT A WALLOP I'VE GOT— I FIGURE I CAN SCARE HIM AWAY
OKAY, JACK
WHAM
SEE WHAT I DID TO THAT DOOR—? I'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THE ROOM.
HE'S A COWARD, AFTER ALL— GEE! I HATE COWARDS
NOW ME, I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN' OR NOBODY
HAW! HAW! DID YOU SEE HIM HOT-FOOT IT INTO THE NEXT ROOM?! OH, BOY!!
HA! HA!. I GUESS YOU SCARED HIM HALF TO DEATH!
CRASH
EXCUSE PLEASE— I MUST BE GOING
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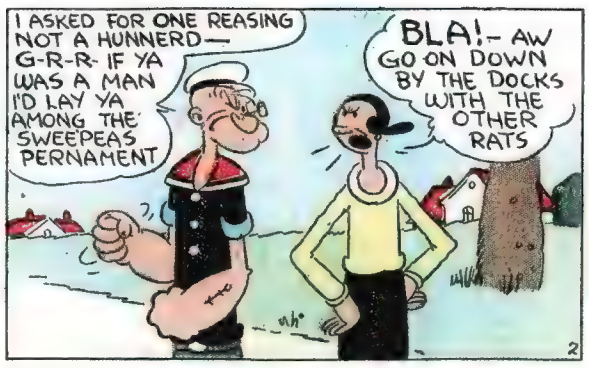

POPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
JOHN, YOU CAN SIT UP ALL NIGHT IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'M GOING TO BED
LOOK, MYRTLE— I'VE JUST INVENTED AN APPARATUS THAT WILL AMPLIFY SOUNDS TEN MILLION TIMES
TEN MILLION TIMES LOUDER THAN THE SOUND ITSELF!! MY GOSH!!
WHAT GOOD IS IT? WHY, IF A BURGLAR GETS IN, HIS FOOTSTEPS WILL SOUND LIKE THUNDER, ONLY LOUDER
THIS LOUD-SPEAKER WILL WARN US OF EVERY LITTLE SOUND IN THE LIVING ROOM
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
JOHN! WHAT'S THAT?!
POW POW POW POW POW POW
IT'S A BURGLAR SURE
TURN OFF THE LOUD-SPEAKER, I'LL CAPTURE HIM
POW POW
WHAT WAS IT, JOHN?
JUST A BUG WALKING TO THE KITCHEN
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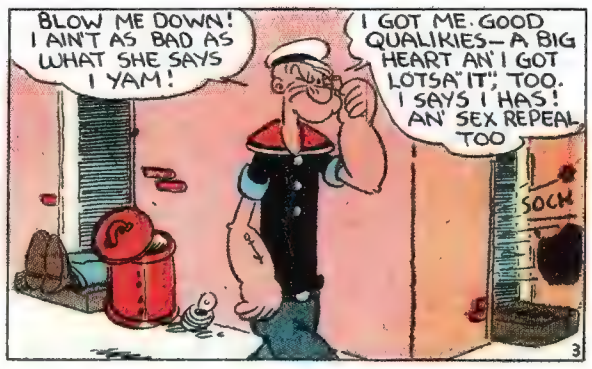

YOU'RE A NITWIT, A NINCOMPOOP AND AN INCORRIGIBLE SKALLYWAG
YOU'RE A ~~
WORDS I DON'T UNERSTAN' AIN'T INSULKS !!
ALL RIGHT THEN, IF WE CAN'T BE FRENS WE'LL BE EMENIES
OLIVE OYL, YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN - WHEN THE OL' MARY ANN HOISTS ANCHOR I'LL BE ABOARD AN' I'LL SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS TILL ME PORT LIGHT FLICKERS
HEY, POPEYE!
YOO-HOO!
YOU'RE NOT GOING AWAY ARE YOU?!!
DON'T GO, POPEYE, WE'LL MISS YA SUMPIN' AWFUL!
I HATES TO GO ON ACCOUNT OF I LIKES YOU LITTLE KIDS - I DON'T SUSPOSE I'LL EVER SEE YA NO MORE BUT I'LL BE THINKIN' ABOUT YA - BLOW ME DOWN I WILL !!!
STAY HERE
SO LONG, MATES - I WANTS YA ALL TO MIND YER MAWS AN' EAT YER SPINACH LIKE SHE SAYS
SO LONG, OLD PAL
'BYE, POP-EYE
HE'S THE BEST FIGHTER AND THE SWELLEST FELLA IN THE WORLD
WE WON'T GET ANY-MORE STORIES NOW
LISTEN, OLD TOP, AS A SPECIAL FAVOR TO ME DON'T GO
I GOT TO, SON, ME MIND'S ALL MADE UP
AW, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! I NEVER GET A BREAK
HEY, OFFICER!
OFFICER! BIG BANK ROBBERY !!!
POPEYE ROBBED THE BANK ON THIRD STREET! HE SHOT SIXTEEN CASHIERS AND THE PRESIDENT
HEY, COP — I SAW POPEYE MURDER A HUNDRED PEOPLE! YA BETTER DO SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT!
BLAST YER HIDES! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'. LEMME BE
SOCK
SMACK
BOP
WHAT'S EATIN' YOU SWABS?!! I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY
YOU'LL HANG FOR THOSE CRIMES
WELL, LAY ME AMONG THE SWEEPEAS! ME SHIP'S GONE!
I WANT TO SEE POPEYE, THE SAILOR
HE'S A BAD EGG, BUT I GUESS HE WOULDN'T HURT A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE YOU
'LO, OL' MAN, I SEE YOU MISSED YOUR SHIP
YEAH - SOME IJIOT'S BEEN TELLIN' LIES TO THE POLICE
YOU GOT ME WRONG, I'M NO IDIOT -
YA MEANS IT-WAS YOU?!
SURE - I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU IN JAIL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE - I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO OUT ON THEM SEVEN SEAS AND GET DROWNDED
SAY - I OUGHTA GIVE YA A DARN GOOD SPANKIN'!
AW, DON'T BE LIKE THAT - COME ON TELL ME A STORY
WELL ~~ ONCT UPON A TIME THEY WAS A BIG ELEPHINK ~
GOSH! WHAT'S A ELEPHINK ? ? ?
8-9
SEGAR
APPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I HAVE IMPROVED MY SOUND-AMPLIFIER, IT WILL NOW AMPLIFY A SOUND TWENTY MILLION TIMES - IF IT WAS TURNED ON NOW MY VOICE COULD BE HEARD THIRTY MILES AWAY
KEEP QUIET — I'M GOING TO TURN IT ON AND PUT A JUNE BUG ON THE FLOOR - WE'LL LISTEN TO ITS FOOTSTEPS
POW POW POW
I'M GOING TO TAKE A BATH NOW, AND DON'T MONKEY WITH THAT APPARATUS
WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!! MORE UNDERWEAR WITHOUT BUTTONS!
COLD COOL
MEDIUM WARM HOT
WHILE JOHN'S IN THE BATH ROOM I'M GOING TO TURN IT ON AND SEE WHAT KIND OF A NOISE A GRASSHOPPER MAKES
SHE'S GOT A GOOD BAWLING OUT COMING AND SHE'S GOING TO GET IT!
!?
YOU'RE A PUNK WIFE!!
WHY DON'T YOU SEW BUTTONS ON MY UNDERWEAR??
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THE PAPER SAYS THAT MISTER KILPH HAS DISCOVERED A DEMON OF A FIGHTER IT SAYS HE'S A HUMAN BUZZ-SAW. BETTER LEAVE TOWN POPEYE
I'LL GO SEE THE SWAB
YOU'LL REALLY GIVE ME A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS FOR LICKIN' THAT SAILOR?
YOU BET I WILL! - I'LL SIGN HIM UP FOR A MATCH. - WHEN YOU GET HIM IN THE RING JUST CUT LOOSE AND TEAR HIM UP — ! I NEVER DID LIKE HIM
MERCY! WHAT A MAN! I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH
THIS BEATS WORKIN' IN A BOILER FACTORY. SAY- HOW ABOUT SOME MONEY IN ADVANCE?
OLD BOY. TO SHOW WHAT I THINK OF YOU- HERE- HERE'S THE-WHOLE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN ADVANCE - I KNOW YOU CAN LICK POPEYE
THANKS- I'LL GO PUT IT IN THE BANK
THEY WAS A OL' SAILOR, YO-HO! YO-HO! BLOW ME DOWN DE DOWN DOWN DE-DE DOWN DE DOWN DOWN
I SAID WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKIN', YA @@x∞!! HALF PINT!
STEP ASIDE WHEN YA SEE A MAN COMIN'
YA BUMPED ME HAT OFF AN' I DEMAN'S A REPOLOGY!
ALL I WANTS IS RESPECK! ARE YA GO'NER REPOLOGIZE OR AIN'T YA?
LISTEN, SON - DON'T MAKE ME MAD - BECAUSE I HATE TO HIT LITTLE BOYS LIKE YOU - I GOT A CONSCIENCE
YA GOT A BUST IN THE BREAD BASKET TOO-
WHAT THE—!
INSULK A SAILOR, WILL YA-? YA BLASTED LUBBER
SMACK
OUW
TWEET
WHAT THU-?! WELL, I'LL BE- I'LL BE —
I'LL BE @33!!
STOP TWEETING AND GIVE BACK MY MONEY!!
'SCUSE ME MISTER KILPH, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YER SWELL NEW SPRIZE-FIGHTER
T-WEET
SEGAR 8-16
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SAPPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
HOW ARE THE INVENTIONS WORKING OUT, SAPPO?
FINE, BILL - I'M TESTING A NEW ONE AT HOME NOW
IT'S A MINIATURE RECORDER - WHENEVER SOMEBODY TALKS IT AUTOMATICALLY STARTS AND RECORDS THEIR WORDS ON A WAX RECORD
BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT?
SOME WIVES HAVE A HABIT OF PANNING THEIR HUSBANDS WHEN A NEIGHBOR DROPS IN - WELL, A LOT OF HUSBANDS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT IT
BY GOLLY! THAT'S SO
I'LL PUT THE RECORD ON A PHONOGRAPH - HA! I'LL SOON KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN SAID IN THIS ROOM DURING MY ABSENCE
SAPPO'S MINIATURE RECORDER
'GO AWAY WITH ME, MYRTLE - TO EUROPE - OR ANY PLACE YOU SAY, DARLING - " BUT, JACK, HOW ABOUT MY HUSBAND? WELL, ALL RIGHT I'LL GO WITH YOU NEXT TUESDAY"
WHAT THU-!!
SO—! NEXT TUESDAY, EH?
OH, HELLO, JOHN-
DON'T HELLO ME - YOU HOME WRECKER!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BAH! MISSED EVERY SHOT
HAVE YOU GONE NUTTY!?
BOP
STATION X-Y-Z - ANOTHER PLAY BY JACK AND MYRTLE NEXT WEEK
SAP!
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YEAH— GO ON - TELL ME ONE REASING WHY I WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD HUSBIN'
THAT'S EASY. YOURE HOMELY, UNEDUCATED, NO MANNERS ROUGH—PROFANE, VIOLENT - A TERRIBLE TEMPER - FUNNY FACE AND FIGURE. YOU ASSOCIATE WITH TRAMPS YOU'RE A CRAP-SHOOTER AND A JAIL BIRD
1


I ASKED FOR ONE REASING NOT A HUNNERD— G-R-R- IF YA WAS A MAN I'D LAY YA AMONG THE SWEEPEAS PERNAMENT
BLA!- AW GO ON DOWN BY THE DOCKS WITH THE OTHER RATS
2


BLOW ME DOWN! I AIN'T AS BAD AS WHAT SHE SAYS I YAM!
I GOT ME GOOD QUALIKIES— A BIG HEART AN' I GOT LOTSA "IT", TOO. I SAYS I HAS! AN' SEX REPEAL TOO
SOCH
3

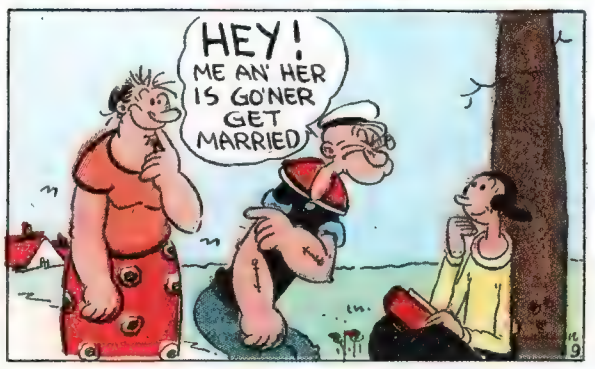

SURE-YA GOT LOTSA THINGS- BUT NO BRAINS- GETCHA SELF ANOTHER WOMAN AND MAKE HER JEALOUS
MAYBE THA'S RIGHT
CAFE DE ROUGH HOUSE
TIM & HAM BURGERS
CHIZ
BALOONEY
CRAP SHOT IN THE REAR
MENU


SAL, WILL HELP YA OUT, POPEYE- ANYBODY'LL DO JUST SO SHE'S A WOMAN
I'LL BUY YA A NEW SCRUB BRUSH IF YA TAKES A WALK WITH ME— I WANTS TO SHOW ME SWEETY THEY'S OTHER FISH IN THE SEA
WHO'S A FISH?
5

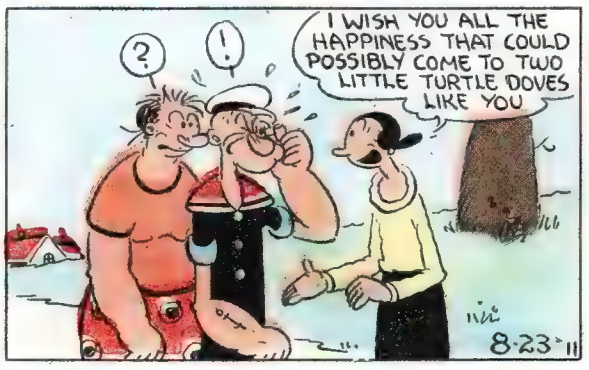

LOOK IMBARRISK LIKE AS IF WE WAS GO'NER GET MARRIED— KIN YA DO THAT ?
I DUNNO - I BEEN WEDDED EIGHT OR TEN TIMES
6

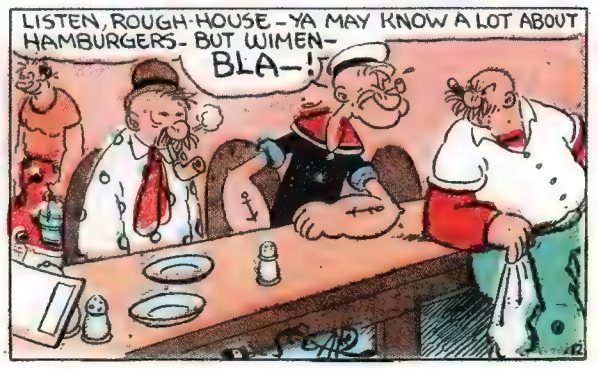

AHEM!
7


YOO HOO!
8


HEY! ME AN' HER IS GO'NER GET MARRIED
9

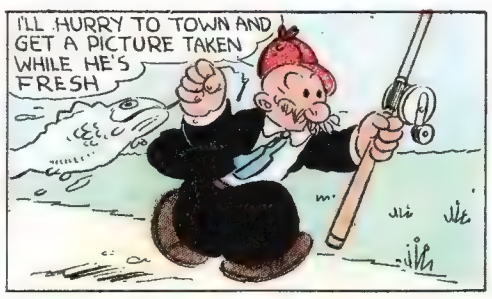

I GOT ME A REAL SWEETY NOW— SEE HOW MUCH WE LOVES EACH OTHER?
MY DARLINK
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10

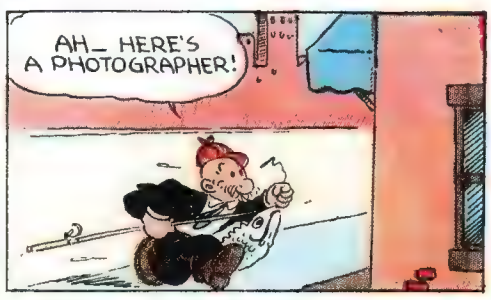

?
!
I WISH YOU ALL THE HAPPINESS THAT COULD POSSIBLY COME TO TWO LITTLE TURTLE DOVES LIKE YOU
8-23
11

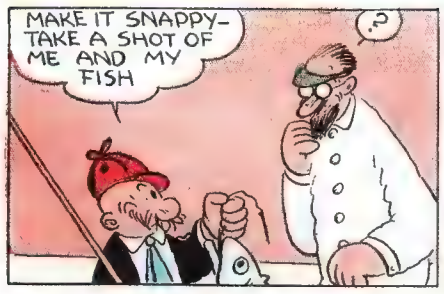

LISTEN, ROUGH-HOUSE - YA MAY KNOW A LOT ABOUT HAMBURGERS- BUT WIMEN—
BLA—!
12

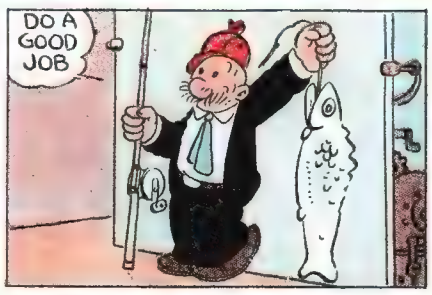

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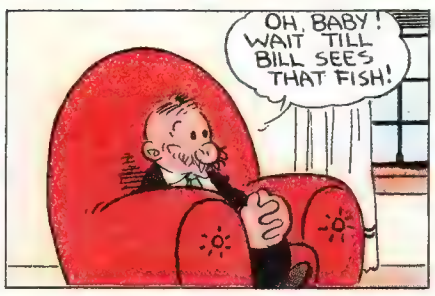

WOW !!


I'LL HURRY TO TOWN AND GET A PICTURE TAKEN WHILE HE'S FRESH


AH— HERE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER!

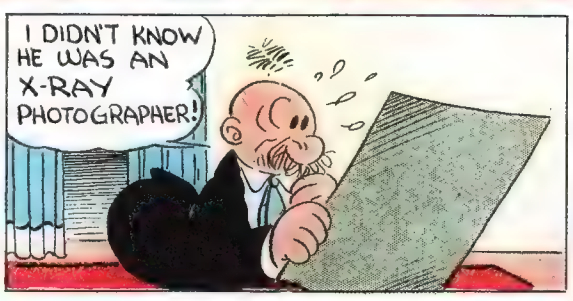

MAKE IT SNAPPY- TAKE A SHOT OF ME AND MY FISH
?

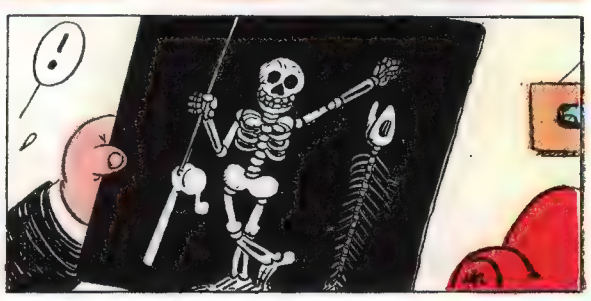

DO A GOOD JOB


OH, BABY! WAIT TILL BILL SEES THAT FISH!


JOHN, HERE'S THE PHOTO YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR

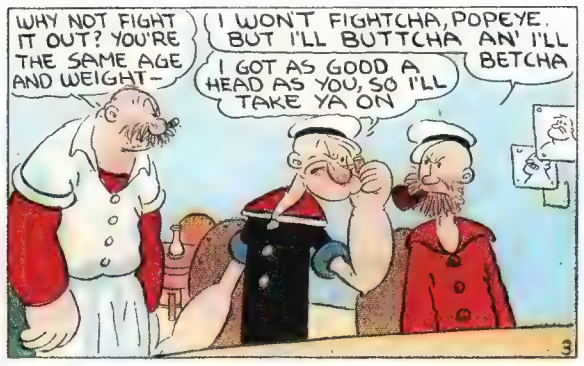

SAY!- WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG WITH YOU?
HOLY SMOKE!
WELL, I'LL BE ~~!
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I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHER!


!

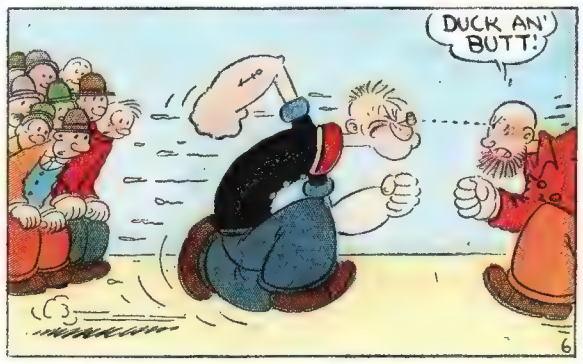

JOE GOOCH, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD YA SAYS ON ACCOUNT OF YER SUCHA BLASTED LIAR!
SO HELP ME HEAVEN! I BUTTED OUT THE WHOLE CREW WITH MY HEAD! WHO'S A LIAR?!
FIGHT WHY DON'TCHA
SLUP
1

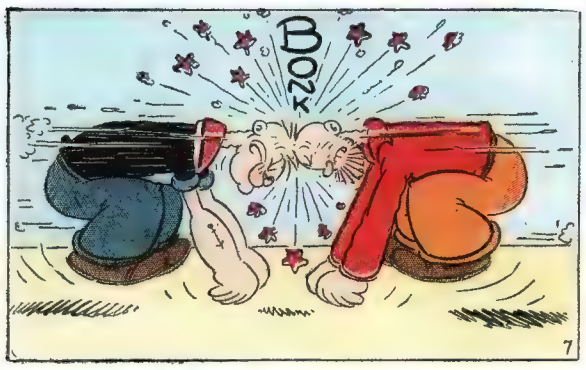

I GOT THE MOST SOLID HEAD OF ANY MAN LIVIN'
I SAYS YA AIN'T— MY HEAD'S AS THICK AS YOURN ANY DAY!
WHO'S A LIAR?
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
YOU ARE THA'S WHO IS!
2


WHY NOT FIGHT IT OUT? YOU'RE THE SAME AGE AND WEIGHT—
I WON'T FIGHTCHA, POPEYE. BUT I'LL BUTTCHA AN' I'LL BETCHA
I GOT AS GOOD A HEAD AS YOU, SO I'LL TAKE YA ON
3

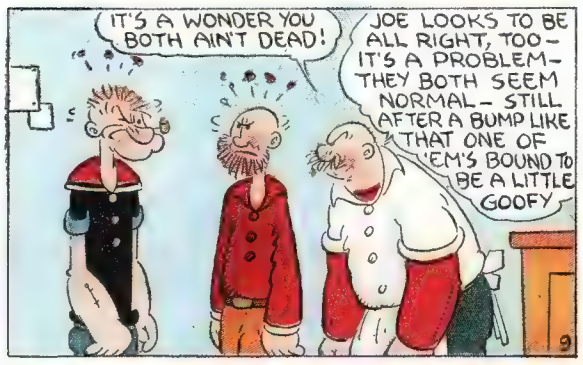

I AIN'T NO BILLY GOAT, BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCT OR TWICT— LET ROUGH-HOUSE HOLD STAKES— I DON'T TRUSK YA
HE'S THE JUDGE, TOO— THE ONE WHO GETS KNOCKED THE GOOFIEST LOSES
"CRAPS SHOT IN REAR"


ONE-TWO-THREE-GO!!
5

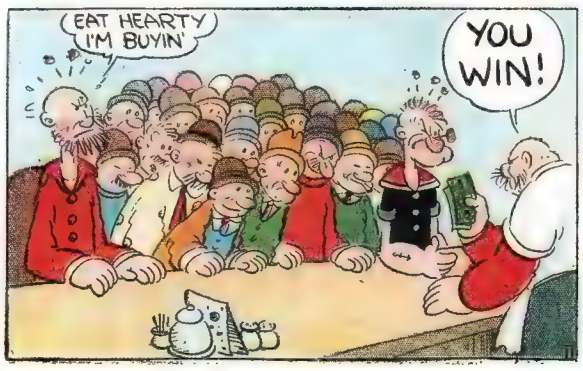

DUCK AN' BUTT!
6

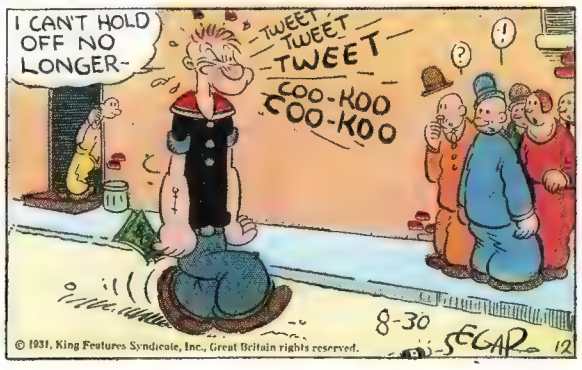

BOK ZOO
7

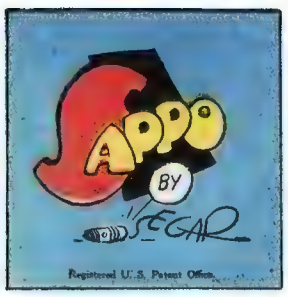

NOW YOU FELLOWS KEEP YOUR MOUTHS SHUT— I'LL DO THE JUDGING— H-M-M— POPEYE, YOU SEEM TO BE PERFECTLY OKAY

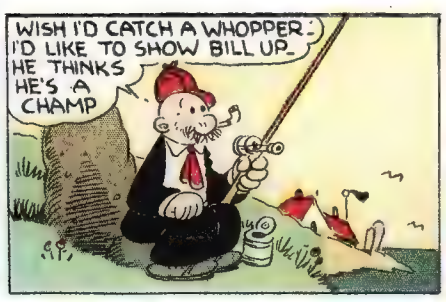

IT'S A WONDER YOU BOTH AIN'T DEAD!
JOE LOOKS TO BE ALL RIGHT, TOO— IT'S A PROBLEM— THEY BOTH SEEM NORMAL— STILL AFTER A BUMP LIKE THAT ONE OF 'EM'S BOUND TO BE A LITTLE GOOFY
9

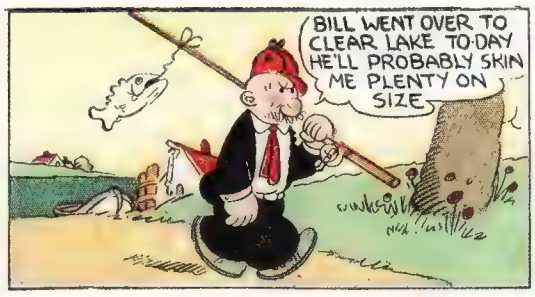

EVERYBODY STEP UP AN' HAVE SOMETHING ON ME!!
10


EAT HEARTY I'M BUYIN'
YOU WIN!

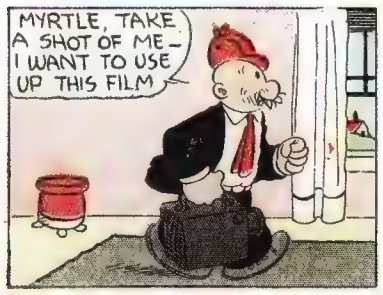

I CAN'T HOLD OFF NO LONGER—
TWEET TWEET TWEET
COO-KOO COO-KOO
8-30
SEGAR
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12


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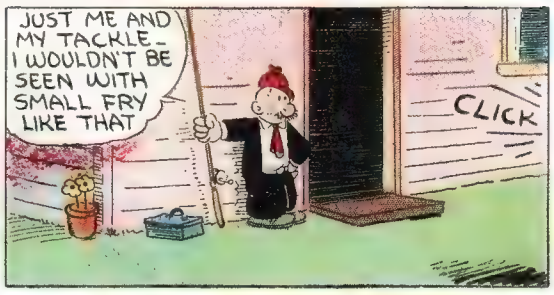

WISH I'D CATCH A WHOPPER— I'D LIKE TO SHOW BILL UP— HE THINKS HE'S A CHAMP


BILL WENT OVER TO CLEAR LAKE TO-DAY HE'LL PROBABLY SKIN ME PLENTY ON SIZE

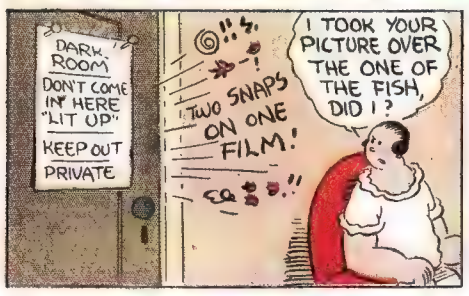

IF I WASN'T MAKING A COLLECTION OF FISH PICTURES I WOULDN'T BOTHER WITH A LITTLE BASS LIKE THIS


MYRTLE, TAKE A SHOT OF ME— I WANT TO USE UP THIS FILM

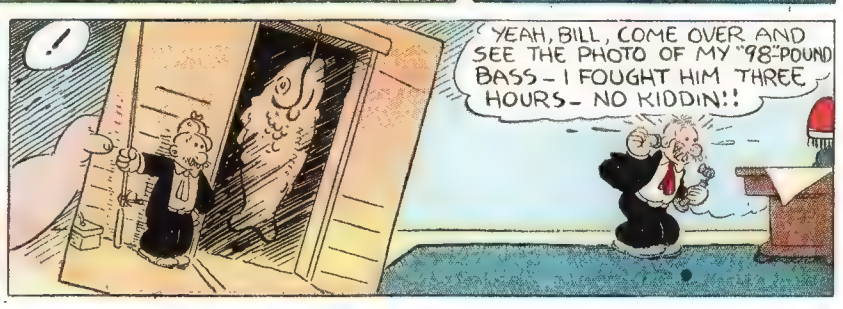

WHY DON'T YOU HOLD THAT FISH YOU JUST CAUGHT?

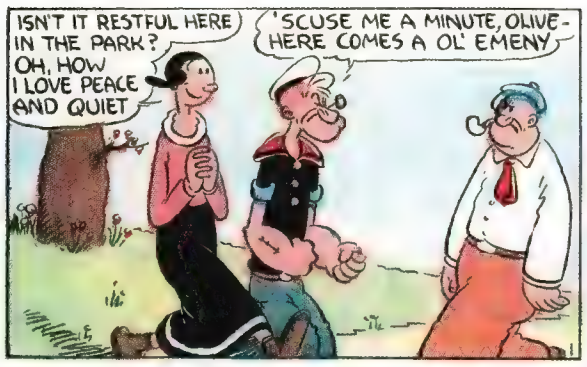

JUST ME AND MY TACKLE— I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH SMALL FRY LIKE THAT
CLICK

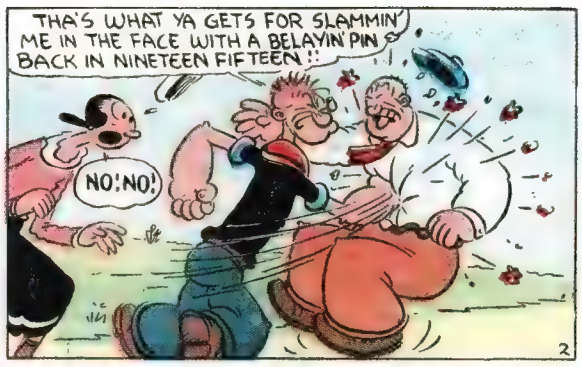

I'LL DEVELOP IT AND THEN MAKE SOME PRINTS

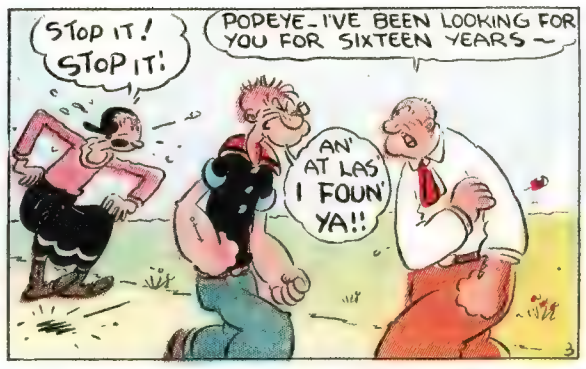

DARK ROOM
DON'T COME IN HERE "LIT UP"
KEEP OUT
PRIVATE
TWO SNAPS ON ONE FILM!
I TOOK YOUR PICTURE OVER THE ONE OF THE FISH, DID I?

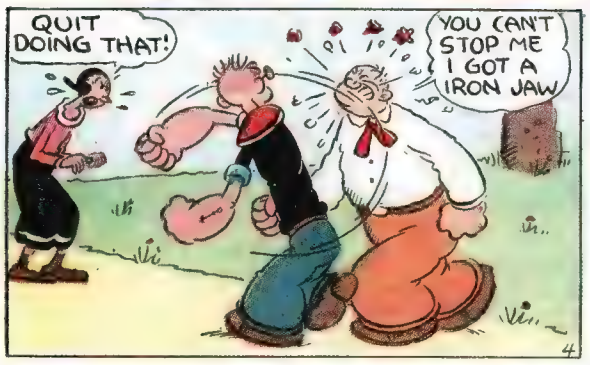

HEY, WIFE!— LOOK WHAT CAME OUT OF THE DOUBLE EXPOSURE!!
HAW HAW

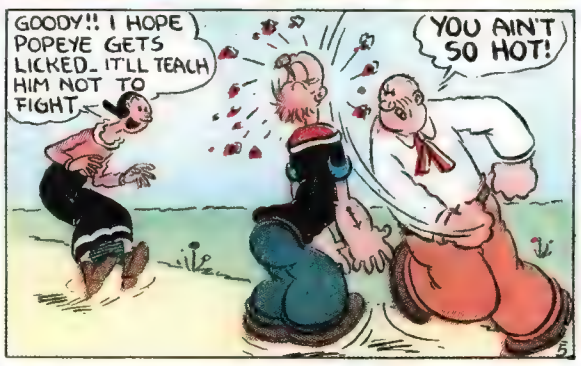

YEAH, BILL, COME OVER AND SEE THE PHOTO OF MY "98"-POUND BASS— I FOUGHT HIM THREE HOURS— NO KIDDIN'!!

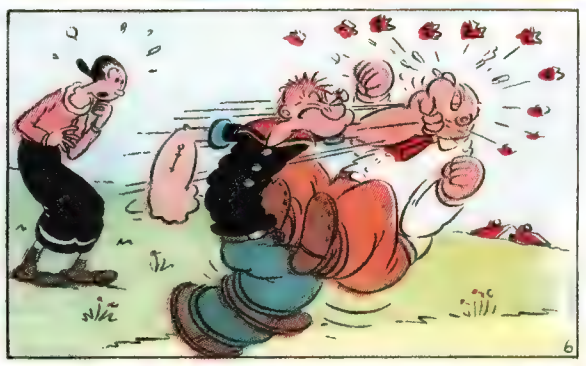

ISN'T IT RESTFUL HERE IN THE PARK? OH, HOW I LOVE PEACE AND QUIET
'SCUSE ME A MINUTE, OLIVE- HERE COMES A OL' EMENY
1


THA'S WHAT YA GETS FOR SLAMMIN' ME IN THE FACE WITH A BELAYIN' PIN BACK IN NINETEEN FIFTEEN!!
NO! NO!
2


STOP IT! STOP IT!
POPEYE- I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR SIXTEEN YEARS ~
AN' AT LAS' I FOUN' YA!!
3

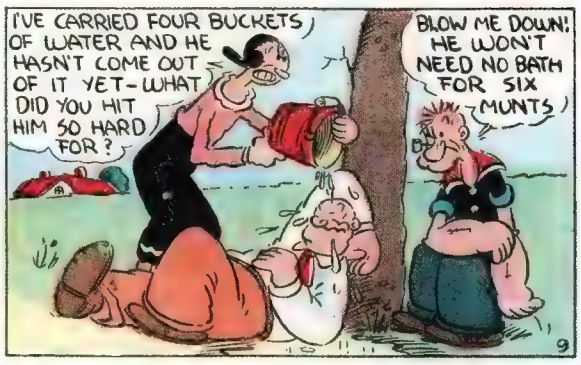

QUIT DOING THAT!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME I GOT A IRON JAW
4


GOODY!! I HOPE POPEYE GETS LICKED- IT'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO FIGHT
YOU AIN'T SO HOT!
5


6

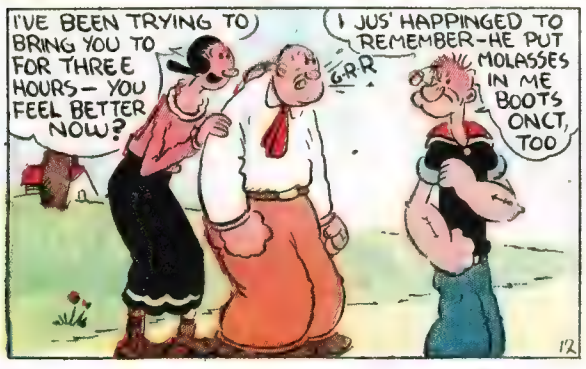

GO GET A BUCKET OF WATER AND BRING HIM TO. HE'S BEEN OUT AN HOUR
I SAYS I WON'T! LET 'IM LAY-
7

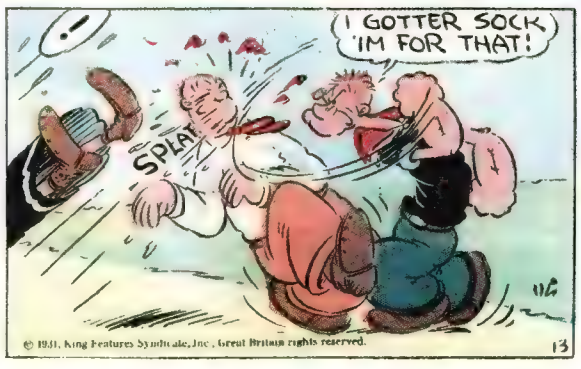

I CAN'T LET THE POOR FELLOW LIE THERE LIKE THAT
8

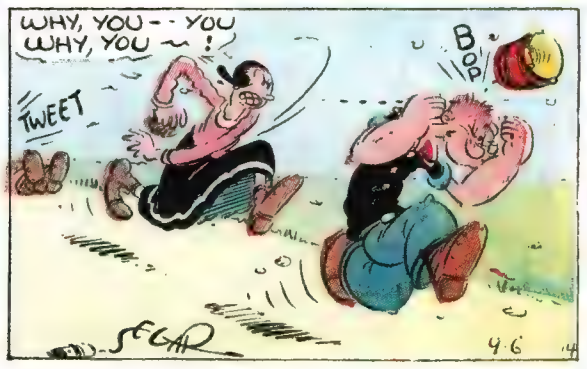

I'VE CARRIED FOUR BUCKETS OF WATER AND HE HASN'T COME OUT OF IT YET- WHAT DID YOU HIT HIM SO HARD FOR?
BLOW ME DOWN! HE WON'T NEED NO BATH FOR SIX MUNTS
9


I'M GETTING DARN TIRED OF THIS - I'M WORN OUT!
10

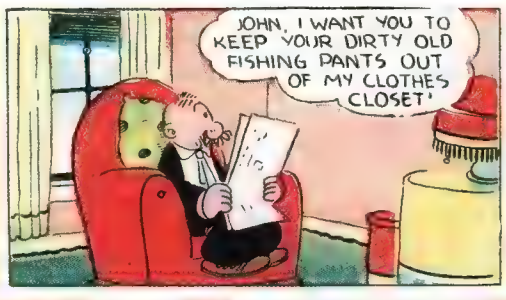

THANK GOODNESS HE'S WAKING UP
11


I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BRING YOU TO FOR THREE HOURS- YOU FEEL BETTER NOW?
I JUS' HAPPINGED TO REMEMBER- HE PUT MOLASSES IN ME BOOTS ONCT, TOO
GRR
12

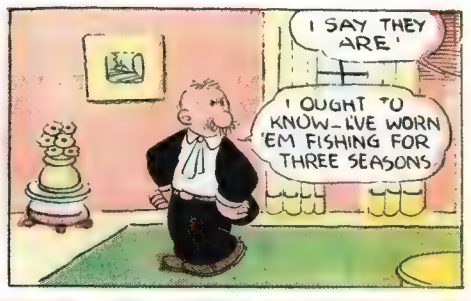

I GOTTER SOCK 'IM FOR THAT!
SPLAT
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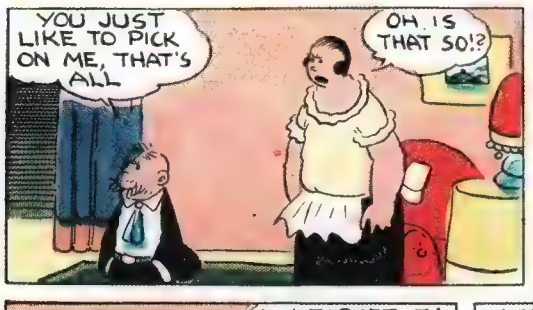

WHY, YOU - - YOU WHY, YOU ~ !
TWEET
B O P!
SEGAR
4-6
14


POPEYE
BY
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JOHN, I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOUR DIRTY OLD FISHING PANTS OUT OF MY CLOTHES CLOSET'

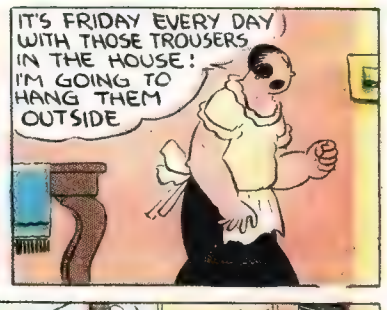

THEY'RE NOT DIRTY'

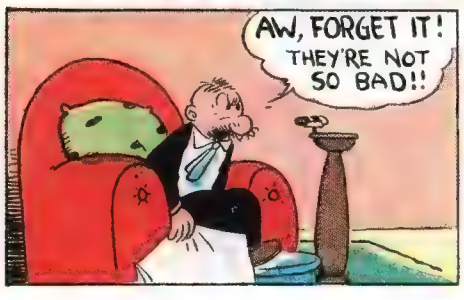

I SAY THEY ARE'
I OUGHT TO KNOW- I'VE WORN 'EM FISHING FOR THREE SEASONS

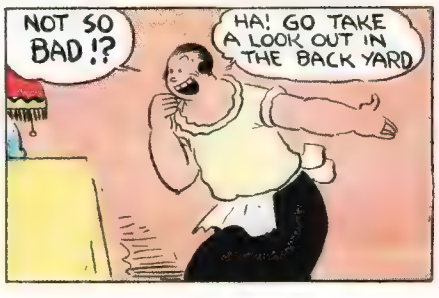

YOU JUST LIKE TO PICK ON ME, THAT'S ALL
OH, IS THAT SO!?


WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A RAG WITH YOU? I'LL BET YOU WIPE YOUR HANDS ON YOUR TROUSERS EVERY TIME YOU CATCH A FISH

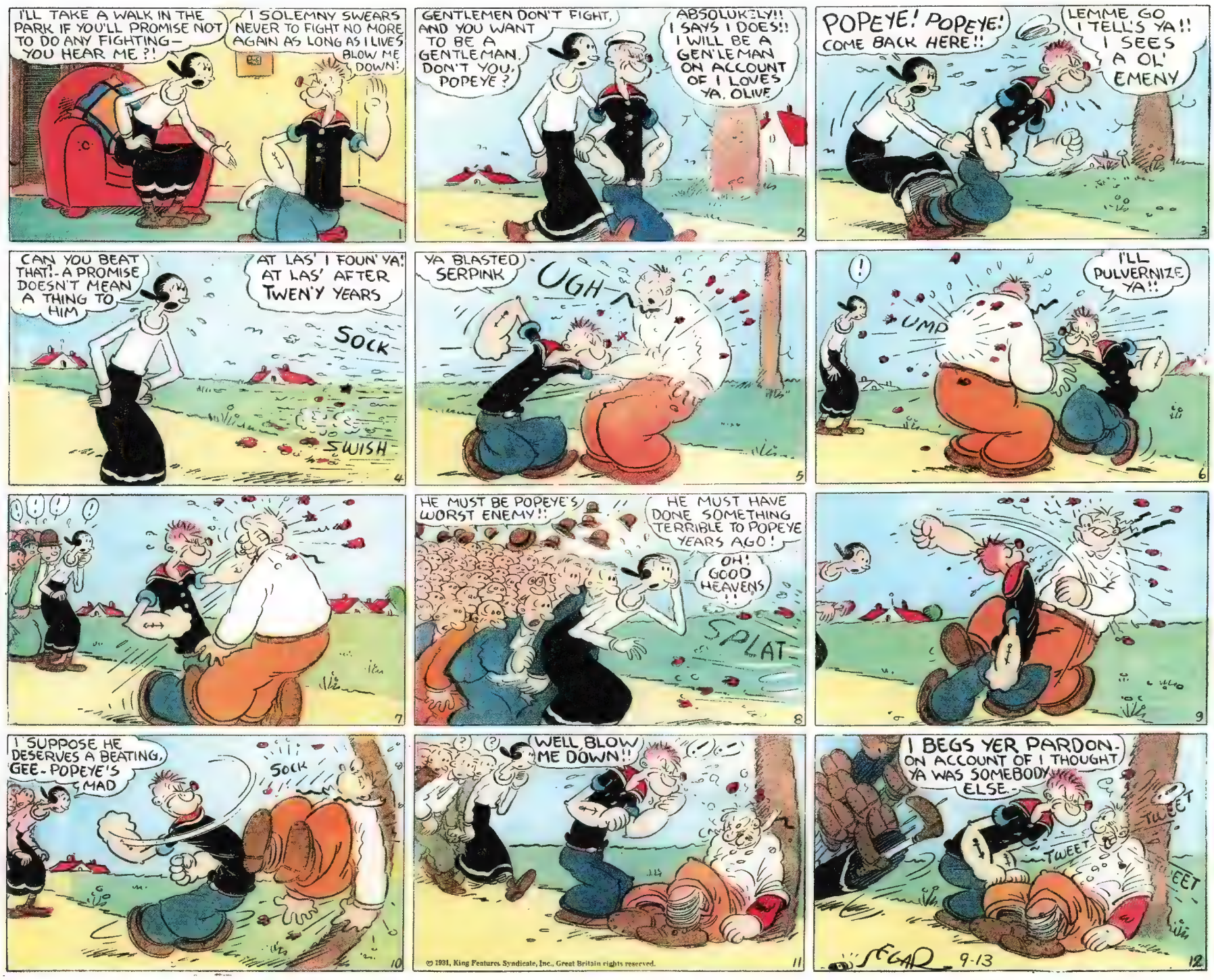

HOOEY

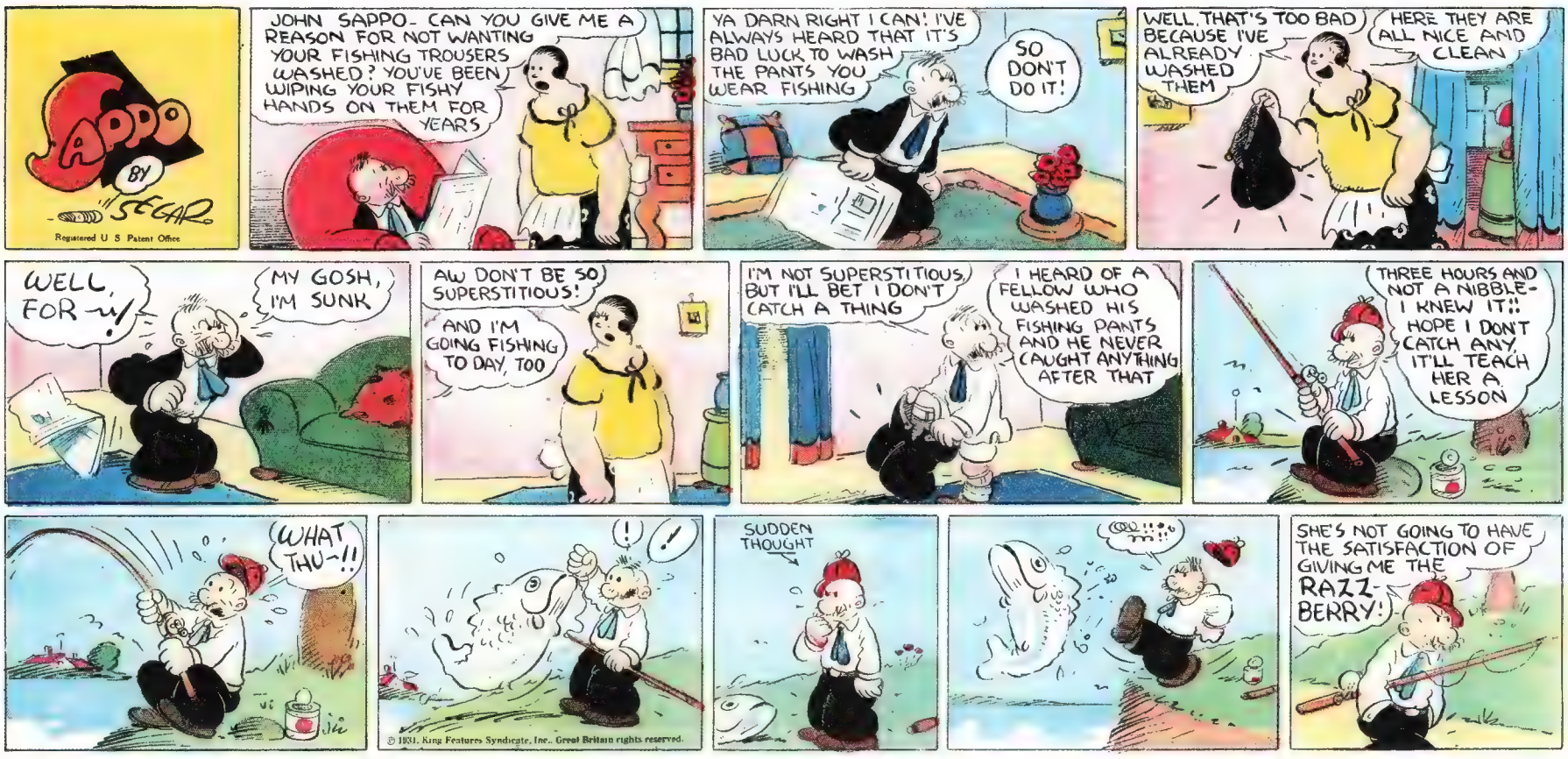

IT'S FRIDAY EVERY DAY WITH THOSE TROUSERS IN THE HOUSE! I'M GOING TO HANG THEM OUTSIDE

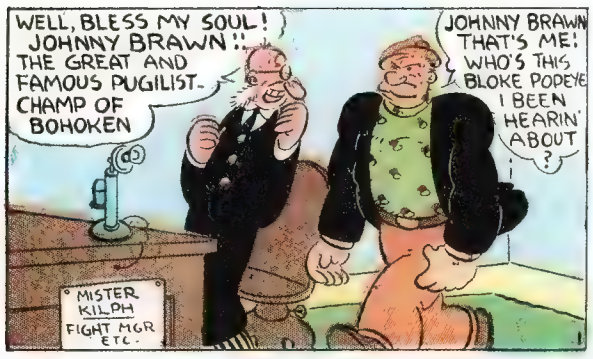

AW, FORGET IT! THEY'RE NOT SO BAD!!

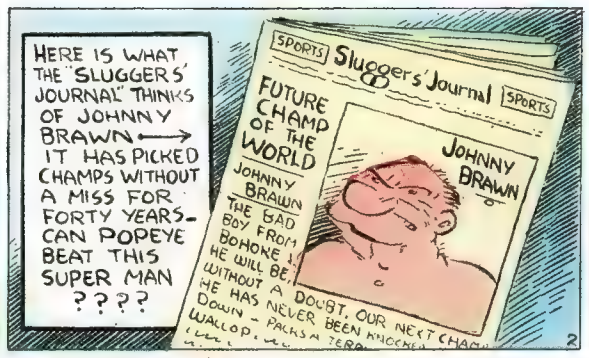

NOT SO BAD!?
HA! GO TAKE A LOOK OUT IN THE BACK YARD

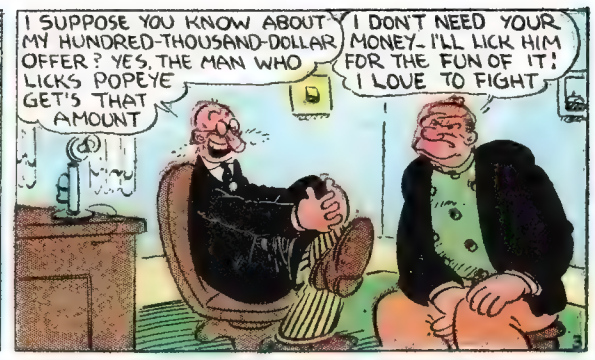

MEYOW
HAW HAW
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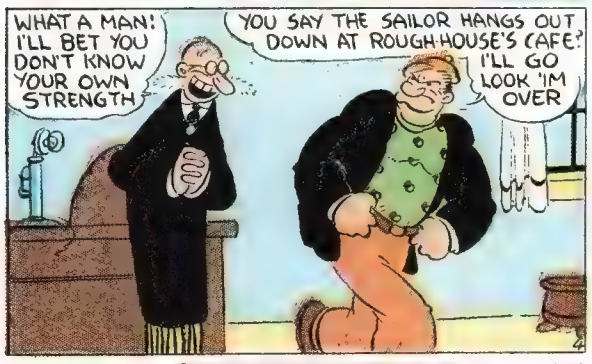

I'LL TAKE A WALK IN THE PARK IF YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO DO ANY FIGHTING— YOU HEAR ME?!
I SOLEMNY SWEARS NEVER TO FIGHT NO MORE AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVES
BLOW ME DOWN!
1
GENTLEMEN DON'T FIGHT, AND YOU WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN, DON'T YOU, POPEYE?
ABSOLUKELY!! I SAYS I DOES!! I WILL BE A GEN'LEMAN ON ACCOUNT OF I LOVES YA, OLIVE
2
POPEYE! POPEYE! COME BACK HERE!!
LEMME GO I TELLS YA!! I SEES A OL' EMENY
3
CAN YOU BEAT THAT!- A PROMISE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO HIM
AT LAS' I FOUN' YA! AT LAS' AFTER TWEN'Y YEARS
SOCK
SWISH
4
YA BLASTED SERPINK
UGH
5
UMP
I'LL PULVERNIZE YA!!
6
7
HE MUST BE POPEYE'S WORST ENEMY!!
HE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TERRIBLE TO POPEYE YEARS AGO!
OH! GOOD HEAVENS!!
SPLAT
8
9
I SUPPOSE HE DESERVES A BEATING, GEE- POPEYE'S MAD
SOCK
10
WELL BLOW ME DOWN!!
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11
I BEGS YER PARDON- ON ACCOUNT OF I THOUGHT YA WAS SOMEBODY ELSE-
TWEET
TWEET
EET
SEGAR 9-13
12

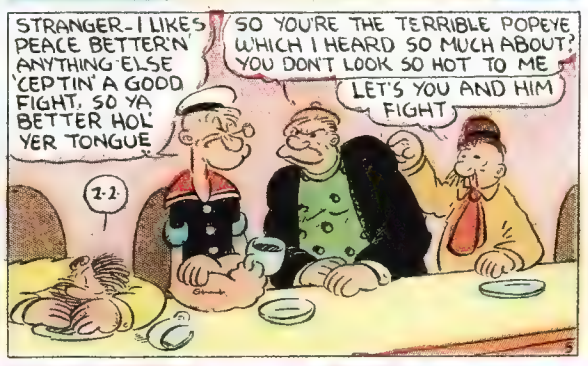

APPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
JOHN SAPPO- CAN YOU GIVE ME A REASON FOR NOT WANTING YOUR FISHING TROUSERS WASHED? YOU'VE BEEN WIPING YOUR FISHY HANDS ON THEM FOR YEARS
YA DARN RIGHT I CAN! I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THAT IT'S BAD LUCK TO WASH THE PANTS YOU WEAR FISHING
SO DON'T DO IT!
WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD BECAUSE I'VE ALREADY WASHED THEM
HERE THEY ARE ALL NICE AND CLEAN
WELL, FOR—!
MY GOSH, I'M SUNK
AW DON'T BE SO SUPERSTITIOUS!
AND I'M GOING FISHING TO DAY, TOO
I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT I'LL BET I DON'T CATCH A THING
I HEARD OF A FELLOW WHO WASHED HIS FISHING PANTS AND HE NEVER CAUGHT ANYTHING AFTER THAT
THREE HOURS AND NOT A NIBBLE- I KNEW IT!! HOPE I DON'T CATCH ANY, IT'LL TEACH HER A LESSON
WHAT THU-!!
SUDDEN THOUGHT
SHE'S NOT GOING TO HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF GIVING ME THE RAZZ-BERRY!
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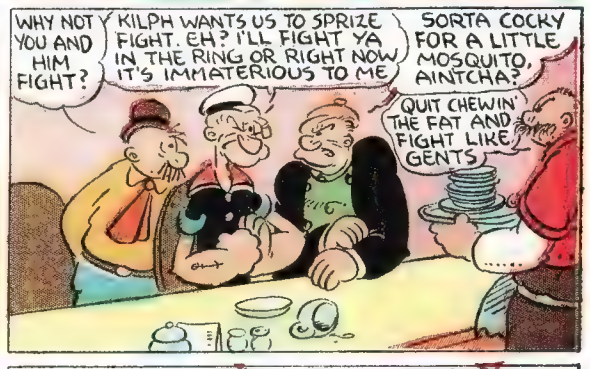

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! JOHNNY BRAWN!! THE GREAT AND FAMOUS PUGILIST- CHAMP OF BOHOKEN
JOHNNY BRAWN THAT'S ME! WHO'S THIS BLOKE POPEYE I BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT?
MISTER KILPH FIGHT MGR ETC.
1

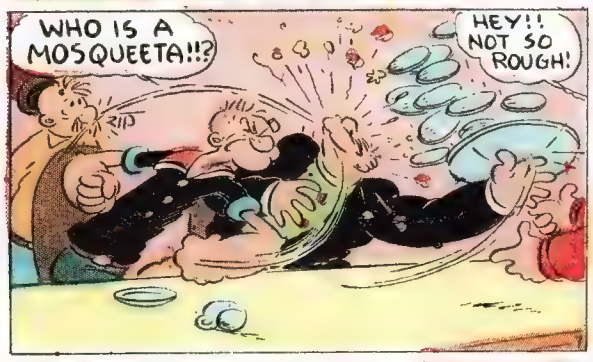

HERE IS WHAT THE "SLUGGER'S JOURNAL" THINKS OF JOHNNY BRAWN → IT HAS PICKED CHAMPS WITHOUT A MISS FOR FORTY YEARS- CAN POPEYE BEAT THIS SUPER MAN ????
SPORTS Slugger's Journal SPORTS
FUTURE CHAMP OF THE WORLD
JOHNNY BRAWN
JOHNNY BRAWN
THE BAD BOY FROM BOHOKE! HE WILL BE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, OUR NEXT CHAM
HE HAS NEVER BEEN KNOCKED
Down - PAHS A ZERO
WALLOP
2

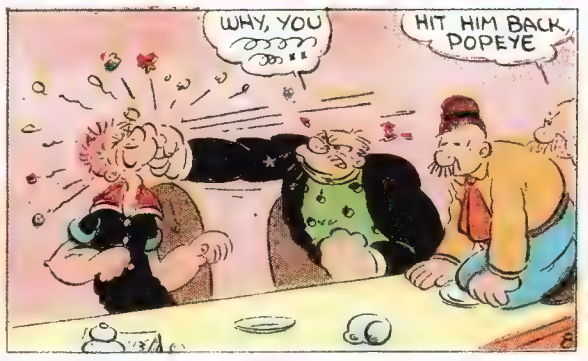

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ABOUT MY HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR OFFER? YES, THE MAN WHO LICKS POPEYE GET'S THAT AMOUNT
I DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY- I'LL LICK HIM FOR THE FUN OF IT! I LOVE TO FIGHT
3

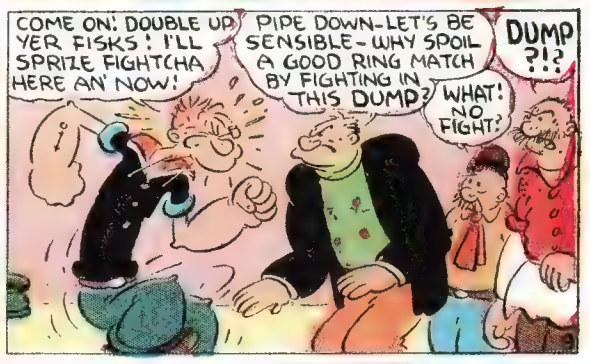

WHAT A MAN! I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN STRENGTH
YOU SAY THE SAILOR HANGS OUT DOWN AT ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFE? I'LL GO LOOK 'IM OVER
4


STRANGER- I LIKES PEACE BETTER'N ANYTHING ELSE 'CEPTIN' A GOOD FIGHT, SO YA BETTER HOL' YER TONGUE
SO YOU'RE THE TERRIBLE POPEYE WHICH I HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
2-2
5

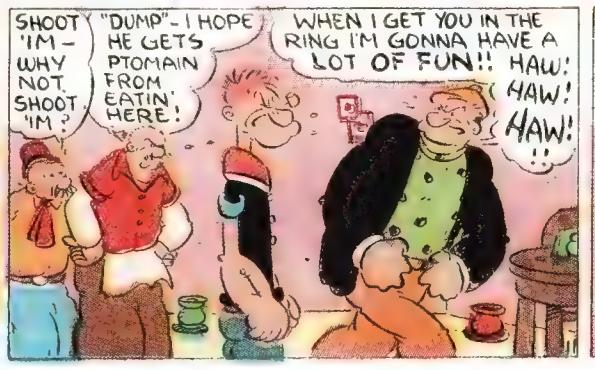

WHY NOT YOU AND HIM FIGHT?
KILPH WANTS US TO SPRIZE FIGHT. EH? I'LL FIGHT YA IN THE RING OR RIGHT NOW IT'S IMMATERIOUS TO ME
SORTA COCKY FOR A LITTLE MOSQUITO, AINTCHA?
QUIT CHEWIN' THE FAT AND FIGHT LIKE GENTS
6


WHO IS A MOSQUEETA!!?
HEY!! NOT SO ROUGH!
7


WHY, YOU
HIT HIM BACK POPEYE
8

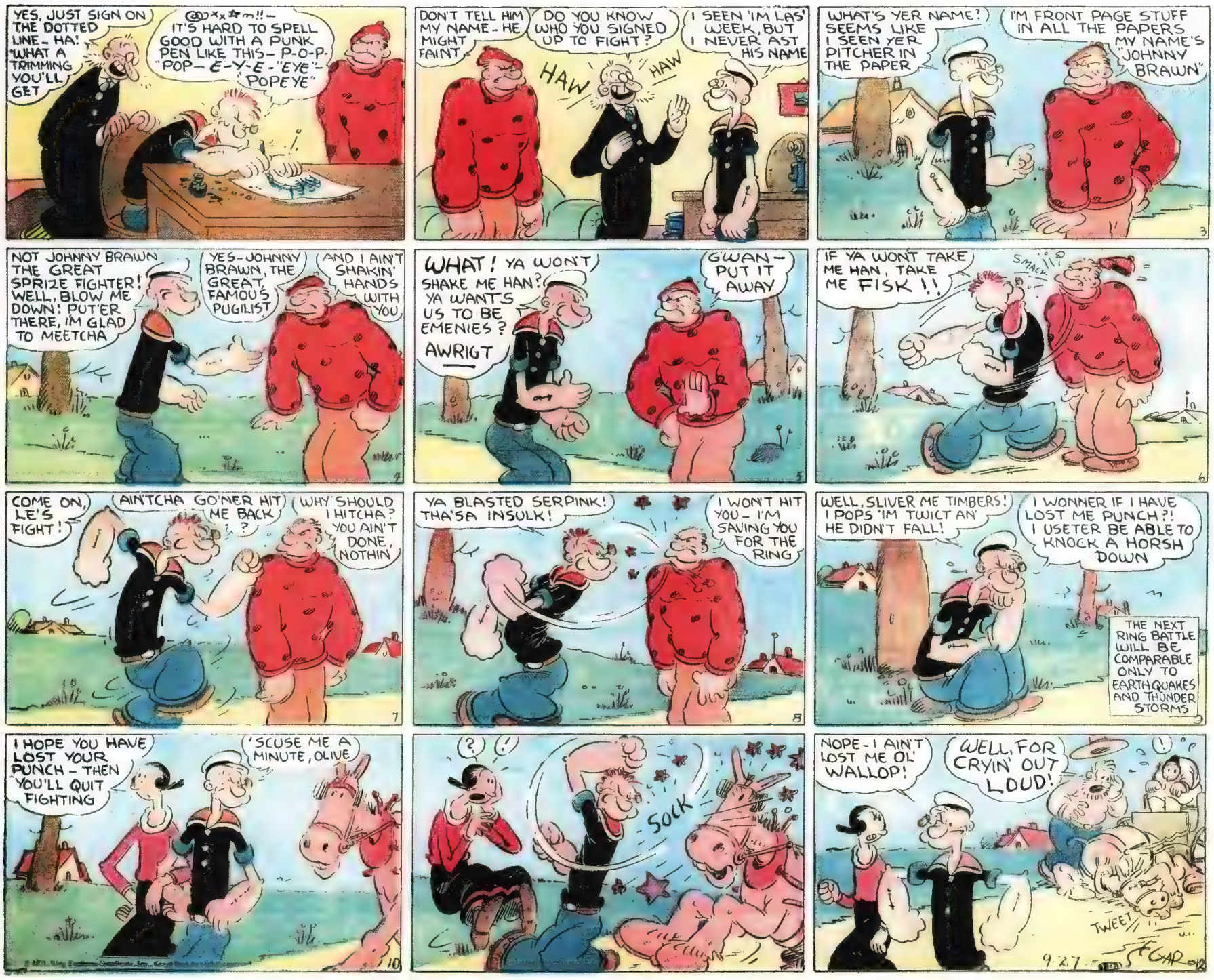

COME ON! DOUBLE UP YER FISKS! I'LL SPRIZE FIGHTCHA HERE AN' NOW!
PIPE DOWN- LET'S BE SENSIBLE- WHY SPOIL A GOOD RING MATCH BY FIGHTING IN THIS DUMP?
DUMP ?!?
WHAT! NO FIGHT?
9

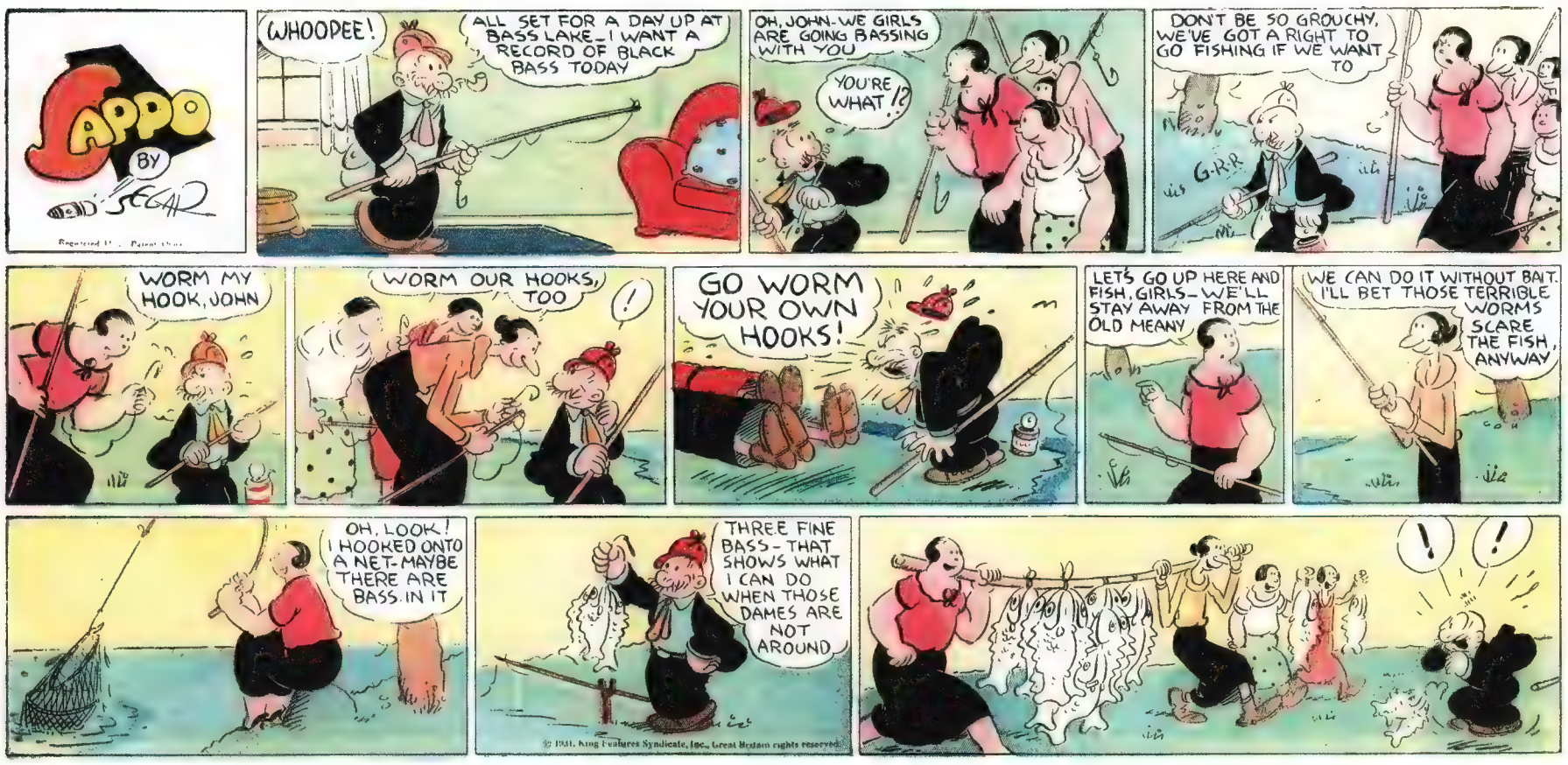

I DON'T NEED NO RING AROUN' ME. I KIN SCRAP ANYCUHERES
DUMP??
YES, DUMP!
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
10

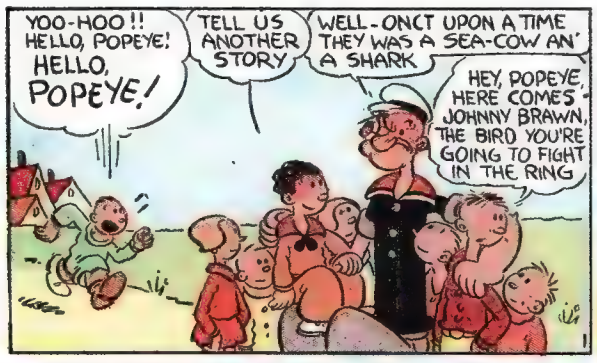

SHOOT 'IM - WHY NOT SHOOT 'IM?
"DUMP"- I HOPE HE GETS PTOMAIN FROM EATIN' HERE!
WHEN I GET YOU IN THE RING I'M GONNA HAVE A LOT OF FUN!! HAW! HAW! HAW!!

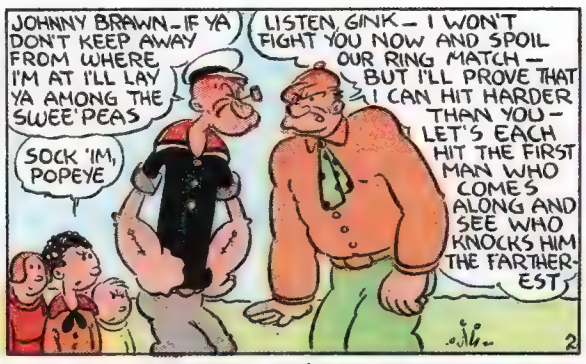

I SAYS YA WILL!!! AFTER I POPS YA EVER'THING WILL SEEM HOOMEROUS!
ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFE DELUXE
LADIES INVITED BUT NOT WANTED
THE FIGHT COMING UP WILL BE MUCH WORSE THAN THE WORLD WAR
9-20
EGAR
!

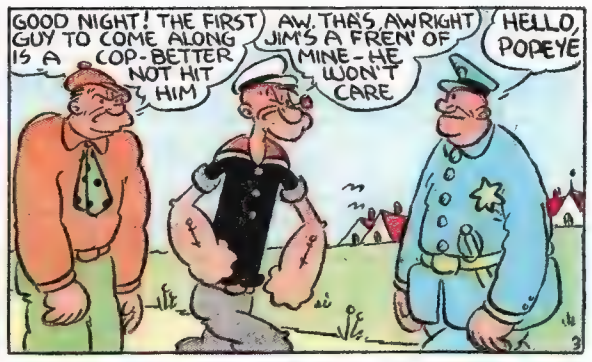

SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
YOU SHOULDN'T OF LET YOUR WIFE WASH THE PANTS YOU WEAR FISHIN'- IT'S A SURE JINX
I'VE HEARD THAT- AND I BELIEVE IT- I'VE ONLY CAUGHT ONE FISH SINCE SHE WASHED 'EM
I'VE WORE THESE PANTS FISHIN' FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND I ALWAYS HAS GOOD LUCK
YOU WON'T SELL EM, EH?
I'M GOING WITH YOU- I WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN, TOO-
OH, ALL RIGHT. COME ON
LOOK, JOHN- I'VE CAUGHT SIX FISH AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT ONE
AW, SHUT UP!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU JINXED ME BY WASHING MY FISHING TROUSERS
I OUGHT TO GET A DIVORCE SHE'S AN EGG ANYWAY- PHOOEY
NUMBER SEVEN, JOHN
I'LL NOT STAND IT ANY LONGER- I'LL TAKE THE DARN THINGS OFF
WHY, THE IDEA!! WELL, OF ALL THE SAPS!!
COME ON, BITE
I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT THERE'S NOTHING TO THAT SILLY SUPERSTITION
OH, YEAH?
?
!
THERE NOW- SEE!!
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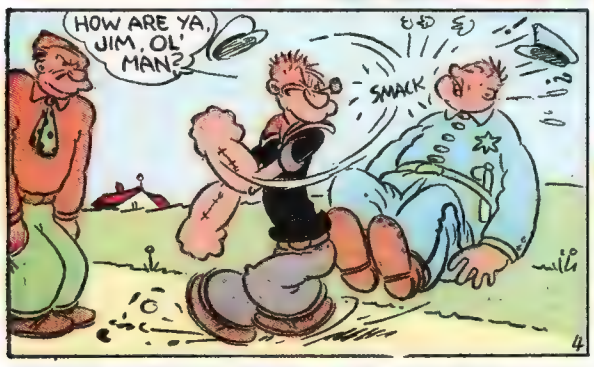

YES, JUST SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE - HA! WHAT A TRIMMING YOU'LL GET
@@xx☆m!! - IT'S HARD TO SPELL GOOD WITH A PUNK PEN LIKE THIS - P-O-P- "POP - E-Y-E - 'EYE' - POPEYE"
DON'T TELL HIM MY NAME - HE MIGHT FAINT
DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU SIGNED UP TO FIGHT?
I SEEN 'IM LAS' WEEK, BUT I NEVER AST HIS NAME
HAW
HAW
WHAT'S YER NAME? SEEMS LIKE I SEEN YER PITCHER IN THE PAPER
I'M FRONT PAGE STUFF IN ALL THE PAPERS MY NAME'S "JOHNNY BRAWN"
NOT JOHNNY BRAWN THE GREAT SPRIZE FIGHTER! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! PUT'ER THERE, IM GLAD TO MEETCHA
YES - JOHNNY BRAWN, THE GREAT, FAMOUS PUGILIST
AND I AIN'T SHAKIN' HANDS WITH YOU
WHAT! YA WON'T SHAKE ME HAN? YA WANTS US TO BE EMENIES? AWRIGT
GWAN - PUT IT AWAY
IF YA WONT TAKE ME HAN, TAKE ME FISK !!
SMACK
COME ON, LE'S FIGHT!
AIN'TCHA GO'NER HIT ME BACK ? ?
WHY SHOULD I HITCHA? YOU AIN'T DONE, NOTHIN
YA BLASTED SERPINK! THA'SA INSULK!
I WON'T HIT YOU - I'M SAVING YOU FOR THE RING
WELL, SLIVER ME TIMBERS! I POPS 'IM TWICT AN' HE DIDN'T FALL!
I WONNER IF I HAVE LOST ME PUNCH?! I USETER BE ABLE TO KNOCK A HORSH DOWN
THE NEXT RING BATTLE WILL BE COMPARABLE ONLY TO EARTHQUAKES AND THUNDER STORMS
I HOPE YOU HAVE LOST YOUR PUNCH - THEN YOU'LL QUIT FIGHTING
'SCUSE ME A MINUTE, OLIVE
? !
SOCK
NOPE - I AIN'T LOST ME OL' WALLOP!
WELL, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!
TWEET
9.27
EGAR

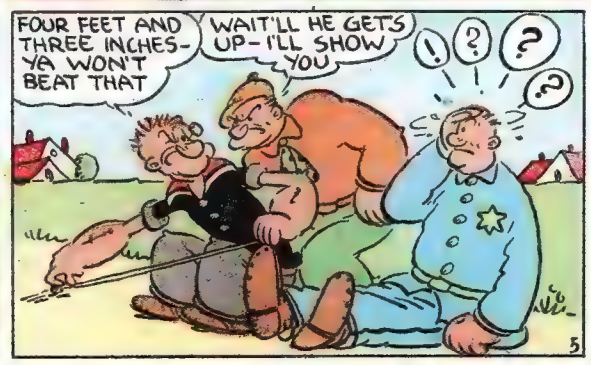

APPO
BY
SEGAR
WHOOPEE!
ALL SET FOR A DAY UP AT BASS LAKE - I WANT A RECORD OF BLACK BASS TODAY
OH, JOHN - WE GIRLS ARE GOING BASSING WITH YOU
YOU'RE WHAT!?
DON'T BE SO GROUCHY, WE'VE GOT A RIGHT TO GO FISHING IF WE WANT TO
G-R-R
WORM MY HOOK, JOHN
WORM OUR HOOKS, TOO
!
GO WORM YOUR OWN HOOKS!
LET'S GO UP HERE AND FISH, GIRLS - WE'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE OLD MEANY
WE CAN DO IT WITHOUT BAIT. I'LL BET THOSE TERRIBLE WORMS SCARE THE FISH, ANYWAY
OH, LOOK! I HOOKED ONTO A NET - MAYBE THERE ARE BASS IN IT
THREE FINE BASS - THAT SHOWS WHAT I CAN DO WHEN THOSE DAMES ARE NOT AROUND
!
!
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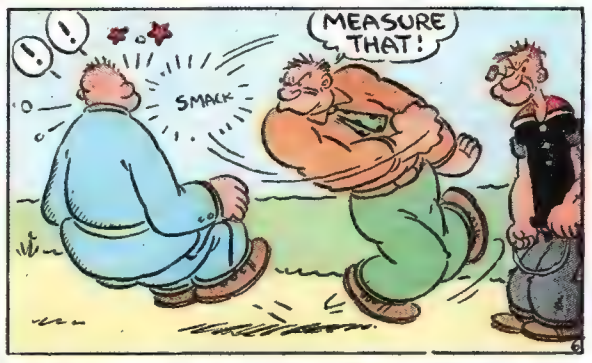

YOO-HOO!! HELLO, POPEYE! HELLO, POPEYE!
TELL US ANOTHER STORY
WELL-ONCT UPON A TIME THEY WAS A SEA-COW AN' A SHARK
HEY, POPEYE, HERE COMES JOHNNY BRAWN, THE BIRD YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT IN THE RING
1

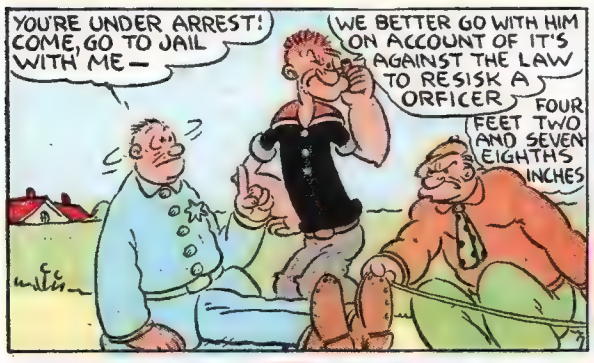

JOHNNY BRAWN-IF YA DON'T KEEP AWAY FROM WHERE I'M AT I'LL LAY YA AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS
LISTEN, GINK- I WON'T FIGHT YOU NOW AND SPOIL OUR RING MATCH- BUT I'LL PROVE THAT I CAN HIT HARDER THAN YOU- LET'S EACH HIT THE FIRST MAN WHO COMES ALONG AND SEE WHO KNOCKS HIM THE FARTHER-EST
SOCK 'IM, POPEYE
2

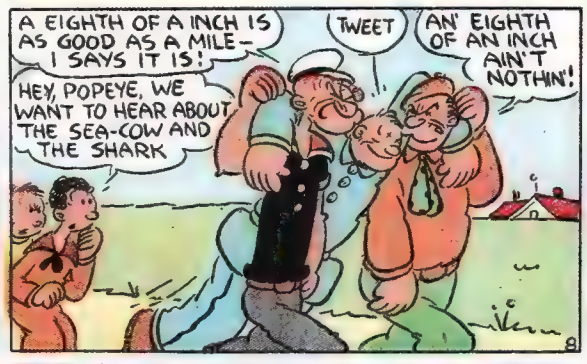

GOOD NIGHT! THE FIRST GUY TO COME ALONG IS A COP- BETTER NOT HIT HIM
AW, THA'S AWRIGHT JIM'S A FREN' OF MINE- HE WON'T CARE
HELLO, POPEYE
3


HOW ARE YA, JIM, OL' MAN?
SMACK
4

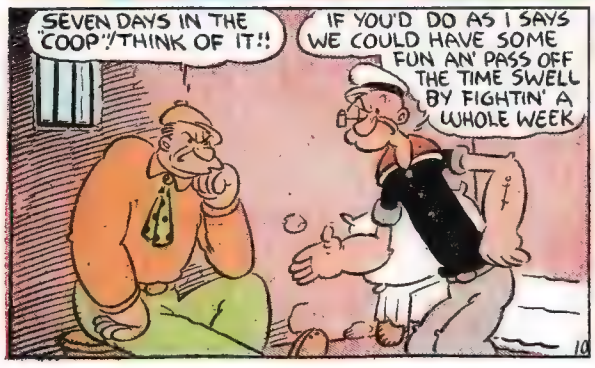

FOUR FEET AND THREE INCHES- YA WON'T BEAT THAT
WAIT'LL HE GETS UP- I'LL SHOW YOU
5

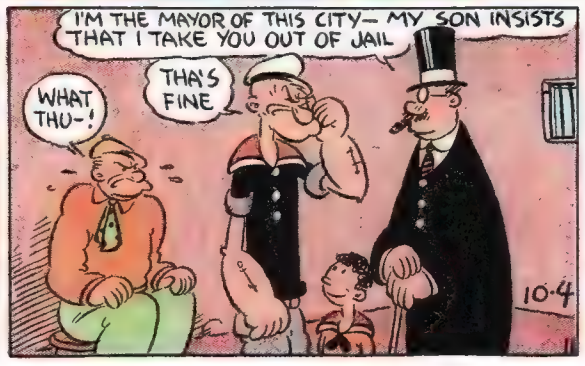

SMACK
MEASURE THAT!
6

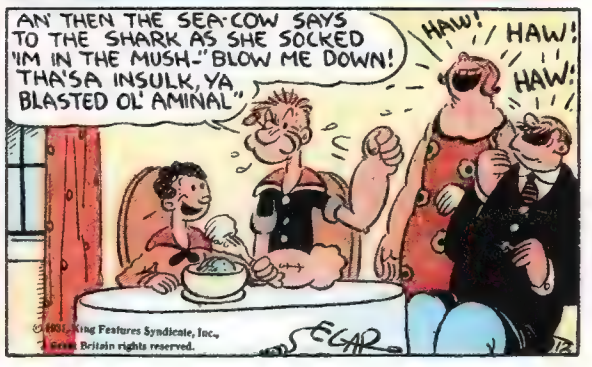

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! COME, GO TO JAIL WITH ME-
WE BETTER GO WITH HIM ON ACCOUNT OF IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO RESISK A ORFICER
FOUR FEET TWO AND SEVEN EIGHTHS INCHES
7

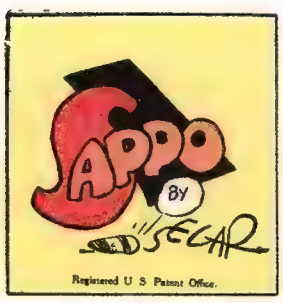

A EIGHTH OF A INCH IS AS GOOD AS A MILE- I SAYS IT IS!
TWEET
AN' EIGHTH OF AN INCH AIN'T NOTHIN!
HEY, POPEYE, WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE SEA-COW AND THE SHARK
8

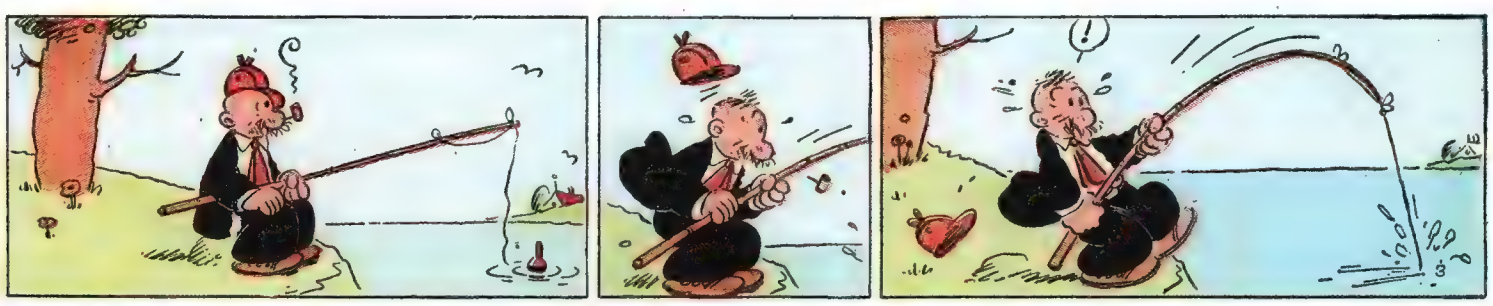

I'VE TOLD YOU TEN TIMES THAT I WON'T EAT MY SPINACH UNLESS YOU GET MY PAL POPEYE OUT OF JAIL
MERCY! MERCY! THE DOCTOR SAYS HE MUST EAT SPINACH
9

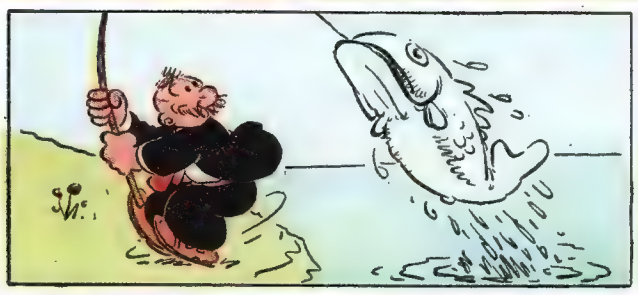

SEVEN DAYS IN THE "COOP"! THINK OF IT!!
IF YOU'D DO AS I SAYS WE COULD HAVE SOME FUN AN' PASS OFF THE TIME SWELL BY FIGHTIN' A WHOLE WEEK
10

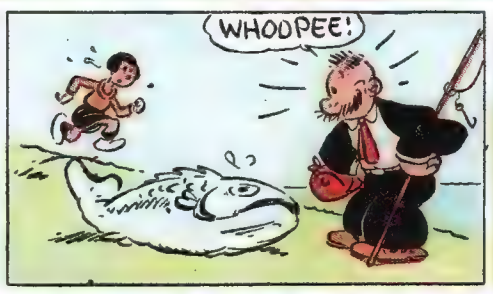

I'M THE MAYOR OF THIS CITY- MY SON INSISTS THAT I TAKE YOU OUT OF JAIL
WHAT THU-!
THA'S FINE
10-4
11

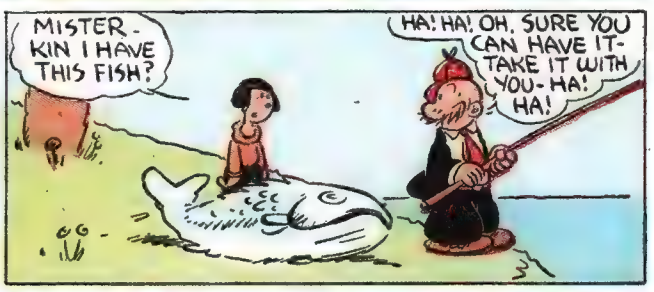

AN' THEN THE SEA-COW SAYS TO THE SHARK AS SHE SOCKED 'IM IN THE MUSH-" BLOW ME DOWN! THA'SA INSULK, YA BLASTED OL' AMINAL"
HAW! HAW! HAW!
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SEGAR
12

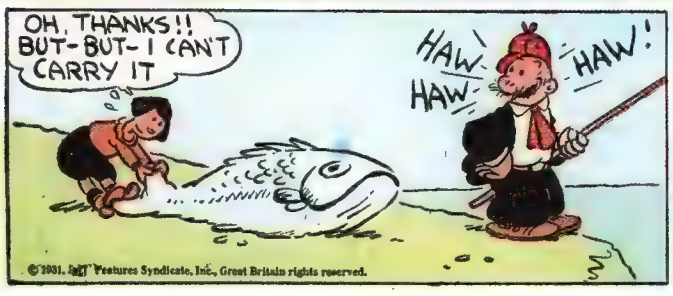

POPEYE
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office.

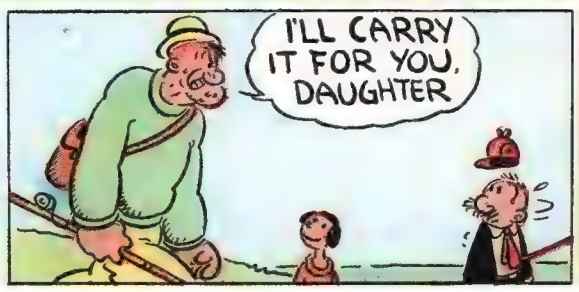

!
3




WHOOPEE!


MISTER- KIN I HAVE THIS FISH?
HA! HA! OH, SURE YOU CAN HAVE IT- TAKE IT WITH YOU- HA! HA!


OH, THANKS!! BUT-BUT- I CAN'T CARRY IT
HAW! HAW! HAW!
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I'LL CARRY IT FOR YOU, DAUGHTER


!

POPEYE-YOU'RE TO FIGHT JOHNNY BRAWN AT THREE O'CLOCK- AND YOU'VE BEEN SHOOTING CRAPS FOR TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS-YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP IN THE RING

I CAN'T QUIT NOW I'M FOUR BITS LOSERS

SHOOT

YOU AIN'T GOT NO SENSE AT ALL, POPEYE- EATIN' LIKE THAT BEFORE A FIGHT

NO SKIN OFF'N YOUR NECK, IS IT?

SERVICE! SERVICE! COOK ME UP A HAMBURGER ON CREDIT

I'M A FREE MAN AN' I DOES AS I @&%$! PLEASES AN' THAT'S A FACK

P-S-T- HOW ABOUT A HAMBURGER ON CREDIT?

NO!

POPEYE- I'VE GOT THIRTY BUCKS BET ON YOU TO WIN THIS FIGHT AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF

NOBODY AST YA TO BET ON ME

SAY-

SAY- LISTEN, GENTLEMEN-

GET OFF THE COUNTER YOU @&%$!- THIS AIN'T NO DUMP! SUPPOSE A LADY'D COME IN

YOU KNOW I'M REFEREE— NOW IF YOU'LL PRESENT ME WITH A HAMBURGER I'LL GIVE POPEYE THE DECISION WIN OR LOSE

WHY, MISTER WIMPY- I DIDN'T THINK YOU WAS THAT LOW-DOWN!

TAIN'T LOW-DOWN, I'M HUNGRY!

YA OUGHTER BE ASHAMED ON YERSELF

THAT'S OUT! BECAUSE WE MUST KEEP THE FIGHT GAME CLEAN

JOHNNY BRAWN- IF YA DON'T KEEP AWAY FROM ME I'LL SMACK YA DOWN BEFORE I GETCHA IN THE RING

YOU AND HOW MANY NAVIES?

P-S-T

P-S-T

P-S-T

P-S-T- BUY ME A HAMBURGER AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE FIGHT- WIN OR LOSE

COME INTO THE BACK ROOM AND WE'LL TALK— I'M SURE I CAN LICK POPEYE, BUT IF I CAN CINCH IT, ALL THE BETTER

A SANDWICH AIN'T ENOUGH- HOW ABOUT PAYIN' ME FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS?

FORTY THOUSAND ME EYE- P-S-T P-S-T- I'LL GIVE YOU- P-S-T- P-S-T-

P-S-T P-S-T OKAY. P-S-T P-S-T

P-S-T

P-S-T- P-S-T

FIVE HAMBURGERS FOR A CASH CUSTOMER

IN THE RING NEXT WEEK

SEGAR

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POPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

OH, JOHN- COUSIN MINNIE SENT ME A GOLD CIGARETTE CASE FOR MY BIRTHDAY!

THAT'S A HECK OF A PRESENT- YOU DON'T SMOKE

I CAN LEARN, CAN'T I?

WELL-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEARN. I'M TELLING YOU THAT!!

YOU'RE GOING TO TEACH ME TO SMOKE RIGHT NOW AND DON'T SAY NO

I HAVEN'T ANY CIGARETTES

I'LL LEARN ON YOUR PIPE THEN

PIPE? OH, ALL RIGHT- WAIT TILL I GET MY TOBACCO CAN

I'VE MIXED HAIR-STRING AND INSECT POWDER WITH THE TOBACCO

A LITTLE FISH MEAL FERTILIZER WILL MAKE A PERFECT BLEND- I'LL TEACH HER PLENTY ABOUT SMOKING

FISH MEAL

LIGHT IT AND TAKE A BIG PUFF OF SMOKE INTO YOUR MOUTH

NOW INHALE- DRAW IT DOWN TO ABOUT HERE

COUGH

THAT MIXTURE WOULD KNOCK OUT A HORSE

HAW-HAW

HA! HA! HA! HA!

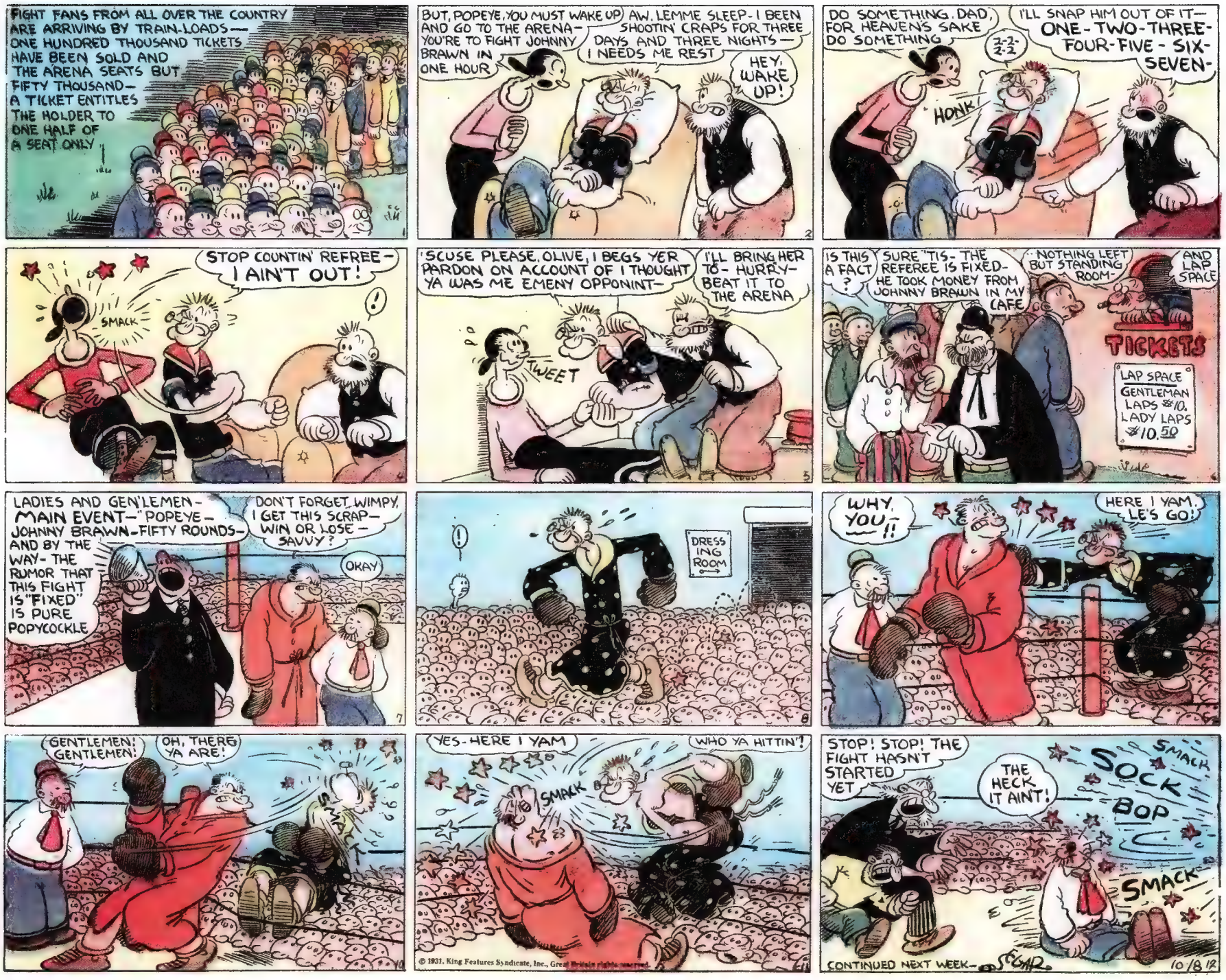
OH BOY! THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE!!

HA! HA! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT

UGH! COUGH!

MOVE OVER

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FIGHT FANS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE ARRIVING BY TRAIN-LOADS— ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TICKETS HAVE BEEN SOLD AND THE ARENA SEATS BUT FIFTY THOUSAND— A TICKET ENTITLES THE HOLDER TO ONE HALF OF A SEAT ONLY
BUT, POPEYE, YOU MUST WAKE UP AND GO TO THE ARENA— YOU'RE TO FIGHT JOHNNY BRAWN IN ONE HOUR
AW, LEMME SLEEP- I BEEN SHOOTIN' CRAPS FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS— I NEEDS ME REST
HEY, WAKE UP!
DO SOMETHING, DAD, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DO SOMETHING
HONK!
2-2-2-2
I'LL SNAP HIM OUT OF IT— ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-
SMACK
STOP COUNTIN' REFREE— I AIN'T OUT!
'SCUSE PLEASE, OLIVE, I BEGS YER PARDON ON ACCOUNT OF I THOUGHT YA WAS ME EMENY OPPONINT—
I'LL BRING HER TO- HURRY- BEAT IT TO THE ARENA
TWEET
IS THIS A FACT?
SURE 'TIS- THE REFEREE IS FIXED- HE TOOK MONEY FROM JOHNNY BRAWN IN MY CAFE
NOTHING LEFT BUT STANDING ROOM-
AND LAP SPACE
TICKETS
LAP SPACE
GENTLEMAN LAPS $10.
LADY LAPS $10.50
LADIES AND GEN'LEMEN- MAIN EVENT— "POPEYE— JOHNNY BRAWN- FIFTY ROUNDS— AND BY THE WAY- THE RUMOR THAT THIS FIGHT IS "FIXED" IS PURE POPYCOCKLE
DON'T FORGET, WIMPY, I GET THIS SCRAP— WIN OR LOSE— SAVVY?
OKAY
DRESS ING ROOM
WHY, YOU—!!
HERE I YAM. LE'S GO!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
OH, THERE YA ARE!
YES- HERE I YAM
WHO YA HITTIN'?
SMACK
STOP! STOP! THE FIGHT HASN'T STARTED YET
THE HECK IT AIN'T!
SMACK
SOCK
BOP
SMACK
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK- SEGAR
10/18 12
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APPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I'VE WORKED SIX MONTHS ON THIS INVENTION- BUT I'LL BE WELL PAID IF IT WORKS
WHAT IS IT, JOHN?
IT'S A PHONOGRAPHIC SCALE— THIS SCALE SPEAKS YOUR WEIGHT INSTEAD OF USING A POINTER OR PRINTED CARD
I HAVEN'T MUCH FAITH IN YOUR INVENTIONS- THEY ALWAYS FIZZLE OUT
WELL, THIS ONE WON'T!! SAY- ARE YOU TRYING TO DISCOURAGE ME?
ANYTHING THAT'S DIFFERENT WILL TAKE WITH THE PUBLIC
YOU WEIGH SEVENTY-SIX POUNDS
CLICK
THERE NOW- ISN'T THAT HOT?
I'LL PUT IT ON THE STREET AND TRY IT OUT
IT COST FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS, BUT PENNIES COUNT UP— IT WILL SOON PAY FOR ITSELF- AH- A CUSTOMER!
YOU WEIGH THREE HUNDRED POUNDS
CLICK
YOU'RE A LIAR!!
AND BESIDES I DON'T WANT MY WEIGHT ADVERTISED!!
CRASH
!!!
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POPEYE VS. JOHNNY BRAWN "50" ROUNDS OR LESS ROUND ONE BONG THEY'RE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING NOW—

YOU @#$%?!! I'LL LAY YA AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS

GRR

YOU CAN'T EVEN HIT ME—YOU @#$%!!@#!!

OUW

FLUMP

SMACK

YOO HOO— 'LO, ED - HOW'S THE MISSUS?

KICK 'IM IN THE FACE, POPEYE!

GET UP, YOU BIG EGG!!!

HEY

BLOW ME DOWN! MISTER WIMPY, AIN'T YA GO'NER COUNT 'IM OUT?!! SO IT'S TRUE THAT YER "FIXED!" HE BRIBED YA, DIDN'T HE?

HOW YOU TALK

YER A BLASTED CROOK!

SOCK

TWO-FOUR SIX—

EIGHT-

YER DERN ANXIOUS TO COUNT ME OUT, AIN'T-CHA?

SMACK!

SMACK

BAM

SOCK

THREE-SIX—

NINE-

ONE-ONE-ONE-ONE-ONE-ONE ONE-

SNIFF

SMACK

8-9-10 OUT

BIFFF

SOCK

SMACK

POW

SOCK

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SOCK- JOHNNY'S DOWN- HE'S UP- HE'S DOWN SOCK UP- POPEYE'S DOWN HE'S UP- JOHNNY'S DOWN- UP- DOWN

SNIFF

SNIFF

SNIFF

SOCK

SMELLING SALTS

10-25

EGAR

SAPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

IF YOU WANT TO INVENT SOMETHING WHY NOT MAKE A MACHINE THAT WILL HELP WITH THE HOUSE WORK?

OKAY— WHAT'LL IT BE?

WHY NOT INVENT AN AUTOMATIC DISH-WIPER?

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE

I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT HE'S A CLEVER LITTLE FELLOW

POW

BAM

TWO DAYS LATER

WELL - HERE IT IS— COMPLETED

WONDERFUL!

SEE THE DOOJIGGER WITH THE TOWELS ON IT? THAT'S WHAT DRIES 'EM

AND THE DISHES COME OUT HERE ALL FINISHED?

SURE - ALL FINISHED

JOHN, YOU'RE A GENIUS

AHEM

YEP - JUST PUT YOUR DISHES IN THERE AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO WIPE 'EM

?

R-R-R-R CRASH R-R-R-R

IT'S NOTHING - I GUESS THE BELT SLIPPED OFF - THAT'S ALL

CRASH

BUT LOOK AT MY BEST CHINA!

"AHEM - JUST PUT YOUR DISHES IN THERE AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO WIPE 'EM— G-R-R-R

WELL - YOU WON'T HAVE TO WIPE 'EM

DIDN'T I SAY THEY'D COME OUT FINISHED? TWEET! TWEET!

ROUND TWO

SMACK

SPLAT

OUWOOOO

DON'T HIT SO HARD!

I THOUGHT YA WAS SUSPOSED TO BE A IRON MAN

YOU BRUTE

THERE NOW. DON'T CRY— THE BELL WILL RING IN A SECOND

OUW

REFEREE. WHY DON'T YA COUNT 'IM OUT INSTEAD OF SYMPTHITIZING WITH 'IM?

BONG

ROUND THREE

1-2-3-4-5-6

SMACK

OUW-I BUSTED MY HAND! STOP THE FIGHT! IT'S UNEVEN NOW!

KICK HIM

THA'S FUNNY-YA DIDN'T HURT ME JAW—YA MUST BE DELIKIT

YOU'RE A SPORTSMAN, AIN'T YOU? YA WOULDN'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY BUSTED HAND, WOULD YOU?

I SAYS I WOULDN'T!! BUT IF I BUSTS A FIN, TOO, IT'LL BE EVEN AN' WE KIN KEEP ON

WELL FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD! WELL, I'LL BE ccc!!

NOW IT'S EVEN

WHACK

OUW

FLUMP

SWISH

POP-POPEYE GOES WILD! HE'S TEARING INTO JOHNNY-

OH, IT'S AWFUL! JOHNNY'S DOWN! HE'S UP! DOWN! UP! DOWN! HE BOUNCES!

THE REFEREE'S DOWN! I HOPE HE STAYS DOWN

OUW! POPEYE HITS JOHNNY SO HARD- THAT~~ OUW~ I CAN'T LOOK! I'M FAINTING- PLOP

SOCK

SEE NEXT WEEK

APPO BY SEGAR

WHY NOT INVENT SOMETHING USEFUL?

THE SILLY THINGS YOU GET UP NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING

AT LAST I'VE GOT SOMETHING GOOD- BUT I WON'T TELL HER A THING ABOUT IT

I HAVE INVENTED A GAS WHICH IS ONE MILLION TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR - I MUST GUARD THIS FORMULA WITH MY LIFE - I'LL BE A RICH MAN

THIS TINY GAS TABLET WHEN HEATED OR DISSOLVED IN WATER PRODUCES ONE CUBIC FOOT OF THE FINEST GAS IMAGINABLE

MYRTLE DOESN'T GIVE ME CREDIT FOR BEING A GENIUS - I THINK I'LL PLAY A TRICK ON HER

AH,— DOUGHNUT DOUGH ALL MADE UP READY TO FRY— I'LL MASH UP A FEW GAS TABLETS AND MIX THEM IN IT

HEH HEH HEH HEH

HEY, WIFE - THE TROUBLE WITH YOUR DOUGHNUTS IS - THEY'RE ALWAYS HEAVY AS LEAD — WHY DON'T YOU DO BETTER?

I'M GOING TO FRY SOME NOW AND THEY WON'T BE HEAVY EITHER- YOU INSULTING THING

I HOPE THEY'RE EXTRA LIGHT THIS TIME — I'D LIKE TO SHOW HIM

WHAT THU —!!

JOHN! JOHN! OH, JOHN! COME LOOK! COME LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

WHEE!

ARE THEY LIGHT? JUST LOOK!

YES - DIRIGIBLE DOUGHNUTS! I MADE UP THE RECIPE, MYSELF — TAKE TWO EGGS A QUART OF FLOUR - ETC~~~ YEAH - RIGHT UP TO THE CEILING

ROUND FOUR OF THE FIFTY ROUND BATTLE BETWEEN POPEYE AND THE TERRIBLE JOHNNY BRAWN

THE BELL SAVED JOHNNY →

I FEELS PERTY GOOD CONSIDERIN' I AIN'T HAD NO SLEEP FOR A COUPLA NIGHTS—AFTER THE FIGHT I KIN SHOOT SOME MORE CRAPS

YOU SAP! I THOUGHT YOU COULD FIGHT! YOU'VE BEEN ON YOUR EAR TWENTY TIMES!

OUW! HE HITS TOO HARD!! HE SOCKED ME LIKE I NEVER WAS SOCKED BEFORE

PST—BLOW SOME OF THIS POWDER INTO HIS GOOD EYE—IT'LL CAUSE TEMPORARY BLINDNESS—THEN KNOCK THE HECK OUT OF HIM—YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LICK A BLIND MAN!

ROUND FIVE

I'M GONER FINISH YA, JOHNNY BRAWN. YER GOIN' OUT!

BONG

OUW—ME EYE! I CAN'T SEE

PUFF

BLOW ME DOWN! I'M BLIND!!

I'LL BLOW YA DOWN! I GOTCHA NOW

AH—DIRTY WORK!! OLD MAN KILPH, JOHNNY'S BACKER PUT SOME SORT OF POWDER ON JOHNNY'S GLOVE AND JOHNNY BLEW IT INTO POPEYE'S GOOD LAMP—NOW HE'S BLIND! BLIND!!

THE SAILOR CAN'T FIND JOHNNY—HE'S GETTING KNOCKED ALL OVER THE RING—OH! HOW CAN HE STAND IT!!?

MERCY!! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

ICE BOX

WHY DON'T YOU PASS OUT!? I'VE HIT YOU WITH ALL I'VE GOT!

ROUND SIX COMING UP

HEY, GET AWAY FROM ME! WHATCHA RUBBIN' ON MY CHIN?! HEY, NIX!

NAW—I CAN'T SEE—HE BLOW'D SOMETHING IN ME GOOD EYE

LISTEN—PST—PST—PST—GET ON HIS TRAIL

SNIFF

SNIFF

!

SNIFF

NO MOLLS ALLOWED IN THE RING

WHY, I'LL SMACK YOU DOWN

SNIFF

SPLAT

TSK-TSK-

HOW ON EARTH DID HE FIND YOU? HE'S BLIND AS A BAT!

THAT CRAZY DAME RUBBED LIMBURGER CHEESE ON MY CHIN!

TO BE CONTINUED—AN' HOW!!

SEGAR

11-8

SAPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

SAPPO INVENTED A NEW GAS WHICH IS ONE MILLION TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR—

THIS GAS TABLET WHEN HEATED OR MOISTENED PRODUCES ONE CUBIC FOOT OF EXCELLENT GAS

I MASHED UP A LOT OF THESE GAS TABLETS AND MIXED THEM INTO MYRTLE'S DOUGHNUT DOUGH

SHE THINKS SHE HAS DISCOVERED A NEW RECIPE FOR MAKING LIGHT DOUGHNUTS—SHE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY GAS

WHEN THEY'RE DONE THEY FLY RIGHT UP TO THE CEILING I'LL BET I'M THE BEST DOUGHNUT-MAKER IN THE WORLD

WE'LL START A BAKERY AND CALL THEM "DIRIGIBLE DOUGHNUTS"

I'LL MAKE US A FORTUNE!

HEH! HEH!

JOHN, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE OUT AND SELL THEM

I'LL GET ANOTHER BUNCH

YOU WANT ME TO STAND AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND BE A DOUGHNUT-VENDER, EH?

WHAT THU—!

!

HERE YA ARE, FOLKS—DIRIGIBLE DOUGHNUTS THREE FOR TWO BITS

!

!

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—LAST WEEK—
MISTER KILPH GAVE JOHNNY SOME SORT OF POWDER TO BLOW INTO POPEYE'S GOOD LAMP— THIS POWDER CAUSES TEMPORARY BLINDNESS— JOHNNY KNOCKED THE SAILOR ALL OVER THE RING, BUT OLIVE OYL CAME TO THE RESCUE BY RUBBING LIMBURGER CHEESE ON JOHNNY'S CHIN— POPEYE HAVING A VERY SENSITIVE SENSE OF SMELL WAS ABLE TO LOCATE HIS OPPONENT'S BUTTON WITH EASE

1

EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT IF THAT DAME HADN'T RUBBED LIMBURGER ON YOUR BUTTON— I CAN'T GET IT OFF

2

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOU ACCEPTED A BRIBE FROM JOHNNY BRAWN

NO MOLLS ALLOWED IN THE RING

BLAST YA! YA BLINDED ME WITH THAT POWDER, BUT I KNOWS EZACKLY WHERE YER AT ON ACCOUNT OF I GOT A SENSITIF NOSE

SNIFF

3

I KNOW YOU'VE PROMISED TO GIVE JOHNNY THE DECISION!

SNIFF

WHOP

4

BOP

SNIFF

CLICK

5

YOU BRUTE!

SNIFF

WHOP

6

EXIT

SOCK

SWISH

7

BOZK

8

UGH

9

COUNT HIM OUT!

I WON'T!

WHERE IS HE?? I CAN'T FIND HIM!

SNIFF SNIFF

10

COUNT HIM OUT OR I'LL ——!

YES, MA'AM 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 OUT!

TWEET

EVEN IF I YAM BLIND YA CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME, JOHNNY!

TWEET

SNIFF SNIFF

ALL KINDS OF CHEESE ESPECIALLY LIMBURGER

DAIRY PRODUCTS

EGAR 11-15

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12

SAPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THEN THE REASON MY DOUGHNUTS WERE SO LIGHT WAS BECAUSE YOU PUT SOMETHING INTO THE DOUGH?

YES— I HAVE INVENTED A GAS WHICH IS ONE MILLION TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR

I MASHED UP A FEW OF THESE GAS TABLETS AND MIXED THEM INTO YOUR DOUGH— THE HEAT RELEASED THE GAS AND THEY WENT UP TO THE CEILING

THE GAS ISN'T POISON AND IF THE DOUGHNUTS TASTE OKAY WE CAN SELL THE STUFF FOR BAKING-POWDER— TAKE A BITE

!

POP

HAW! HAW! I GUESS THE BAKING-POWDER IS OUT

SAP!

YOU AND YOUR INVENTIONS ARE A PAIN IN THE NECK

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO GIVE ME CREDIT FOR BEING A GENIUS

THERE ARE A LOT OF USES FOR "SAPPO'S SUPER GAS"—

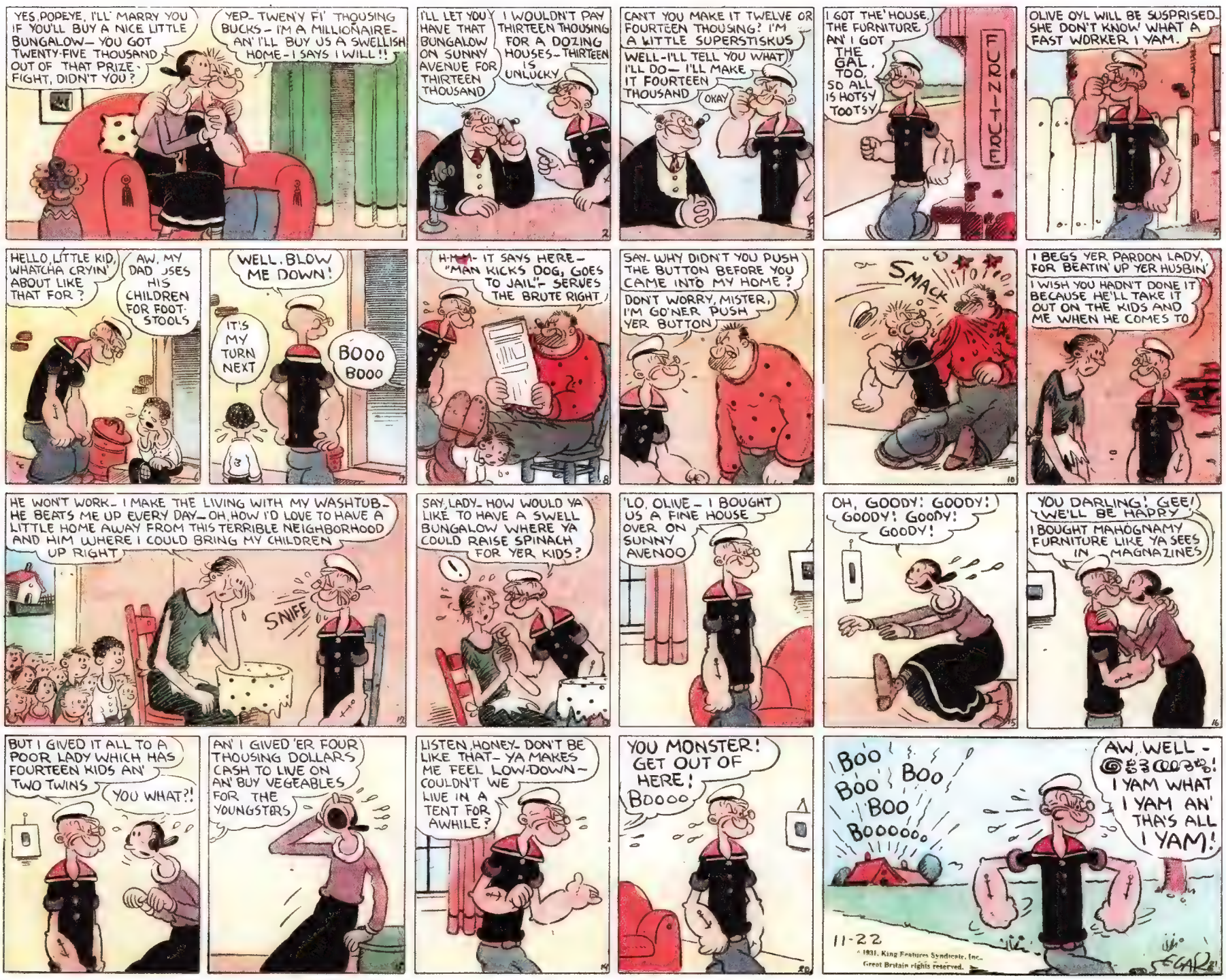
THIS BAG CONTAINS ONLY ONE CUBIC FOOT OF IT— BUT SEE— I FLOAT—— I WEIGH JUST HALF AN OUNCE

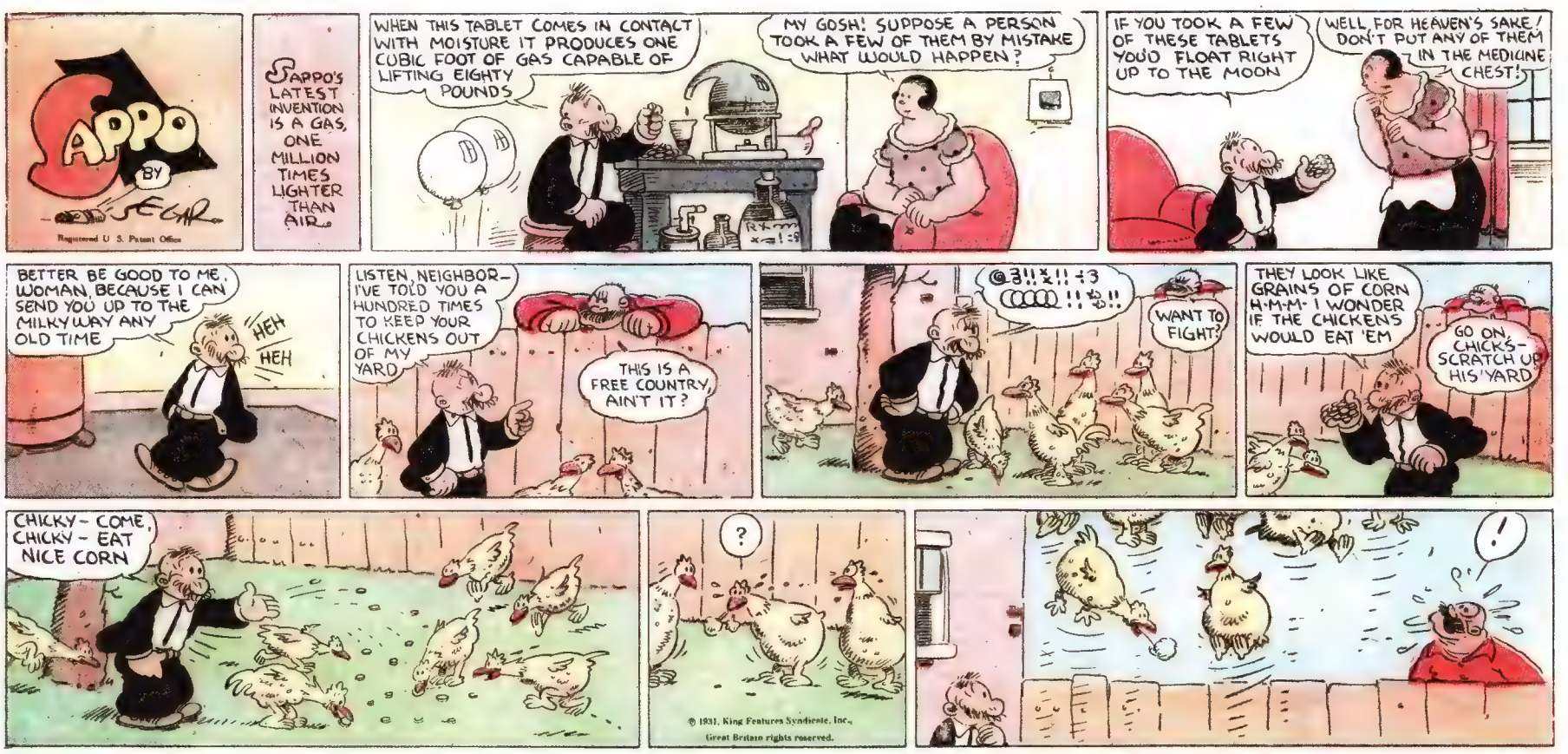
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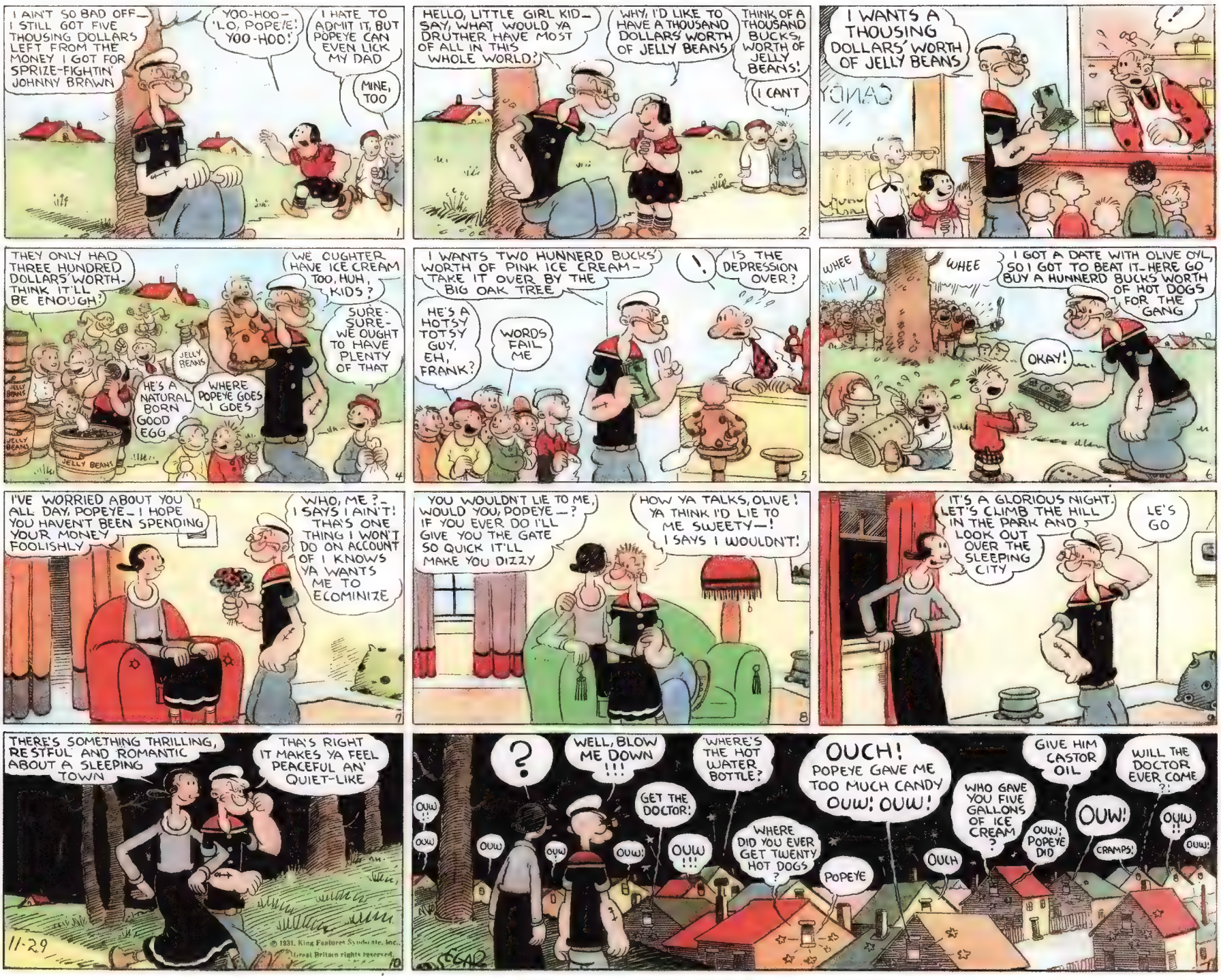
MY GOSH!

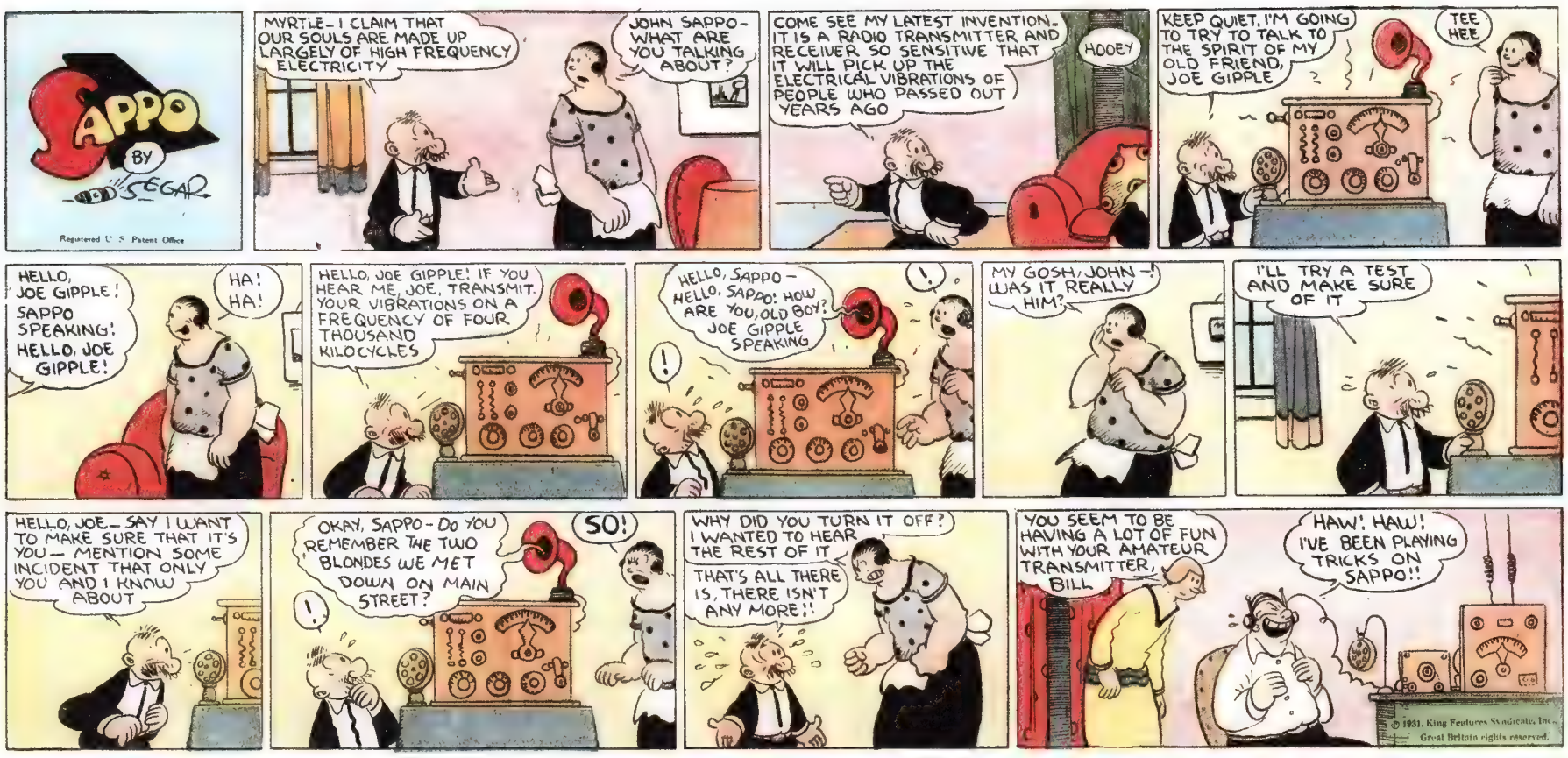
NOW IF I GIVE A LITTLE JUMP I'LL GO UP IN THE AIR— WATCH—

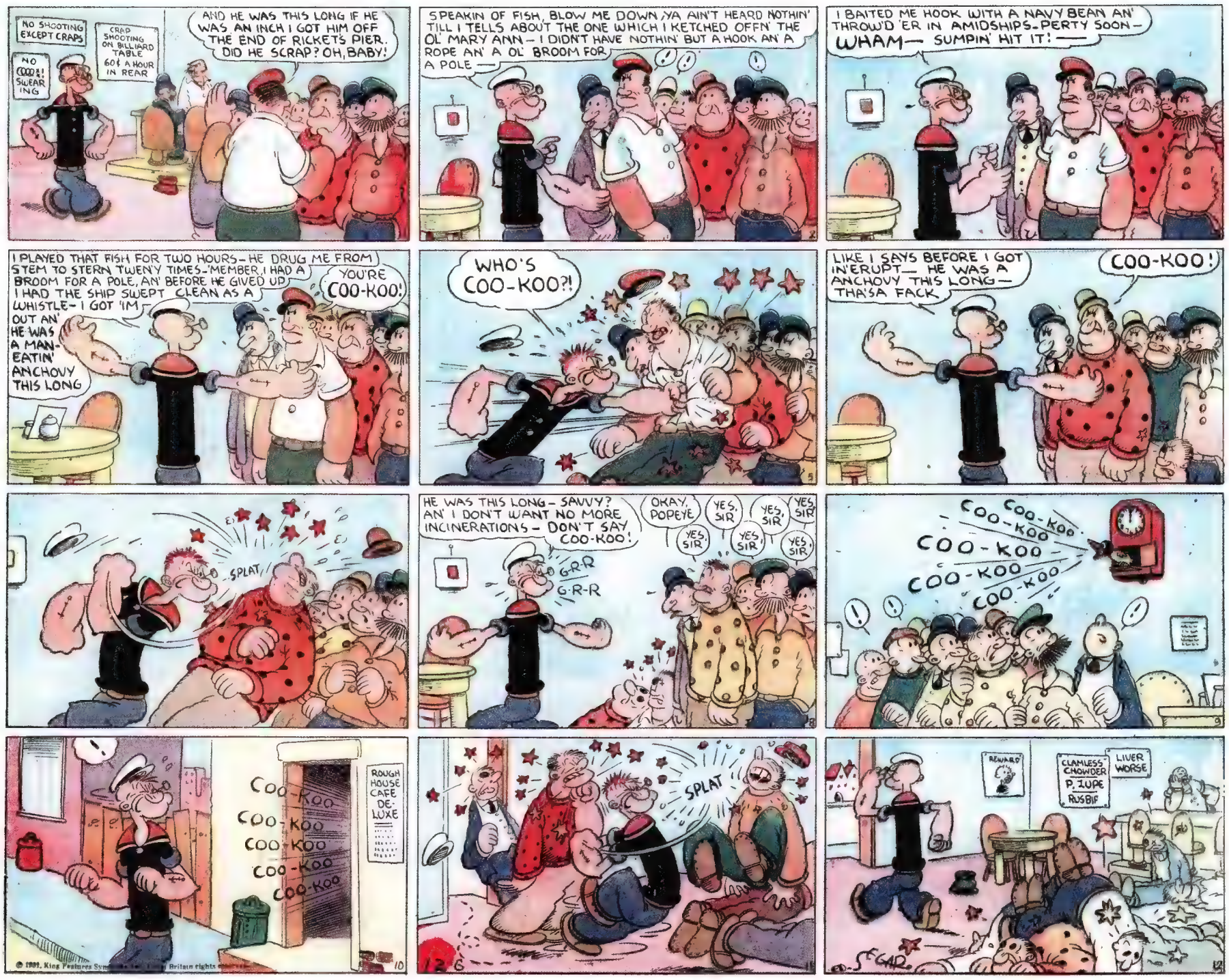
TWEET TWEET

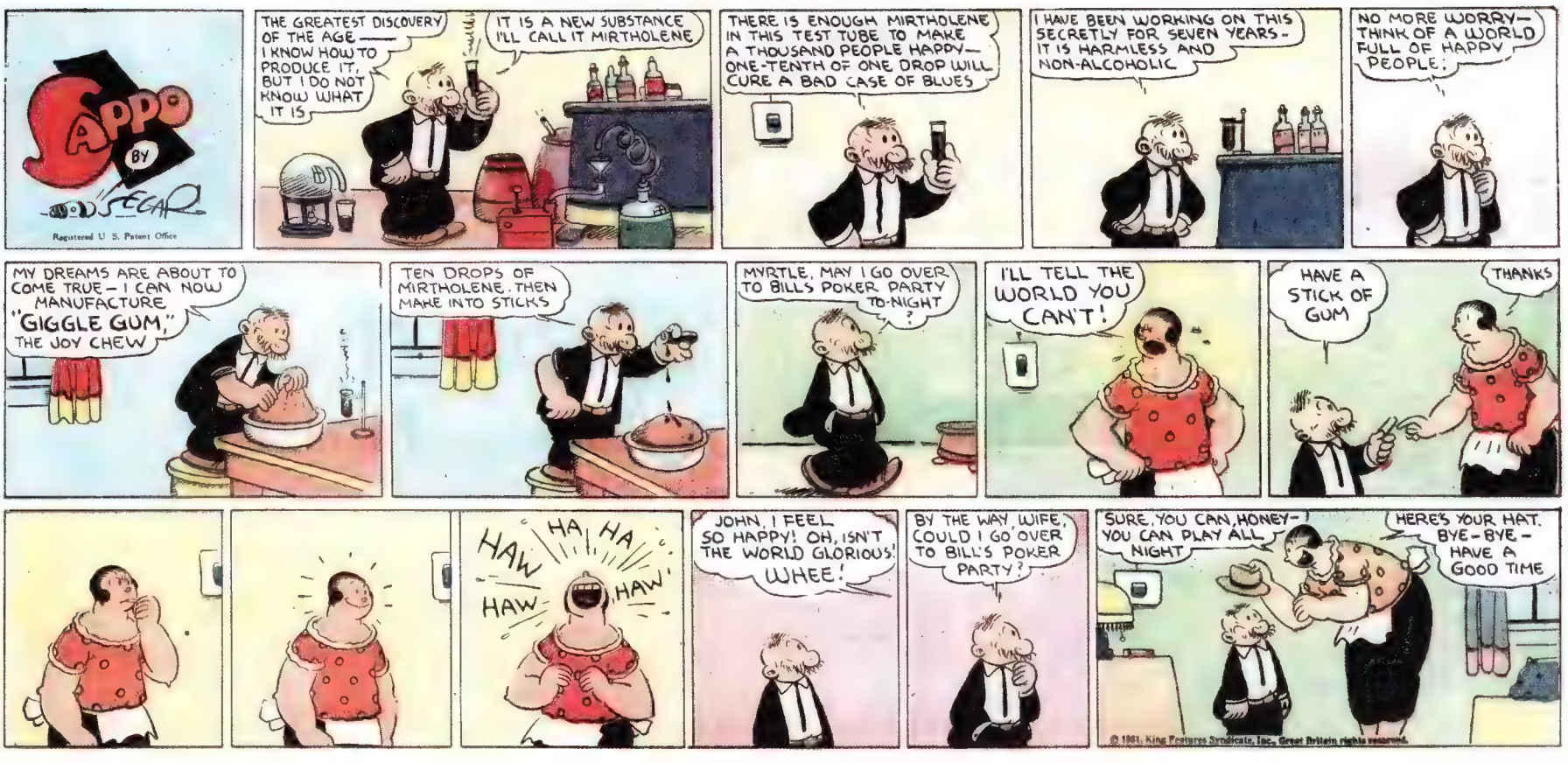

YES, POPEYE, I'LL MARRY YOU IF YOU'LL BUY A NICE LITTLE BUNGALOW— YOU GOT TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND OUT OF THAT PRIZE-FIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?
YEP— TWENY FI' THOUSING BUCKS— I'M A MILLIONAIRE— AN' I'LL BUY US A SWELLISH HOME— I SAYS I WILL!!
I'LL LET YOU HAVE THAT BUNGALOW ON SUNNY AVENUE FOR THIRTEEN THOUSAND
I WOULDN'T PAY THIRTEEN THOUSING FOR A DOZING HOUSES— THIRTEEN IS UNLUCKY
CAN'T YOU MAKE IT TWELVE OR FOURTEEN THOUSING? I'M A LITTLE SUPERSTISKUS
WELL— I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO— I'LL MAKE IT FOURTEEN THOUSAND
OKAY
I GOT THE HOUSE, THE FURNITURE AN' I GOT THE GAL, TOO, SO ALL IS HOTSY TOOTSY
FURNITURE
OLIVE OYL WILL BE SUSPRISED. SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT A FAST WORKER I YAM.
HELLO, LITTLE KID, WHATCHA CRYIN' ABOUT LIKE THAT FOR?
AW, MY DAD USES HIS CHILDREN FOR FOOT-STOOLS
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
IT'S MY TURN NEXT
BOOO BOOO
H-M-M- IT SAYS HERE— "MAN KICKS DOG, GOES TO JAIL"— SERVES THE BRUTE RIGHT
SAY, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUSH THE BUTTON BEFORE YOU CAME INTO MY HOME?
DON'T WORRY, MISTER, I'M GO'NER PUSH YER BUTTON
SMACK
I BEGS YER PARDON LADY, FOR BEATIN' UP YER HUSBIN'
I WISH YOU HADN'T DONE IT BECAUSE HE'LL TAKE IT OUT ON THE KIDS AND ME WHEN HE COMES TO
HE WON'T WORK— I MAKE THE LIVING WITH MY WASHTUB— HE BEATS ME UP EVERY DAY— OH, HOW I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE HOME AWAY FROM THIS TERRIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD AND HIM WHERE I COULD BRING MY CHILDREN UP RIGHT
SNIFF
SAY, LADY— HOW WOULD YA LIKE TO HAVE A SWELL BUNGALOW WHERE YA COULD RAISE SPINACH FOR YER KIDS?
'LO, OLIVE— I BOUGHT US A FINE HOUSE OVER ON SUNNY AVENOO
OH, GOODY! GOODY! GOODY! GOODY! GOODY!
YOU DARLING! GEE! WE'LL BE HAPPY
I BOUGHT MAHOGNAMY FURNITURE LIKE YA SEES IN MAGNAZINES
BUT I GIVED IT ALL TO A POOR LADY WHICH HAS FOURTEEN KIDS AN' TWO TWINS
YOU WHAT?!
AN' I GIVED 'ER FOUR THOUSING DOLLARS CASH TO LIVE ON AN' BUY VEGEABLES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS
LISTEN, HONEY— DON'T BE LIKE THAT— YA MAKES ME FEEL LOW-DOWN— COULDN'T WE LIVE IN A TENT FOR AWHILE?
YOU MONSTER! GET OUT OF HERE! BDOOO
Boo Boo Boo Boo Booooooo
AW, WELL— @#3@@3%! I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM!
11-22
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EGAR


POPPO BY EGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
SAPPO'S LATEST INVENTION IS A GAS, ONE MILLION TIMES LIGHTER THAN AIR.
WHEN THIS TABLET COMES IN CONTACT WITH MOISTURE IT PRODUCES ONE CUBIC FOOT OF GAS CAPABLE OF LIFTING EIGHTY POUNDS
MY GOSH! SUPPOSE A PERSON TOOK A FEW OF THEM BY MISTAKE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?
IF YOU TOOK A FEW OF THESE TABLETS YOU'D FLOAT RIGHT UP TO THE MOON
WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DON'T PUT ANY OF THEM IN THE MEDICINE CHEST!
BETTER BE GOOD TO ME, WOMAN, BECAUSE I CAN SEND YOU UP TO THE MILKY WAY ANY OLD TIME
HEH HEH
LISTEN, NEIGHBOR— I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES TO KEEP YOUR CHICKENS OUT OF MY YARD
THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AIN'T IT?
@3!!x!! ÷3 !!
WANT TO FIGHT?
THEY LOOK LIKE GRAINS OF CORN H-M-M- I WONDER IF THE CHICKENS WOULD EAT 'EM
GO ON, CHICKS— SCRATCH UP HIS YARD
CHICKY— COME, CHICKY— EAT NICE CORN
?
!
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I AIN'T SO BAD OFF— I STILL GOT FIVE THOUSING DOLLARS LEFT FROM THE MONEY I GOT FOR SPRIZE-FIGHTIN' JOHNNY BRAWN
YOO-HOO— 'LO, POPEYE! YOO-HOO!
I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT POPEYE CAN EVEN LICK MY DAD
MINE, TOO
1
HELLO, LITTLE GIRL KID— SAY, WHAT WOULD YA DRUTHER HAVE MOST OF ALL IN THIS WHOLE WORLD?
WHY, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF JELLY BEANS
THINK OF A THOUSAND BUCKS, WORTH OF JELLY BEANS!
I CAN'T
2
I WANTS A THOUSING DOLLARS' WORTH OF JELLY BEANS
CANDY
3
THEY ONLY HAD THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH— THINK IT'LL BE ENOUGH?
WE OUGHTER HAVE ICE CREAM TOO, HUH, KIDS?
SURE— SURE— WE OUGHT TO HAVE PLENTY OF THAT
JELLY BEANS
HE'S A NATURAL BORN GOOD EGG
WHERE POPEYE GOES I GOES
4
I WANTS TWO HUNNERD BUCKS' WORTH OF PINK ICE CREAM— TAKE IT OVER BY THE BIG OAK TREE
!
IS THE DEPRESSION OVER?
HE'S A HOTSY TOTSY GUY, EH, FRANK?
WORDS FAIL ME
5
WHEE
WHEE
I GOT A DATE WITH OLIVE OYL, SO I GOT TO BEAT IT— HERE GO BUY A HUNNERD BUCKS WORTH OF HOT DOGS FOR THE GANG
OKAY!
6
I'VE WORRIED ABOUT YOU ALL DAY, POPEYE— I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING YOUR MONEY FOOLISHLY
WHO, ME?— I SAYS I AIN'T! THAT'S ONE THING I WON'T DO ON ACCOUNT OF I KNOWS YA WANTS ME TO ECOMINIZE
7
YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME, WOULD YOU, POPEYE—? IF YOU EVER DO I'LL GIVE YOU THE GATE SO QUICK IT'LL MAKE YOU DIZZY
HOW YA TALKS, OLIVE! YA THINK I'D LIE TO ME SWEETY—! I SAYS I WOULDN'T!
8
IT'S A GLORIOUS NIGHT. LET'S CLIMB THE HILL IN THE PARK AND LOOK OUT OVER THE SLEEPING CITY
LE'S GO
9
THERE'S SOMETHING THRILLING, RESTFUL AND ROMANTIC ABOUT A SLEEPING TOWN
THA'S RIGHT IT MAKES YA FEEL PEACEFUL AN' QUIET-LIKE
11-29
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10
?
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN !!!
WHERE'S THE HOT WATER BOTTLE?
GET THE DOCTOR!
OUCH! POPEYE GAVE ME TOO MUCH CANDY OUW! OUW!
GIVE HIM CASTOR OIL
WILL THE DOCTOR EVER COME ?!
WHO GAVE YOU FIVE GALLONS OF ICE CREAM ?
OUW!
OUW!
OUW!!!
OUW!
OUW!
OUW!
OUW!
OUW!
OUCH
OUW! POPEYE DID
CRAMPS!
OUW!
WHERE DID YOU EVER GET TWENTY HOT DOGS ?
POPEYE
EGAR


SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
MYRTLE— I CLAIM THAT OUR SOULS ARE MADE UP LARGELY OF HIGH FREQUENCY ELECTRICITY
JOHN SAPPO— WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
COME SEE MY LATEST INVENTION. IT IS A RADIO TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER SO SENSITIVE THAT IT WILL PICK UP THE ELECTRICAL VIBRATIONS OF PEOPLE WHO PASSED OUT YEARS AGO
HOOEY
KEEP QUIET. I'M GOING TO TRY TO TALK TO THE SPIRIT OF MY OLD FRIEND, JOE GIPPLE
TEE HEE
HELLO, JOE GIPPLE! SAPPO SPEAKING! HELLO, JOE GIPPLE!
HA! HA!
HELLO, JOE GIPPLE! IF YOU HEAR ME, JOE, TRANSMIT YOUR VIBRATIONS ON A FREQUENCY OF FOUR THOUSAND KILOCYCLES
HELLO, SAPPO— HELLO, SAPPO! HOW ARE YOU, OLD BOY? JOE GIPPLE SPEAKING
!
MY GOSH, JOHN —! WAS IT REALLY HIM?
I'LL TRY A TEST AND MAKE SURE OF IT
HELLO, JOE— SAY I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT IT'S YOU— MENTION SOME INCIDENT THAT ONLY YOU AND I KNOW ABOUT
OKAY, SAPPO— DO YOU REMEMBER THE TWO BLONDES WE MET DOWN ON MAIN STREET?
SO!
WHY DID YOU TURN IT OFF? I WANTED TO HEAR THE REST OF IT
THAT'S ALL THERE IS, THERE ISN'T ANY MORE!!
YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING A LOT OF FUN WITH YOUR AMATEUR TRANSMITTER, BILL
HAW! HAW! I'VE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON SAPPO!!
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NO SHOOTING EXCEPT CRAPS
NO COO-KOO! SWEARING
CRAP SHOOTING ON BILLIARD TABLE 60¢ A HOUR IN REAR
AND HE WAS THIS LONG IF HE WAS AN INCH I GOT HIM OFF THE END OF RICKET'S PIER. DID HE SCRAP? OH, BABY!
SPEAKIN OF FISH, BLOW ME DOWN, YA AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' TILL I TELLS ABOUT THE ONE WHICH I KETCHED OFFN' THE OL' MARY ANN — I DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' BUT A HOOK AN' A ROPE AN' A OL' BROOM FOR A POLE —
I BAITED ME HOOK WITH A NAVY BEAN AN' THROW'D 'ER IN AMIDSHIPS-PERTY SOON — WHAM — SUMPIN' HIT IT! —
I PLAYED THAT FISH FOR TWO HOURS — HE DRUG ME FROM STEM TO STERN TWENY TIMES-'MEMBER, I HAD A BROOM FOR A POLE, AN' BEFORE HE GIVED UP I HAD THE SHIP SWEPT CLEAN AS A WHISTLE — I GOT 'IM OUT AN' HE WAS A MAN-EATIN' ANCHOVY THIS LONG
YOU'RE COO-KOO!
WHO'S COO-KOO?!
LIKE I SAYS BEFORE I GOT IN'ERUPT — HE WAS A ANCHOVY THIS LONG — THA'SA FACK
COO-KOO!
SPLAT
HE WAS THIS LONG — SAVVY? AN' I DON'T WANT NO MORE INCINERATIONS — DON'T SAY COO-KOO!
OKAY, POPEYE
YES, SIR
G-R-R
COO-KOO
ROUGH HOUSE CAFE DE-LUXE
SPLAT
REWARD
CLAMLESS CHOWDER
P. IUPE
RUSBIF
LIVER WORSE


POPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE — I KNOW HOW TO PRODUCE IT, BUT I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS
IT IS A NEW SUBSTANCE I'LL CALL IT MIRTHOLENE
THERE IS ENOUGH MIRTHOLENE IN THIS TEST TUBE TO MAKE A THOUSAND PEOPLE HAPPY — ONE-TENTH OF ONE DROP WILL CURE A BAD CASE OF BLUES
I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THIS SECRETLY FOR SEVEN YEARS - IT IS HARMLESS AND NON-ALCOHOLIC
NO MORE WORRY — THINK OF A WORLD FULL OF HAPPY PEOPLE.
MY DREAMS ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE — I CAN NOW MANUFACTURE "GIGGLE GUM," THE JOY CHEW
TEN DROPS OF MIRTHOLENE. THEN MAKE INTO STICKS
MYRTLE, MAY I GO OVER TO BILLS POKER PARTY TO-NIGHT ?
I'LL TELL THE WORLD YOU CAN'T!
HAVE A STICK OF GUM
THANKS
HAW HAW HA HA HAW
JOHN, I FEEL SO HAPPY! OH, ISN'T THE WORLD GLORIOUS! WHEE!
BY THE WAY, WIFE, COULD I GO OVER TO BILL'S POKER PARTY?
SURE, YOU CAN, HONEY — YOU CAN PLAY ALL NIGHT
HERE'S YOUR HAT. BYE-BYE — HAVE A GOOD TIME

YES, MR. KILPH, I'VE WON FIVE BATTLE ROYALS

FINE - I'LL GET POPEYE INTO A BATTLE ROYAL WHEN I FIND FOUR MORE HUSKIES - I DON'T LIKE THAT SAILOR AND I WANT TO SEE HIM GET SMACKED OUT!

BIG BATTLE ROYAL COMING UP

SIX MEN IN THE RING ALL SOCKING EACH OTHER!!

WILL POPEYE BE ABLE TO HOLD HIS OWN AGAINST FIVE BRUTES ?? THEY'LL PROBABLY PICK ON HIM FIRST!!

DAD! DAD! OH DAD!!

A GANG OF CITIZENS ARE GETTING TOGETHER AND ARE GOING TO RUN POPEYE OUT OF TOWN. THEY SAY THEY DON'T WANT ROUGHNECKS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD

YOU DON'T TELL ME!?

BLOW ME DOWN! I AIN'T HAD NO SCRAP FOR THREE HOURS - WISHT A OL' EMENY WOULD COME ALONG

THERE HE IS, MEN! THERE'S THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

CLOMP CLOMP

3

GET OUT OF TOWN AT ONCE OR ELSE WE'LL HIT YOU WITH OUR STICKS

!

WE'RE GOING TO RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN

RUN ME OUT OF TOWN, EH? AIN'T THIS A FREE COUNTRY? AIN'T THIS THE LAN' OF LIBERKY?!

WHACK

COME ON, EVERYBODY! HIT HIM GOOD!!

HIT HIM ONE FOR ME WHILE YOU'RE AT IT

SMACK

STOP DOING THAT!

HERE! HERE! YOU CAN'T HIT OUR LEADING CITIZEN!

8

9

SMACK

SOCK

BIFF

10

AN' STAY OUT! OR I'LL LAY YA ALL AMONG THE SWEE'PEAS

G-R-R G-A-R

YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR YESSIR

CITY LIMITS

12-13

SEGAR

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POPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SAPPO'S LATEST INVENTION IS "MIRTHOLENE", A LIQUID WHICH WHEN TAKEN INTERNALLY, PRODUCES JOY AND HAPPINESS

P.S. - IT IS NON-ALCOHOLIC

WITH THIS EQUIPMENT I'LL BE ABLE TO TURN OUT ENOUGH MIRTHOLENE TO MAKE THE WHOLE TOWN HAPPY

JOHN, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA IN BRINGING ALL THIS JUNK INTO THE LIVING-ROOM?

WHAT'S IT FOR?

I'M MANUFACTURING MIRTHOLENE. IT WILL MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHT AND CHEERY

WHAT'S IT FOR? WELL, JUST SUPPOSE I ASKED YOU FOR FIVE DOLLARS TO BUY AN ATOMIC PERCOLATOR - I NEED ONE BADLY

YOU CAN SUPPOSE ALL YOU LIKE, BUT YOU WON'T GET FIVE DOLLARS OF MY MONEY

AS I WAS SAYING - IF I WANTED TO BORROW FIVE BUCKS I'D FIRST TRY TO GET YOU IN A GOOD HUMOR

SEE - I GIVE YOU A STICK OF GIGGLE GUM WHICH CONTAINS MIRTHOLENE

I'LL TAKE THE GUM, BUT YOU WON'T GET ANY MONEY

IT HAS A PECULIAR FLAVOR - HASN'T IT, JOHN?

DON'T BE SILLY

WHOOPEE

JOHN, I HAVEN'T A WORRY! I'M SO HAPPY I'M GOOFY! WHEE!!!

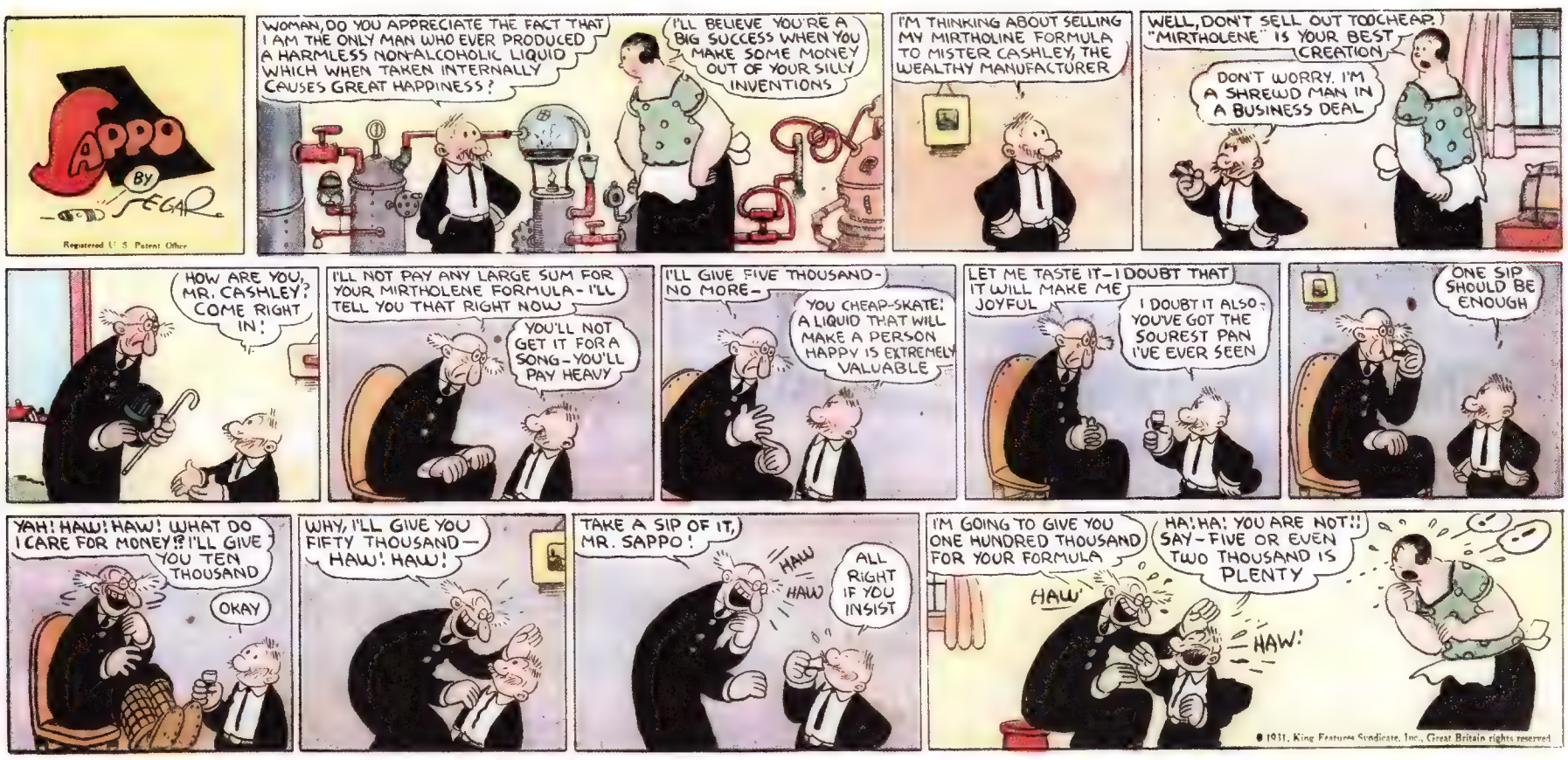
YOU GOT FIVE DOLLARS?

SURE!! YOU WANT FIVE DOLLARS?

THIS "ATOMIC PERCOLATOR" MAKES MY EQUIPMENT COMPLETE

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I KNOCKS 'EM GOOFY
I'M A KILLER
WHEN I GET THREE MORE HUSKIES I'LL SIGN POPEYE UP TO FIGHT IN A "BATTLE ROYAL" HEH! HEH!
MISTER KILPH
OLIVE OYL, HONEY, CAN'TCHA GIMME A LITTLE KISS? BLOW ME DOWN AIN'T I YER SWEETY?
I WON'T KISS A MAN WHO FIGHTS OVER EVERY LITTLE THING
AHOY! YA SWAB! YA WALKED ON ME FOOT AN' I DEMAN'S A REPOLOGY!
TRY AND GET IT!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!
YA THINK I'M ASCARED OF YOU?
IF YA AIN'T YOU'RE CRAZY
POPEYE, IF YOU AVOID A FIGHT I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS
OKAY— I PROMISES NOT TO FIGHT HIM— CROSS ME HEART I WON'T
G-R-R- COME ON FIGHT!
HEY, OLIVE— AIN'T THAT LIZZY FIDGET OVER THERE?
?
WHERE, POPEYE? I DON'T SEE ANYBODY
CAN'T YA SEE HER? LOOK ON THE PORT SIDE OF THAT GREEN HOUSE
MAYBE I'M BLIND
LOOK ABOUT TWEN'Y FATHOMS NORT'OF THAT OL' OAK TREE
I'LL BE DOGGONED IF I CAN SEE ANYONE
QUIT LOOKIN' FOR LIZZY- I SUSPOSE I WAS MISTAKIN'—WELL- DO I GET ME A KISS?
YES, POPEYE, YOU CONTROLLED YOUR TEMPER-
KISS ME
SMACK
!
TWEET
TWEET
PLOP
?
SWISH
EGAR
12 20 15
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SAPPO By EGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WOMAN, DO YOU APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT I AM THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER PRODUCED A HARMLESS NON-ALCOHOLIC LIQUID WHICH WHEN TAKEN INTERNALLY CAUSES GREAT HAPPINESS?
I'LL BELIEVE YOU'RE A BIG SUCCESS WHEN YOU MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF YOUR SILLY INVENTIONS
I'M THINKING ABOUT SELLING MY MIRTHOLINE FORMULA TO MISTER CASHLEY, THE WEALTHY MANUFACTURER
WELL, DON'T SELL OUT TOOCHEAP. "MIRTHOLENE" IS YOUR BEST CREATION
DON'T WORRY. I'M A SHREWD MAN IN A BUSINESS DEAL
HOW ARE YOU, MR. CASHLEY? COME RIGHT IN!
I'LL NOT PAY ANY LARGE SUM FOR YOUR MIRTHOLENE FORMULA- I'LL TELL YOU THAT RIGHT NOW
YOU'LL NOT GET IT FOR A SONG- YOU'LL PAY HEAVY
I'LL GIVE FIVE THOUSAND- NO MORE-
YOU CHEAP-SKATE! A LIQUID THAT WILL MAKE A PERSON HAPPY IS EXTREMELY VALUABLE
LET ME TASTE IT- I DOUBT THAT IT WILL MAKE ME JOYFUL
I DOUBT IT ALSO- YOU'VE GOT THE SOUREST PAN I'VE EVER SEEN
ONE SIP SHOULD BE ENOUGH
YAH! HAW! HAW! WHAT DO I CARE FOR MONEY!? I'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND
OKAY
WHY, I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY THOUSAND— HAW! HAW!
TAKE A SIP OF IT, MR. SAPPO!
HAW HAW
ALL RIGHT IF YOU INSIST
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR YOUR FORMULA
HA! HA! YOU ARE NOT!! SAY- FIVE OR EVEN TWO THOUSAND IS PLENTY
HAW!
HAW!
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HEH! HEH! WHEN I GET TWO MORE BRUTES I'LL SIGN POPEYE UP FOR A BATTLE ROYAL

CERTAINLY I'LL MARRY YOU IF YOU'LL STOP FIGHTING OVER EVERY LITTLE THING— I'VE TOLD YOU THAT BEFORE

AW RIGHT THEN I SOLEMNY SWEARS NEVER TO FIGHT NO MORE AGAIN SO HELP ME AN' BLOW ME DOWN

DON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE, POPEYE

OKAY, OLIVE — I'M GOIN' DOWN AN' TELL ME PALS THAT I SWEARED OFF BEIN' A ROUGHNECK

AHOY, YA SWABS, I HAVE SWEARED OFF FIGHTIN' ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM GONER GET MARRIED, I'LL BET YER SUSPRIZED

!

HAW

HAW

YOU'LL STOP FIGHTIN' WHEN THE OCEAN DRIES UP

HAW HAW HAW

YEAH, ROUGH-HOUSE, I QUIT FIGHTIN'_I'M A GEN'LEMAN NOW

IS THIS A FACT?!

POPEYE QUIT FIGHTING? HAW! HAW! HAW!

!

I SAYS I QUIT SCRAPPIN' AN' I MEANS WHAT I SAYS

HAW!

HAW

HAW

AN' IF YA DON'T BELIEVE ME I'LL SMACK YER FACE OFF!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT WILL POWER ENOUGH TO QUIT A BAD HABIT

HAW! HAW

THA'SA INSULK, YA BLASTED HUNK OF SKUM!

I ALWAYS HAS TO GET ROUGH TO WIN A ARGYMINT WITH YOU SWABS!

SMACK

NOTICE

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

SURE WE DO—!! WE THOUGHT YOU WAS KIDDIN' US AT FIRST

SURE!

12-27

YA SEE, ROUGH-HOUSE, THE REASING I SWEARED OFF'N FIGHTIN' IS ON ACCOUNT OF WOMEN THINKS IT'S VULGULAR

RIGHT!

COULD WE DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS?

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SEGAR

APPO BY SEGAR

— JOHN SOLD HIS LAST INVENTION FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

I WISH MY HUSBAND WAS SMART LIKE THAT

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW, JOHN?

I'M BUILDING A RAINMAKING MACHINE

MY GOSH! WILL YOU REALLY BE ABLE TO MAKE IT RAIN WHEN EVER YOU WANT TO?

ABSOLUTELY

HOW CAN YOU DO IT?

VERY SIMPLE—THIS MACHINE WILL SHOOT GREAT QUANTITIES OF MY SECRET CHEMICAL IN GAS FORM HIGH INTO THE AIR—IT WILL COLLECT MOISTURE, FORM CLOUDS AND RAIN WILL BE THE RESULT

I CAN MAKE HEAVY RAIN— EVEN CLOUD-BURSTS

I'LL SAY YOU'RE GOOD

I THINK I'LL GO SHOPPING— I NEED A LOT OF CLOTHES

NOTHING DOING! I WON'T TRUST YOU WITH A CHECK BOOK SINCE WE'VE GOT MONEY IN THE BANK

JUST THE SAME I'M GOING

GRR

DARN IT! A SHOWER COMING UP— HECK! I WANTED TO WORK ON MY MACHINE

?

YOU WOULD!

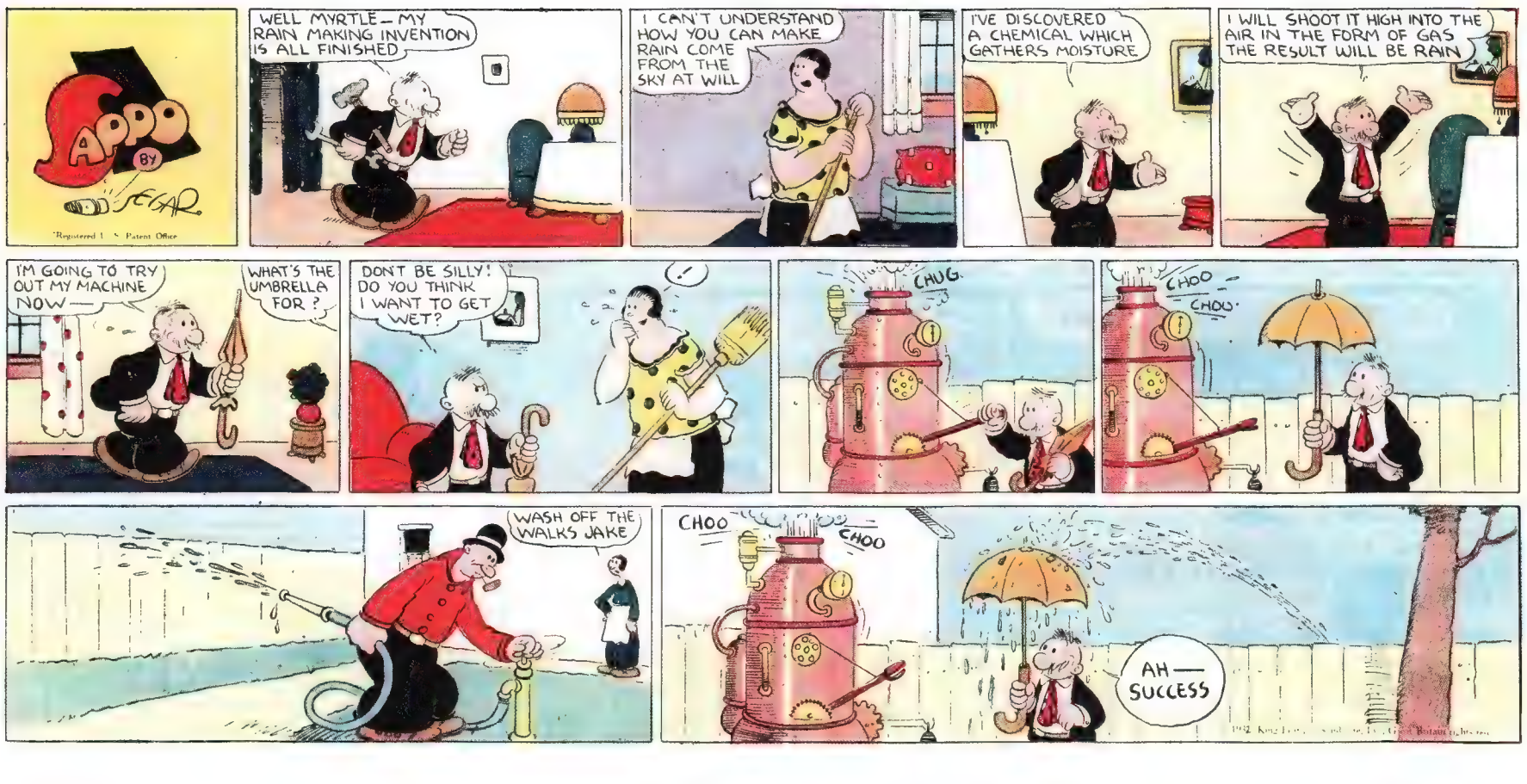
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YOU'RE CRAZY MY INVENTION ISN'T EVEN HALF-FINISHED

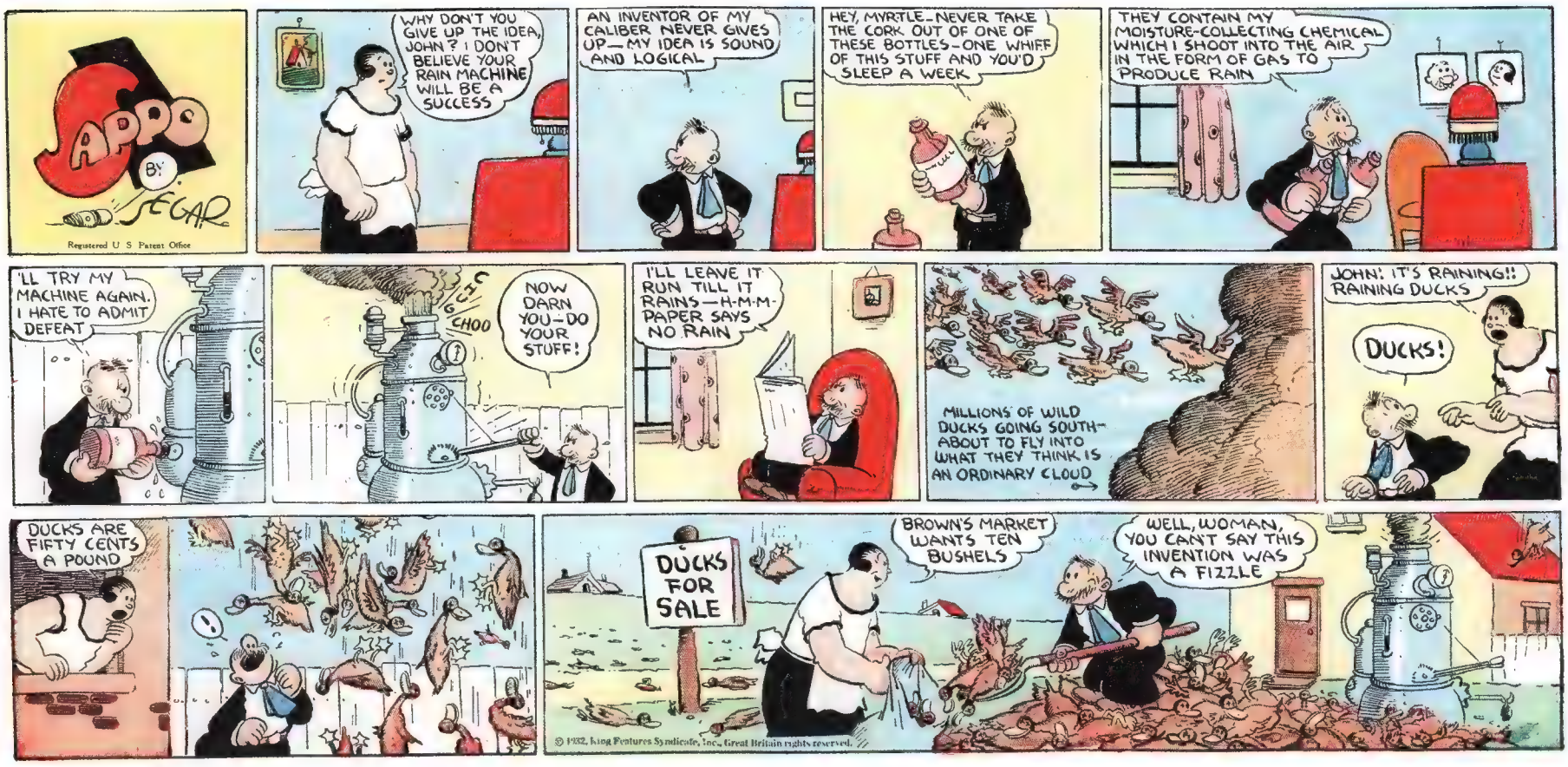
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I NOW HAVE FOUR DANDY BRUTES—I NEED ONE MORE— THEN I'LL SIGN POPEYE UP FOR A BATTLE royal
SEE THE NICE SWEE' PEAS I BRUNG YA
ARE YA STILL MAD AT ME OLIVE? WHO'S THEM SWABS?
THEY'RE NOT SWABS! THEY'RE GENTLEMEN AND NOT ROUGH STREET FIGHTERS
ONE MINUTE YA LOVES ME AN' THE NEX' YA HATES ME
YER FRICKLE THAT'S WHAT! FRICKLE LIKE ALL WIMIN!
TELL HIM TO GO HOME OLIVE!
WE DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS
POO POO
I'VE GOT TO HELP MOTHER IN THE KITCHEN BUT IF I LEAVE THE ROOM YOU'LL FIGHT MY FRIENDS
WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME POPEYE?!
I'M STAYIN' RIGHT HERE
SHE OUGHT TO CALL A COP
YOU SAID IT!
ALL RIGHT IF YOU'RE GOING TO STAY YOU MUST LET ME TIE YOU UP
OKAY
HA! I GUESS YOU WON'T DO ANY FIGHTING
HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW
?
ALL TIED UP! HA! HA!
SAY - WHAT HAPPENED TO ARCHY? DID HE FAINT?
WHAT'S COMING OFF HERE? WHAT'S GOING ON?!
THEM TWO FRENS OF YOURN FOUGHT LIKE EMENIES AN' KNOCKED EACH OTHER GOOFY
I WANT YOU TO THROW THEM OUT! WHY YOU'RE MORE OF A GENTLEMAN THAN EITHER OF THEM
I SAYS I YAM!
TWEET TWEET
TWEET
AN' STAY OUT YA ROUGH-NECKS
UMP
1-3
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SURE - I TOLD 'EM NOT TO FIGHT—— HOW ABOUT A NOTHER KISS HONEY?
OKAY POPEYE


POPEYE BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WELL MYRTLE— MY RAIN MAKING INVENTION IS ALL FINISHED
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN MAKE RAIN COME FROM THE SKY AT WILL
I'VE DISCOVERED A CHEMICAL WHICH GATHERS MOISTURE
I WILL SHOOT IT HIGH INTO THE AIR IN THE FORM OF GAS THE RESULT WILL BE RAIN
I'M GOING TO TRY OUT MY MACHINE NOW—
WHAT'S THE UMBRELLA FOR?
DON'T BE SILLY! DO YOU THINK I WANT TO GET WET?
CHUG
CHOO CHOO
WASH OFF THE WALKS JAKE
CHOO CHOO
AH—— SUCCESS


WELL, GENTLEMEN—WE'RE ALL SET FOR A BATTLE ROYAL WITH POPEYE—I DON'T CARE WHICH OF YOU WINS, BUT YOU MUST BEAT THE HECK OUT OF THAT SAILOR
JIM, THERE'S A BUG ON YOUR CHIN. HOLD STILL—I'LL KNOCK IT OFF
WHY, IT WON'T COME OFF
HAW! HAW! IT'S A TRICK BUG—I'VE GOT IT GLUED ON—
AHOY, SWEETY—I BRUNG SWEE'PEAS
I THOUGHT YOU AN' ME COULD BE ALONE—WHO'S THE EGG OVER THERE?
HE'S NOT AN EGG! HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE AND DON'T YOU DARE FIGHT HIM!
PST—I'M GOING TO FOOL HIM WITH MY TRICK BUG
MR. SNIZZLEBERRY, SHAKE HANDS WITH POPEYE
PLEASED TO MEETCHA
YA SWAB, YA GOT A BUG ON YER CHIN—CAN'T YA FEEL IT?
HOW LONG YA BEEN BUGGY, MISTER SNICKLEBERRY? HOLD STILL AN' I'LL FLICK 'IM OFF
?
HEH HEH—
?!
HAW! HAW!
!
THA'SA GOOD JOKE ON ME—IT'S ONLY A IMITASHING BUG ARF! ARF!
SAY, DID YOU MEAN TO KNOCK MISTER SNIZZLEBERRY OUT ?
TWEET
POPEYE SAID HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU, JIM—HE WAS JUST TRYING TO KNOCK THE BUG OFF
SURE—A FREN OF YERS IS A FREN OF MINE, OLIVE—YOU KNOWS THAT
LET'S SIT HERE AND BE PALS
THA'SA GOOD IDEAR
JIM'S AWFULLY QUIET, ISN'T HE, POPEYE? I GUESS HE HASN'T COME TO YET—DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE OUT ALL EVENING?
1-10-32
I WOULDN'T BE SUSPRIZED
SEGAR


APPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP THE IDEA, JOHN? I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR RAIN MACHINE WILL BE A SUCCESS
AN INVENTOR OF MY CALIBER NEVER GIVES UP—MY IDEA IS SOUND AND LOGICAL
HEY, MYRTLE—NEVER TAKE THE CORK OUT OF ONE OF THESE BOTTLES—ONE WHIFF OF THIS STUFF AND YOU'D SLEEP A WEEK
THEY CONTAIN MY MOISTURE-COLLECTING CHEMICAL WHICH I SHOOT INTO THE AIR IN THE FORM OF GAS TO PRODUCE RAIN
'LL TRY MY MACHINE AGAIN. I HATE TO ADMIT DEFEAT
CHOO
NOW DARN YOU—DO YOUR STUFF!
I'LL LEAVE IT RUN TILL IT RAINS—H-M-M-PAPER SAYS NO RAIN
MILLIONS OF WILD DUCKS GOING SOUTH—ABOUT TO FLY INTO WHAT THEY THINK IS AN ORDINARY CLOUD
JOHN! IT'S RAINING!! RAINING DUCKS
DUCKS!
DUCKS ARE FIFTY CENTS A POUND
DUCKS FOR SALE
BROWN'S MARKET WANTS TEN BUSHELS
WELL, WOMAN, YOU CAN'T SAY THIS INVENTION WAS A FIZZLE
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I'D GIVE A MILLION TO SEE POPEYE GET SMACKED OUT.- I'VE PUT MANY GOOD MEN INTO THE RING AGAINST HIM AND THEY ALL LOST.- BUT A BATTLE ROYAL - HA! THAT WILL BE DIFFERENT

HEY, YOU BRUTES !!

MR. KILPH FIGHT PROMOTER

LISTEN - WHEN THE BATTLE BEGINS I WANT YOU ALL TO JUMP ON POPEYE AND PULVERIZE HIM! I'LL GO SIGN HIM UP NOW

SURE

WE GET YA

CINCH

JIM'S AWFULLY QUIET, ISN'T HE, POPEYE?

I SAYS HE IS! AIN'T A BIT SOSHEABLE

UGH!

WHAT ARE YOU GRUNTING ABOUT?

UGH

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MISTER SNICKLEBERRY?

POPEYE! DID YOU DO SOMETHING TO JIM?

WHY, HONEY- HOW YOU TALKS! I'M SUSPRIZED

GLOP! GLOP!

I BELIEVE YOU'RE GUILTY - LET ME LOOK INTO YOUR EYE

OKAY — LOOK INTO ME RIGHT EYE

OH, HELLO, BOYS - COME RIGHT IN

WE CAME OVER TO HAVE A PARTY

YA BLASTED LUBBERS! KEEP AWAY FROM OLIVE OYL

HEY!! YOU CAN'T HIT MY FRIEND!

SAYS YOU!

SPLAT

SOCK- BIFF SMACK- POP CRACK

POLICE! COPS! COPS! COPS!

'SCUSE PLEASE. I HITCHA BEFORE I SEEN YA WAS A ORFICER

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST - YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL

HEY, THERE, POPEYE - I'LL BET YOU'RE AFRAID TO FIGHT IN A BATTLE ROYAL

HA! HA! YOU CAN'T LICK FIVE MEN!

1-17

CAN'T, HUH? THA'S WHAT I'M GETTIN' TOOK TO JAIL FOR DOIN'

TWEET TWEET

SEGAR

SAPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

YEP - I GOT ME A REAL POOL TABLE UP AT THE HOUSE, BILL —

I'M HOT ON POCKET BILLIARDS

JOHN, I WISH YOU HADN'T GOT A POOL TABLE — ALL THE LOAFERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL BE HANGING AROUND

OH, YEAH?

SAPPO'S GOT A POOL TABLE

HE HAS!! WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

HEY, BOYS - SAPPO HAS A POCKET BILLIARD TABLE

FINE! FINE!

YOU DON'T TELL ME?

WELL! WELL!

NO FOOLIN', HE JUST GOT IT

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT

I ALWAYS DID LIKE SAPPO

KNOCK

GOOD HEAVENS!

SHAKE, OL' BOY

HELLO, SAPPO

MY FRIEND SAPPO

HOW YA BEEN?

I SEE YOU GOT A POOL TABLE - H-MM-

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU TELL THEM TO GO — HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET RID OF THEM?

EASY

POCKET BILLIARDS 60¢ PER HOUR

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I BELIEVE YOU GOT PUT IN JAIL ON PURPOSE, SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO FIGHT IN A BATTLE ROYAL WITH MY FIVE MEN

WHY, MISTER KILPH HOW YOU TALKS! I'M SUSPRIZED!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE RING IN AN HOUR - OH, HOW I WANT TO SEE YOU GET SMACKED OUT!! BUT IT'S OFF - I CAN'T GET YOU OUT ON BAIL - THEY WANT TO SEND YOU TO THE ROCK PILE

AW THAT'S OKAY I'LL GET OUT - I KIN GET OUT EASY

I DON'T WANT BARS IN ME WINDY NOHOW — MAKES IT LOOK LIKE AS IF THEY DON'T TRUSK ME

BUT! BUT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THEY'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED

NO USE CRAWLIN' OUT THE WINDY - I'LL MAKE A REAL DOOR IN THIS HEN-COOP

I'LL BET HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO ESCAPE

I'LL BET THAT'S IT

HERE! HERE! STOP DOING THAT!!

JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!

I'LL BE SEEIN' YA, BOYS JUS AS SOON'S I WINS THE BATTLE ROYAL I'LL COME BACK TO JAIL

HEY!

HEY!

HEY!

GRAB HIM, PETE

STOP! I GOTCHA!

STOP!

SURE

AW, LET'S LET HIM GO WHAT'S ONE PRISONER MORE OR LESS!

TWEET

RUN ALONG NOW, BOYS, I'LL COME BACK

HEH! HEH!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!

I'LL BET YOU'RE SURPRISED

HEH! HEH!

HEY - AIN'T YOU GOT ANY SENSE?! THE JAIL AIN'T OVER THIS WAY!!

WE AIN'T GOIN' TO JAIL!

ENTRANCE

TICKETS

BIG BATTLE ROYAL TO-DAY BRING YOUR OWN SMELLING SALTS

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WELL, OFFICER, DO YA WANT TO BE HANDCUFFED TO ME WHILE I LICKS 'EM?

I DO NOT!

HURRY UP! LET'S YOU AND THEM BEGIN THE FIGHT

G-R-R-

G-R-R

G-R-R

G-R-R

BIG FIGHT NEXT WEEK

EGAR

1-24

SAPPO BY EGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

WHY NOT INVITE ME OVER NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT A POOL TABLE?

OKAY, BILL, DROP OVER TO-NIGHT

HELLO, WIFE - SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY POCKET BILLIARD TABLE?

I'M CUTTING OUT A DRESS - IT'S A DANDY PLACE TO LAY PATTERNS

NOW, HONEY LISTEN, PLEASE BE CAREFUL THE CLOTH ON THAT TABLE COST *38¢

AW, DON'T BE SILLY - I WON'T HURT YOUR OLD POOL TABLE

I'VE GOT AN IDEA — WHY DON'T YOU WORK ON THE FLOOR?

YOU WANT ME TO GET "HOUSE-MAID'S KNEE", DON'T YOU?!

PLEASE! PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE SCISSORS!

OH, YOU MAKE ME SICK!

CLIP CLIP

I'LL BE ALL THROUGH JUST AS SOON AS I CUT AROUND THE PATTERN

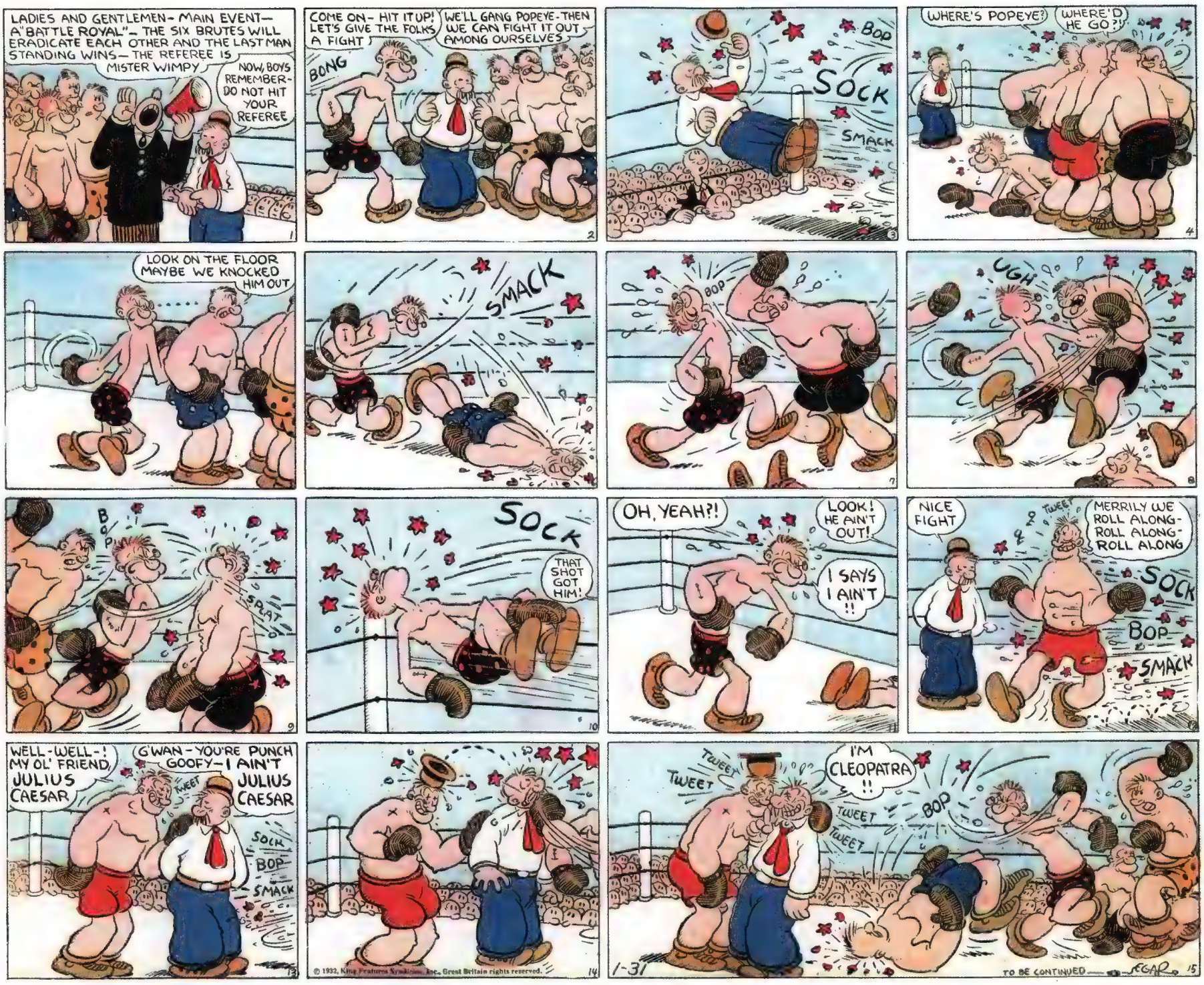
CLIP CLIP

THERE — TAKE YOUR OLD TABLE

WELL, NOW ISN'T THAT STRANGE?!

HOW DID THIS PIECE OF GREEN FELT GET HERE WITH MY PATTERN?!

CONTROL YOURSELF, MR. SAPPO - AFTER ALL, SHE'S A GOOD WIFE IN A LOT OF WAYS — IT'S WRONG TO SHOOT WOMEN — H-M-M- MAYBE A DIVORCE — ETC — ETC - ETC —


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- MAIN EVENT— A "BATTLE ROYAL"— THE SIX BRUTES WILL ERADICATE EACH OTHER AND THE LAST MAN STANDING WINS— THE REFEREE IS MISTER WIMPY
NOW, BOYS REMEMBER- DO NOT HIT YOUR REFEREE
COME ON- HIT IT UP! LET'S GIVE THE FOLKS A FIGHT
WE'LL GANG POPEYE-THEN WE CAN FIGHT IT OUT AMONG OURSELVES
BONG
BOP
SOCK
SMACK
WHERE'S POPEYE?
WHERE'D HE GO?!
LOOK ON THE FLOOR MAYBE WE KNOCKED HIM OUT
SMACK
BOP
UGH
BOP
SPLAT
SOCK
THAT SHOT GOT HIM!
OH, YEAH?!
LOOK! HE AIN'T OUT!
I SAYS I AIN'T !!
NICE FIGHT
TWEET
MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG- ROLL ALONG- ROLL ALONG
SOCK
BOP
SMACK
WELL-WELL-! MY OL' FRIEND, JULIUS CAESAR
G'WAN- YOU'RE PUNCH GOOFY- I AIN'T JULIUS CAESAR
TWEET
SOCK
BOP
SMACK
TWEET
TWEET
I'M CLEOPATRA !!
TWEET
BOP
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1-31
TO BE CONTINUED
SEGAR


POPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THAT'S THAT
GOOD GRIEF!! ARE YOU MAKING GOOFY INVENTIONS AGAIN?! WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT NAILED TO THE FRONT DOOR?
IT'S AN AUTOMATIC INSTANTANEOUS CAMERA
WHEN SOMEONE PUSHES THE FRONT DOOR BELL BUTTON IT TAKES A PICTURE OF HIM OR HER- YOU CAN TELL WHO'S CALLING WITHOUT OPENING THE DOOR
I'LL SEE IF IT WORKS
CLICK
THERE'S YOUR PICTURE
I'M BETTER LOOKING THAN THAT
CLICK
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, A WORK OF ART?
IT'S THE SAP ACROSS THE STREET- I WON'T OPEN THE DOOR, HE PROBABLY WANTS TO BORROW SOMETHING
CLICK
AH- ANOTHER CALLER
BOOK AGENT! HA! HA! I CERTAINLY WON'T OPEN THE DOOR FOR HIM
CLICK
CLICK
!
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JOHN, WHAT ARE YOU SWEARING ABOUT?
AW, THAT PERSISTENT PEST OF A BOOK AGENT IS USING UP ALL MY MATERIAL
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
!

BATTLE ROYAL CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

EVERYBODY STOP FIGHTING WHILE I READ TO YOU RULE 13" WHICH SAYS YA AIN'T ALLOWED TO HIT THE REFEREE

BOP

SPLAT

IT ALSO SAYS— "TWEET" "TWEET"

THIS OUGHT TO HELP

SMACK

SOCK

YOU'RE COOKED NOW—

RAISE ME HAND, MISTER WIMPY, I WIN'D THE FIGHT

WHAT FIGHT?

THE CHIEF SENT ME TO GET YOU, POPEYE, YOU KNOW YOU BROKE JAIL JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

OKAY, ORFICER - SOON'S I BUTTINGS ME SHIRT - I'M GLAD YA MENTIONED IT - I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT

DRESSING ROOM

LISTEN - LE'S DROP OVER TO ROUGH-HOUSE'S CAFE - I WANTS TO TELL ME FREN', ROUGH-HOUSE, ABOUT THE SCRAP

I WOULDN'T BE SEEN IN THAT JOINT IT WOULD RUIN MY REPUTATION - YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL NOW!

HAVE A HAMBURGER ON ME

I WOULDN'T EAT IN THIS DUMP

DUMP? DUMP? DUMP?

PUT UP YER GUN, YA CRAZY EGG - YA CAN'T SHOOT COPS

AN' COPS CAN'T CALL MY "CAFE DE LUXE" A DUMP NEITHER!

IF HE WON'T GO TO JAIL I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT

BOP BOP

HOW YA LIKE BATTLE ROYALS?

SWELL - I WIN'D EASY - I GOT ONE ARFUL LICK ON THE HEAD THOUGH

2-7

BOP BOP BOP

WOW!! IT WAS SOME SOCK! ME HEAD'S BEGINNIN' TO THROB AGAIN NOW

HEH HEH

SAPPO By SEGAR

Registered U S Patent Office

SAPPO'S LATEST INVENTION IS AN AUTOMATIC INSTANTANEOUS CAMERA — WHEN A CALLER PRESSES THE DOOR BELL BUTTON THE CAMERA CLICKS AND A FINISHED PHOTO DROPS OUT ON THE INSIDE

JOHN, YOU GET UP THE SILLIEST INVENTIONS

THAT BOOK AGENT DIDN'T GET IN LAST WEEK, DID HE? - YOU CAN'T SAY IT DOESN'T WORK

CLICK

DO YOU WANT TO SEE MRS. FIZZLE?

I DO NOT: DON'T OPEN THE DOOR

IT'S A GOOD IDEA AT THAT, JOHN

SURE IT IS

AND THE WONDERFUL THING ABOUT IT IS - IT ALWAYS WORKS

WE CAN TELL POSITIVELY WHO'S AT THE DOOR WITHOUT OPENING IT

CLICK

IT'S THAT BOOK AGENT AGAIN - HEH! HEH - HE WON'T GET IN

I SEE— HE'S GOT A TRICK CAMERA RIGGED UP AND IT SHOWS HIM WHO'S AT THE DOOR

PRETTY SMART, AIN'T YOU? WELL, I'M NOT SO DUMB, MYSELF

CLICK

WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED!! THE KING OF YOKELANIA!

COME RIGHT IN, KING - THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE

WITHOUT A DOUBT THE BEST BOOK - BLA - BLA - BLA

?!

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POPEYE, YOU'RE A LIKABLE FELLOW AND I DON'T WANT TO GET ROUGH— BUT YOU MUST GO TO JAIL RIGHT NOW

SURE, ORFICER— JUS' AS SOON'S I TELLS ME KID FRENS A STORY

YOO-HOO!

WHY DON'T YOU LET POPEYE GO? HE'S A GOOD EGG

AW, SHUT UP!

ONCET UPON A TIME THEY WAS A ELEPHINK, A MONKNEY AN' A HIPTOPOTTYMIST—

MAKE IT SCARY!

COME ON! GO TO JAIL!

HEY, SAILOR - THERE'S A BIG CRAP GAME DOWN BY THE DOCKS

HOLY SMOKE!!

BE A SPORT, ORFICER, I JUS' WANTS TO SHOOT A FEW CRAPS AN' THEN WE'LL GO TO JAIL

I HOPE YOU LOSE YOUR SHIRT

NO CROOKED WORK, BOYS - I GOT A SPECIAL PRIVATE COP WITH ME TO-DAY

WHAM— DON'T FOOL ME DICE!! WELL, I'LL BE ——!

LISTEN. THE CHIEF'S WAITING FOR ME - I'VE GOT TO REPORT

AW, STICK AROUN' AWHILE

LE'S GO GET A SANRICH - ROLLIN' THE BONES ALWAYS GIVES ME A APRETITE

!

GOING TO THE BURLESQUE SHOW WITH THE GANG TO-NIGHT?

I SAYS I YAM! I HEAR THEY GOT SOME SWELL BRUNECKS ON

SLUP

!

EATIN' MAKES ME SLEEPY - WAIT FOR ME WHILE I TAKES A NAP UNDER THIS TREE

HEY, BUTCH - YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER— COME PUT ON THIS HANDCUFF

HONK

2-2-2

HO HUM— I HATES TO DRAG YA AROUN' ALLA TIME, BUT I JUS' GOTTA SEE ME SWEETY BEFORE I GOES TO JAIL

!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!!!

YOU MIGHT LICK ME, POPEYE, BUT YOU COULD NEVER DRAG ME

THA'SA GOOD JOKE ON ME! I NEVER WAS SO SUSPRIZED IN ALL ME LIFE! ARF! ARF!

2 14 32

EGAR

POPPO BY EGAR

YOUR HUSBAND IS QUITE AN INVENTOR - IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE SMART LIKE HIM

SOMETIMES I THINK HE'S SMART AND AGAIN I THINK HE'S JUST PLAIN GOOFY

H-M-M

THERE-BY GOLLY! A STICK OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE WITH MUCH MORE KICK THAN THERE IS IN DYNAMITE

IF IT WORKS

I'LL DROP IT OFF OF THIS CLIFF AND SEE HOW MUCH DAMAGE IT WILL DO

HECK! IT DIDN'T EXPLODE!

I'LL TRY THROWING ROCKS AT IT

THIS OUGHT TO MAKE IT GO OFF

WHAT'S WRONG, JOHN? IS YOUR EXPLOSIVE A FIZZLE?

YES - A COMPLETE FIZZLE! IT WON'T EXPLODE

BANG

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POPEYE, WE'VE GOT SOME WORK FOR YOU TO DO ON A PILE OF ROCKS

OKAY-LE'S GO- I NEEDS SOME EXRYCIZE

YOU CAN'T DISTURB THE PEACE OF OUR CITY- I HOPE THIS TEACHES YOU A LESSON

WHACK

I BEGS YER PARDON ON ACCOUNT OF I'M SORRY THAT ROCK HITCHA

WHIFFLE!

LONDON BRICH IS FALLING DOWN FALLINK DOWN FALLINK DOWN & DOWN

WELL, I'M A SWAB IF IT DIDN'T KNOCK 'IM GOOFY!

NO SENSE IN WASTIN' YER EMERGY RUNNIN' AROUN' LIKE THAT- HERE- TAKE THIS HAMMER AN' MAKE LITTLE ONES OUTTA BIG ONES

SURE- THANKS EVER SO MUCH

MUCH OBLIGED FOR LENDING ME YOUR HAMMER

AW, THA'S ALL RIGHT

I CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND WHY I'M WORKING SO HARD- MY HEAD'S ALL FOGGY

ARF! ARF!- WE'RE PLAYIN' A GAME, SEE? AN' IF YOU BUSTS UP ALL THE BIG ROCKS BEFORE I COUNTS TO A THOUSING YOU WINS

MY GOSH! HOPE I DO WIN! DON'T COUNT SO FAST

EIGHT HUNNERD AN' TWENY ONE- EIGHT HUNNERD AN' TWENY TWO-

BOP BOP BOP BOP

SURE-YOU WIN-

I ALWAYS WAS LUCKY

HE'LL BE COMIN' OUT OF IT SOON- BUT, ANYWAY, THE JOB IS ALL DONE

WHEW

PUFF PUFF

THAT STONE MUST HAVE KNOCKED ME GOOFY! SAY- DID YOU BREAK ALL THOSE ROCKS? WELL- I MUST COMPLIMENT YOU- YOU'RE SURE A WORKER

WHAT THE HECK MAKES ME SO DOGGONED TIRED!?

I AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO IDEAR- ARF-ARF!

2-21

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SEGAR

SAPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

WHAT'S MR. SAPPO WORKING ON NOW?

HE'S TRYING TO INVENT A NEW KIND OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE

BAM

SOUNDS AS IF HE'S SUCCEEDING

BANG

GEE! THERE GOES A WINDOW!

THAT'S NOTHING- LAST WEEK HE BLEW OUT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

BOOM

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE WIFE OF AN EXPERIMENTER HAS TO PUT UP WITH

IT MUST BE AWFUL

POW

BAM

?

POW

POP

DINNER'S READY AND NOW I'LL HAVE TO CALL HIM ABOUT FIFTY TIMES AS USUAL

JOHN COME TO DINNER

BANG

!

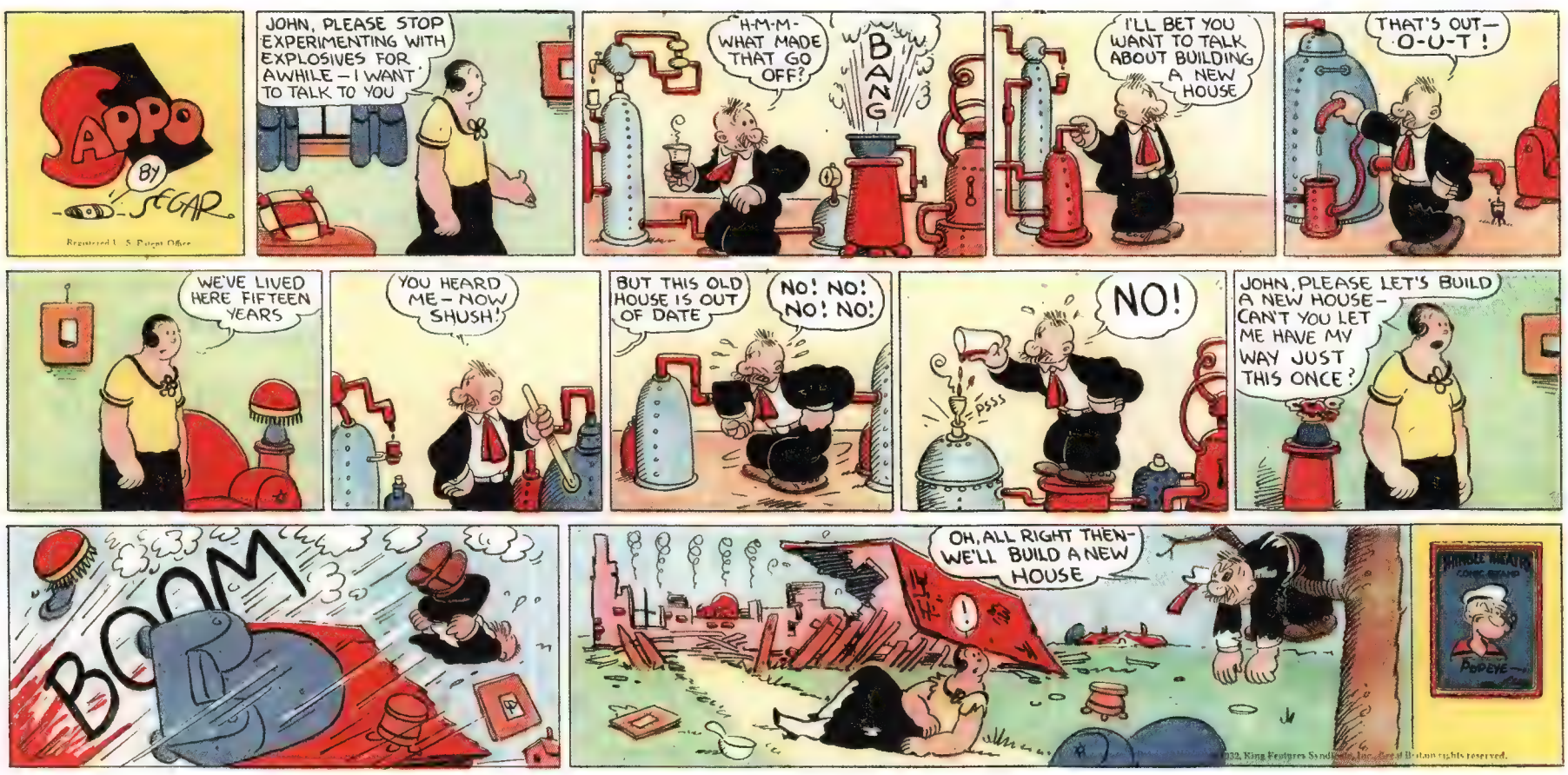
WELL- FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE YOU CAME WHEN I CALLED YOU

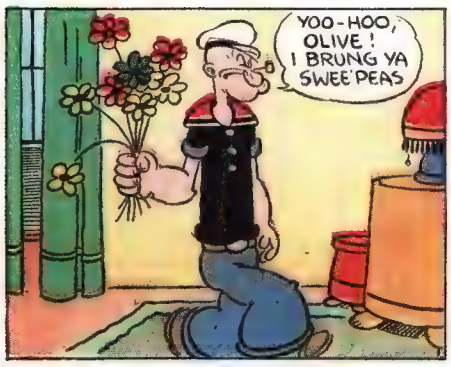
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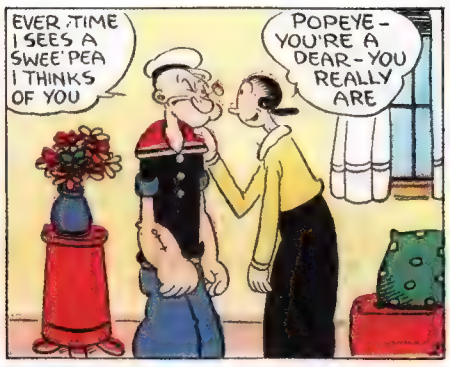

ROUGH-HOUSE, THERE'S THE TOUGHEST EGG YOU EVER SEEN IN YOUR CAFE-HE LETS PEOPLE "BOP" HIM ON THE CHIN-HE LIKES IT
OH, YEAH?
I'LL SEE HOW TOUGH HE IS
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!! COME HERE!
HAM SANRICH 10¢
BEAN?
UNSTRUNG STRING BEANS 10¢
STEWS SERVED HERE
BULLOGNY
BY GOLLY HE IS TOUGH-! JUST LIKE ME WHEN I WAS A PUP
BOP
NEVER FELT IT
NEXT
WELL, I'LL BE-! I THOUGHT I COULD KNOCK OUT ANY MAN LIVIN'
P-S-T
P-S-T
SOCK
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
SOCK
TRY YOUR LUCK, POPEYE. HE'S SHOWIN' HOW TOUGH HE IS
SMACK
THAT'S THE HARDEST I'VE EVER BEEN HIT, BUT IT DIDN'T HURT- I GOT A IRON JAW
STICK AROUND AWHILE, STRANGER- HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE, FIX ME UP A BIG DISH OF SPINACH
THEY'S NOTHIN' LIKE SPINACH TO GIVE A MAN STRENGT'
I'LL TRY THAT AGAIN NOW IF YA DON'T MIND
SURE, GO AHEAD
PLOP
MY GOSH! HE'S BEEN OUT HALF AN HOUR
POPEYE ATE SPINACH
SPINACH
THERE'S A WHOLE BEEF IN MY ICE BOX- AND HERE YOU'VE GOT 'EM ALL YELPIN' FOR SPINACH!
NOTICE TO MOTHERS OF CHIL'REN
PLEASE TELL YER YOUNGSTIRS I SAID THEY SHOULD EAT SPINACH AN' VEGEABLES ON ACCOUNT OF I WANTS 'EM TO BE STRONG AN' HELTHY- I WILL BE A PERSNAL FREN OF ALL CHIL'REN WHO EATS WHAT THEIR MAW SAYS TO EAT- YERS TRULIE
POPEYE
SEGAR
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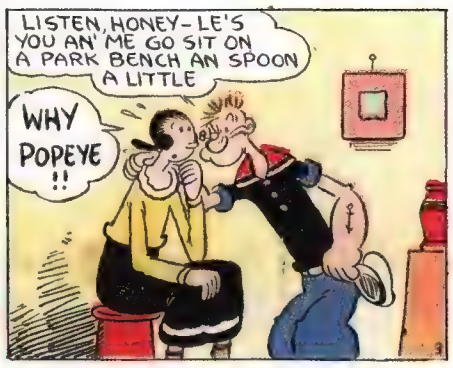

APPO
BY
SEGAR
YES HE'S STILL EXPERIMENTING WITH EXPLOSIVES- HE'S TRYING TO INVENT SOMETHING EXTRA POWERFUL
WHY DON'T YOU GET A DIVORCE?
BAM
X+10=2½ ÷6=?
BAM
!
POW
?
BANG
BAM
POP
X+8÷3 +9=?
BAM
IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY AROUND HERE ALL THE TIME
POW
BOOM
TAKE YOUR EQUIPMENT OUT OF THIS HOUSE RIGHT NOW!
TRYING TO DISCOURAGE ME, ARE YOU?
YOU HEARD ME!- INTO THE YARD WITH YOUR JUNK BEFORE YOU BLOW THE INSIDE OF THE HOUSE OUT!
BOOM
!
WHICH IS WORSE, BLOWING THE INSIDE OUT OR BLOWING THE OUTSIDE IN?

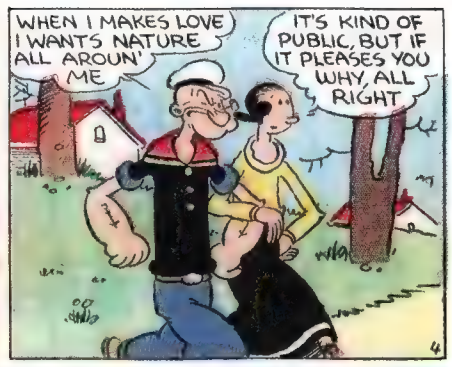

POPEYE-LET'S HAVE A PARTY TO-NIGHT-I'LL INVITE SOME OF MY GIRL FRIENDS AND YOU BRING A FEW FELLOWS
SWELL! SWELL! THA'S GREAT
AND JUST FOR FUN WE'LL START IT OFF WITH A GENTLEMAN'S BEAUTY CONTEST
WHO DO YA SUSPOSE IS GONER WIN THE CONTEST? ME-THA'S WHO ARF! ARF!
I'M INVITIN' YOU SWABS ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE SO UGLY-I WANTS TO WIN THIS BEAUTY CONTEST, MESELF
TAKE 'EM OUT, POPEYE-THEY'RE SOURING ALL MY CREAM
I'M PERTIER THAN THEM THREE EGGS-WONDER WHAT KIND OF A PRIZE I'LL WIN?
I HOPES IT'S VALERABLE
POPEYE-THIS IS ARCHY PHIZLEY-HE'LL BE IN THE CONTEST, TOO
I'VE WON EIGHT BEAUTY CONTESTS-I HAVE A PERFECT MASCULINE FIGURE
YOU TWO BOYS GET ACQUAINTED WHILE I ROUND-UP THE GIRLS
GEE, BUT YOU'RE A SCRAWNY LITTLE FELLOW-I'LL BET YOU WISH YOU WERE BIG AND STRONG LIKE ME
LISTEN, MISTER-I INVITED ONLY UGLY SWABS SO'S I COULD WIN THE PRIZE AND NOW YOU COME ALONG
HA! HA! WHY DON'T YOU KNOCK ME OUT AND HIDE ME BEHIND THE COUCH? HAW! HAW!
THA'S A GOOD IDEAR
LOOK OUT NOW-I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO HURT YOU
BIG AN' STRONG LIKE YOU-POOEY!
POOEY!
LINE UP FOR THE BEAUTY CONTEST, POPEYE — I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHERE ARCHY DISAPPEARED TO!
I VOTE FOR POPEYE-
ME, TOO
ME, TOO
POPEYE WINS
AND HERE IS THE PRIZE-A BOTTLE OF NAIL POLISH
HERE, ARCHY-YOU WINS THE FINGER-NAIL POLISH
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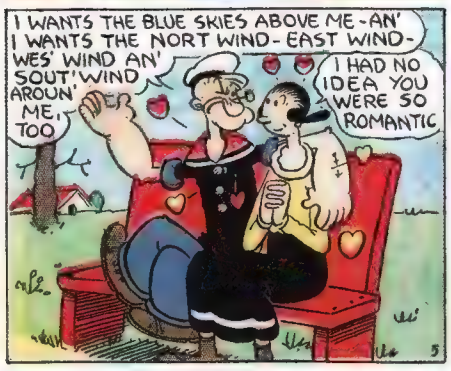

APPO BY SEGAR
JOHN, PLEASE STOP EXPERIMENTING WITH EXPLOSIVES FOR AWHILE-I WANT TO TALK TO YOU
H-M-M-WHAT MADE THAT GO OFF?
BANG
I'LL BET YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT BUILDING A NEW HOUSE
THAT'S OUT-O-U-T!
WE'VE LIVED HERE FIFTEEN YEARS
YOU HEARD ME-NOW SHUSH!
BUT THIS OLD HOUSE IS OUT OF DATE
NO! NO! NO! NO!
NO!
PSSS
JOHN, PLEASE LET'S BUILD A NEW HOUSE-CAN'T YOU LET ME HAVE MY WAY JUST THIS ONCE?
BOOM
OH, ALL RIGHT THEN-WE'LL BUILD A NEW HOUSE
POPEYE
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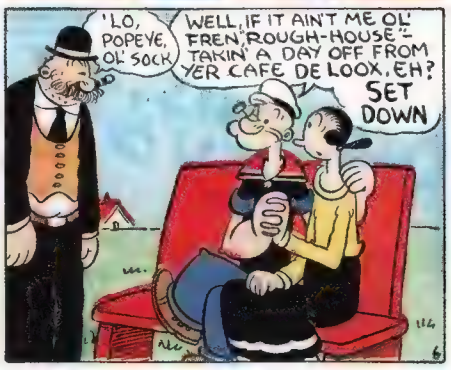

YOO-HOO, OLIVE! I BRUNG YA SWEE'PEAS

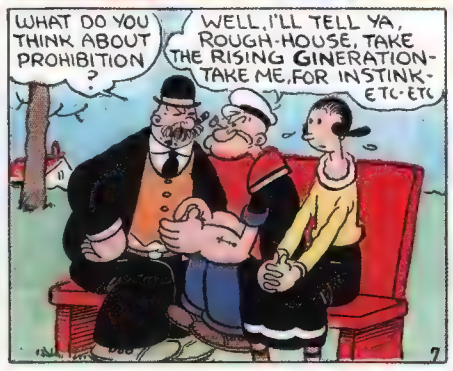

EVER TIME I SEES A SWEE'PEA I THINKS OF YOU
POPEYE - YOU'RE A DEAR - YOU REALLY ARE

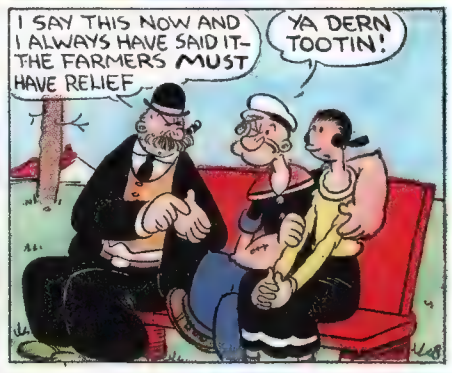

LISTEN, HONEY - LE'S YOU AN' ME GO SIT ON A PARK BENCH AN SPOON A LITTLE
WHY POPEYE !!


WHEN I MAKES LOVE I WANTS NATURE ALL AROUN' ME
IT'S KIND OF PUBLIC, BUT IF IT PLEASES YOU WHY, ALL RIGHT
4

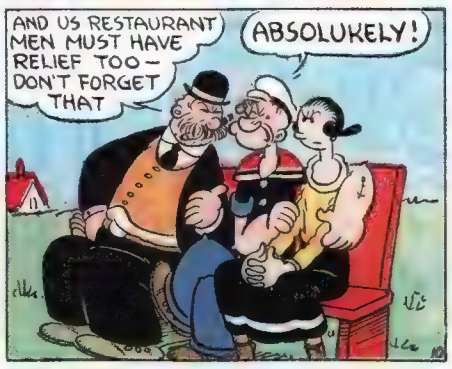

I WANTS THE BLUE SKIES ABOVE ME - AN' I WANTS THE NORT WIND - EAST WIND - WES' WIND AN' SOUT' WIND AROUN' ME, TOO
I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO ROMANTIC
5

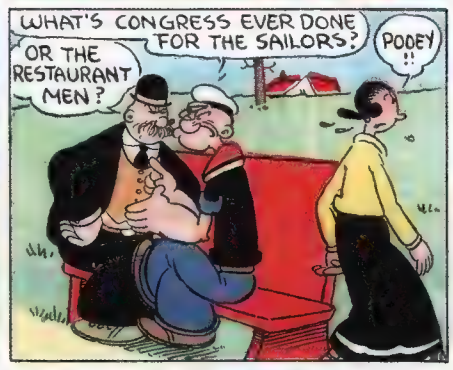

'LO, POPEYE, OL' SOCK
WELL, IF IT AIN'T ME OL' FREN, ROUGH-HOUSE! TAKIN' A DAY OFF FROM YER CAFE DE LOOX, EH? SET DOWN
6

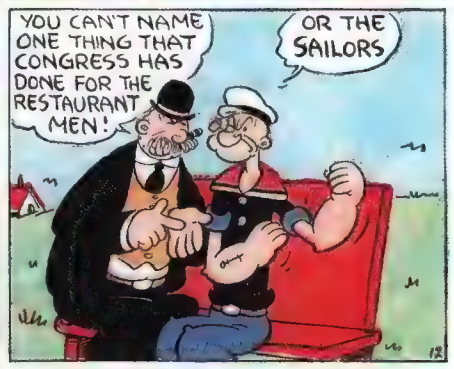

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT PROHIBITION ?
WELL, I'LL TELL YA, ROUGH-HOUSE, TAKE THE RISING GINERATION - TAKE ME, FOR INSTINK - ETC - ETC
7

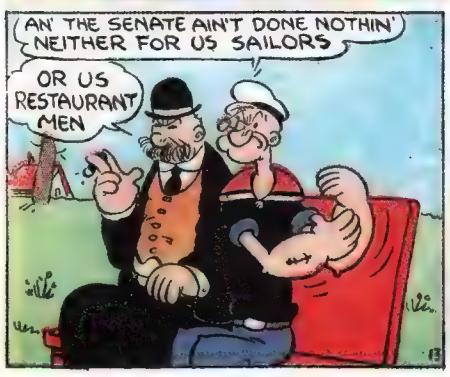

I SAY THIS NOW AND I ALWAYS HAVE SAID IT - THE FARMERS MUST HAVE RELIEF
YA DERN TOOTIN!
8

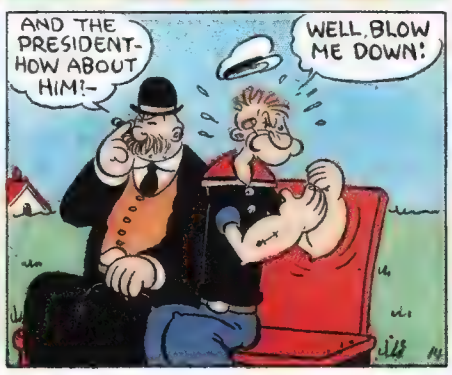

THE FARMERS HAS GOT TO HAVE RELIEF AND THE SAILORS HAS GOT TO HAVE RELIEF
9


AND US RESTAURANT MEN MUST HAVE RELIEF TOO - DON'T FORGET THAT
ABSOLUKELY!
10

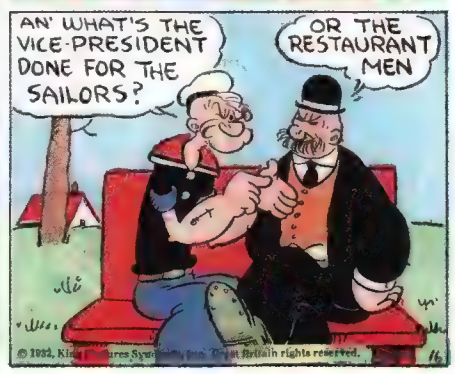

WHAT'S CONGRESS EVER DONE FOR THE SAILORS?
OR THE RESTAURANT MEN ?
PODEY !!


YOU CAN'T NAME ONE THING THAT CONGRESS HAS DONE FOR THE RESTAURANT MEN!
OR THE SAILORS
12

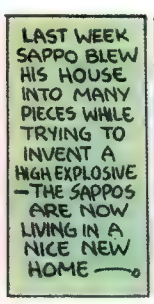

AN' THE SENATE AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' NEITHER FOR US SAILORS
OR US RESTAURANT MEN
13

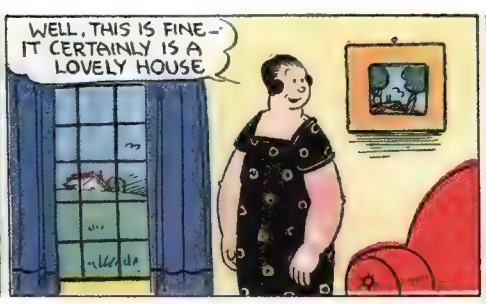

AND THE PRESIDENT - HOW ABOUT HIM!-
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
14

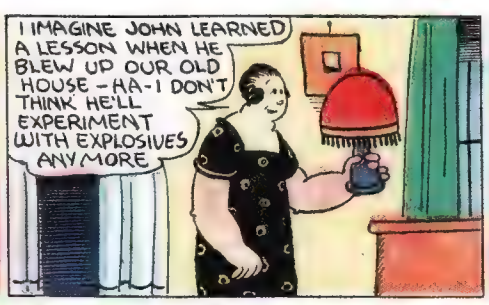

AW LET'ER GO — NOBODY UNDERSTANDS GOVERNMENTS, AND NOBODY KNOWS WOMEN
I KNOWS THEY'RE FRICKLE !!
3-13
EGAR 15


AN' WHAT'S THE VICE-PRESIDENT DONE FOR THE SAILORS?
OR THE RESTAURANT MEN
16


SAPPO BY SEGAR

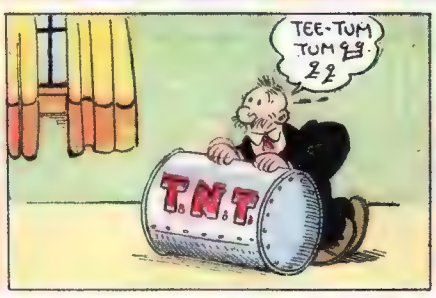

LAST WEEK SAPPO BLEW HIS HOUSE INTO MANY PIECES WHILE TRYING TO INVENT A HIGH EXPLOSIVE - THE SAPPOS ARE NOW LIVING IN A NICE NEW HOME

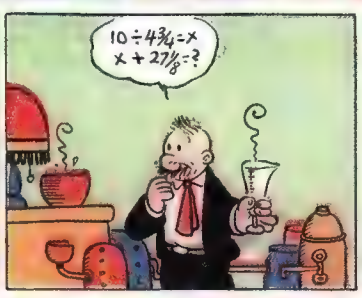

WELL, THIS IS FINE - IT CERTAINLY IS A LOVELY HOUSE

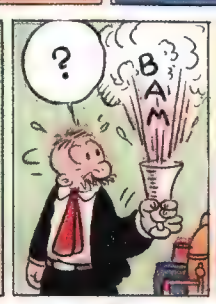

I IMAGINE JOHN LEARNED A LESSON WHEN HE BLEW UP OUR OLD HOUSE - HA - I DON'T THINK HE'LL EXPERIMENT WITH EXPLOSIVES ANYMORE

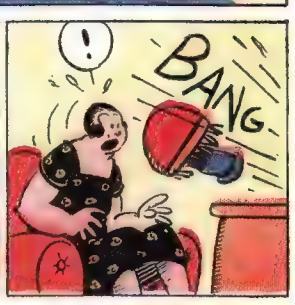

I MUST GET MY EQUIPMENT SET UP


AH — PEACE AND QUIET - I CAN RELAX NOW


TEE-TUM TUM
T.N.T.


10 ÷ 4¾ = x
x + 27⅛ = ?


?
BAM


!
BANG

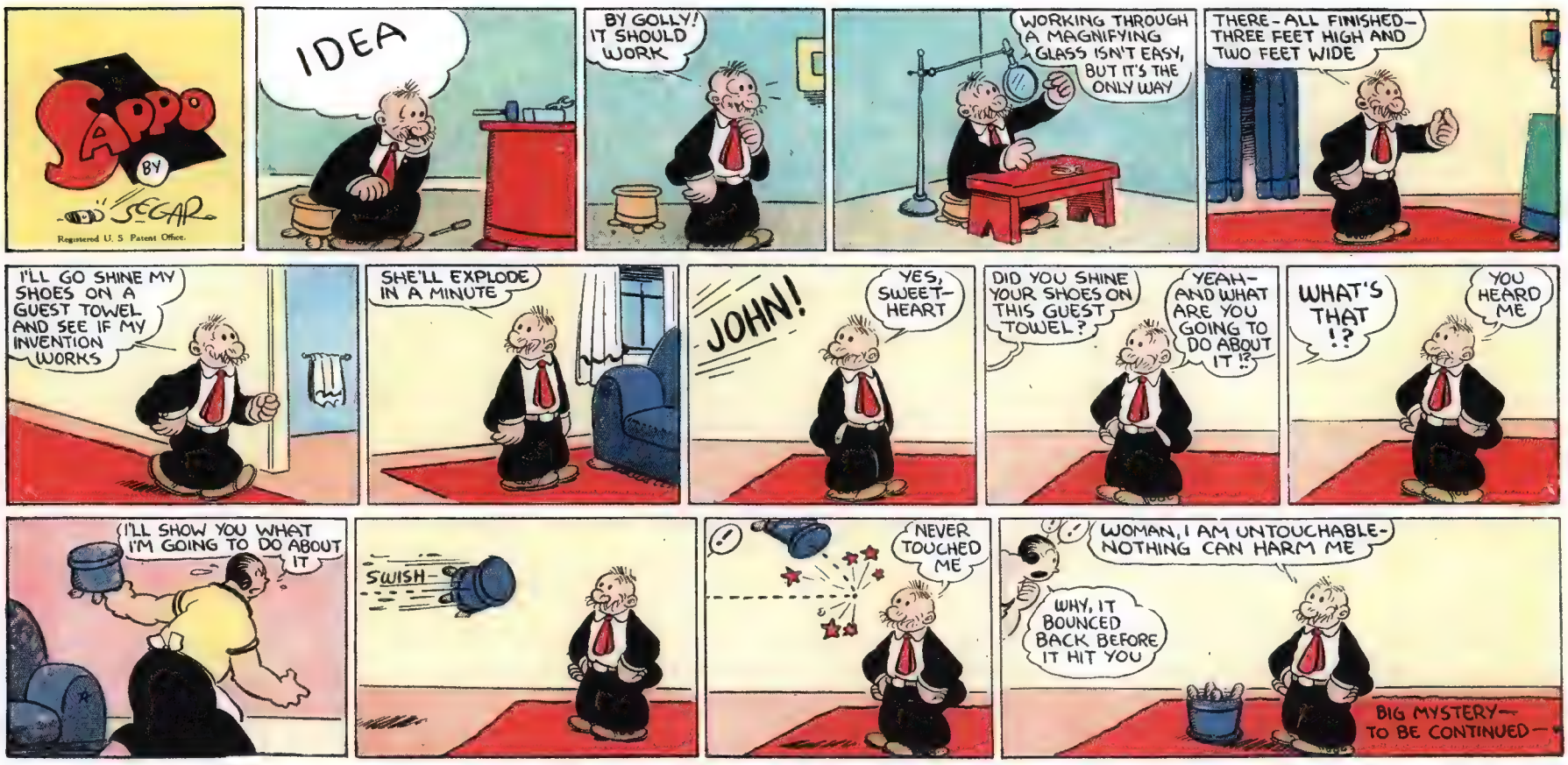

I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT RIGHT NOW


G-R-R
!


IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T THROW THAT!
NITRO-GLYCERIN
DYNAMITE
T-N-T


THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
OLIVE OYL
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LIKE I WAS SAYIN'— CONGRESS AIN'T NEVER DONE NOTHIN' FOR THE SAILORS
I'LL PAY YOU TO-MORROW, PLEASE
KEEP YER HOOKS OFF THAT HAM-BURGER!
AN' THE VICE-PRESIDENT, DID HE EVER DO ANYTHING FOR US SAILORS?
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO MORE @@@=FOOD TILL YA PAY THAT @@@= FORTY CENTS YA OWE
YESSIR
US RESTAURANT MEN FEED THE NATION, BUT DID CONGRESS EVER GIVE US RELIEF? THEY GAVE THE FARMERS RELIEF, DIDN'T THEY?
SAILORS IS MORE IMPORTINK THAN FARMERS OR RESTERNT MEN
I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
POPEYE, I'LL SMACK YOU WITH THIS CLEAVER IF YOU SAY SAILORS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN RESTAURANT MEN
COME ON, SMACK ME!!
SAY, LISTEN!
COME ON- SMACK ME- LE'S SEE YA SMACK ME!
SAY, LISTEN- LISTEN-LISTEN
LISTEN-
I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
PUT UP THAT CLEAVER OR I'LL CRAM IT DOWN YER NECK! IF YA WASN'T A FREN OF MINE, ROUGH-HOUSE, I'DA POPPED YA LONG AGO- AN' WHEN I POPS YA, YOU'LL GO BOUNCEY-BOUNCEY
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS- YER TOO @@@!!%- SENSITIF!
I'LL LEAVE IT TO MR. WIMPY ("P-S-T- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A NICE BIG STEAK WITH TRIMMINGS?
I'D ENJOY THAT VERY PLEASANTLY
MR. WIMPY- YOU'RE A MAN OF HIGH INTELLIGENCE— WHO DO YOU THINK ARE MOST IMPORTANT, SAILORS OR RESTAURANT MEN?
RESTAURANT MEN ARE
SEE, POPEYE— THERE'S PROOF
THA'S THE WRONG ANSWER!
SMACK
YA FEEL ANY DIFFRENT ABOUT WHICH IS MOST IMPORTINK?
YES, SIR
SAILORS ARE
ARF! ARF!
WHAT'S THAT!!?
TRAITOR! DOG-PIG! !!!!!!
I GETS A BIG KICK OUTTA OL' ROUGH-HOUSE. HE'S THE MOST IGMORANT MAN I EVER SEEN
CRASH
SOCK
WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO ALLOW ME TO CHANGE MY DECISION?
SURE, MISTER WIMPY, I'M BROAD-MINDED
G-R-R
G-R-R
3-20
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POPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S Patent Office.
IDEA
BY GOLLY! IT SHOULD WORK
WORKING THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS ISN'T EASY, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY
THERE- ALL FINISHED- THREE FEET HIGH AND TWO FEET WIDE
I'LL GO SHINE MY SHOES ON A GUEST TOWEL AND SEE IF MY INVENTION WORKS
SHE'LL EXPLODE IN A MINUTE
JOHN!
YES, SWEET-HEART
DID YOU SHINE YOUR SHOES ON THIS GUEST TOWEL?
YEAH- AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT!?
WHAT'S THAT!?
YOU HEARD ME
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ABOUT IT
SWISH-
NEVER TOUCHED ME
WOMAN, I AM UNTOUCHABLE- NOTHING CAN HARM ME
WHY, IT BOUNCED BACK BEFORE IT HIT YOU
BIG MYSTERY— TO BE CONTINUED—

POPEYE, I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME - QUIT FIGHTING! IF YOU DON'T I'LL GIVE YOU THE GATE FOR GOOD

ALL RIGHT THEN- I PROMISES NOT TO NEVER HIT NOBODY ANYMORE AGAIN

GENTLEMEN DON'T SOCK THEIR BROTHER HUMANS

AN' I AIN'T GO'NER NEITHER NO MORE ON ACCOUNT OF I YAMA GEN'LEMAN AT HEART

I TRIES TO' DO THE BEST I KNOWS HOW- I AIN'T NEVER HAD NO BRINGIN' UP- I BEEN A ORPHINK EVER SINCE I GOT BORN'D

I WILL QUIT SWEARIN', TOO- I WILL BE PERFECK JUS' TO PLEASE OLIVE OYL

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!! HERE COMES A OL' EMENY OF MINE

G-R-R

MR. SNIZZLE! 'MEMBER THE TIME YA POURED A BUCKET OF EELS IN ME BUNK TWEN'Y YEARS AGO?

WHAT'S THE SENSE IN FIGHTIN'? LET'S SIT DOWN HERE AND HAVE A WORD BATTLE

SUITS ME ON ACCOUNT OF I SWEAR'D OFF FIGHTIN' JUS'A FEW MINITS AGO

THE ONE WHO CALLS THE OTHER THE WORST NAMES WINS - YOU TALK FIRST AND WHEN YOU FINISH I'LL TALK

IN THE FIRST PLACE YER A - Coll!!

AN' A Coll!!

YOU'RE A BRAINLESS PUP-A SKNUNK AN' A BLASTED

AN' THA'S ALL I KIN THINK OF, SO NOW YOU KIN TALK

WELL-IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU'RE A SAP-

WHO IS A SAP!?

YOU ARE - THAT'S WHO IS!

OH- YA WANTS TO START A FIGHT, DO YA?

SMACK

I'LL KNOCK YA BOUNCEY- BOUNCEY

SO!

SPLAT

3-27

THIS MAN COME ALONG AN' WE SETS DOWN TO HAVE A TALK - AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN HE CALLS ME A SAP

TWEET!

WELL - OF COURSE, IF HE INSULTED YOU - YOU HAD A RIGHT TO BOP HIM

I KNOW'D YA WOULD UN'ERSTAN', HONEY - YER WIDE-MINDED- THA'S WHAT

JEGAR

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SAPPO BY JEGAR

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WELL-HERE'S A DOZEN ALL FINISHED - THIS INVENTION WILL MAKE ME SOME MONEY

WHY, I DON'T SEE A THING!

JOHN, YOU HAVEN'T A THING THERE

THE HECK I HAVEN'T - THERE ARE SIX IN EACH HAND

GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S LOST HIS MIND

YEAH - MY HUSBAND HAS LOST HIS MIND!

I HEAR THAT INVENTORS AND COMIC ARTISTS ARE ALL LIKE THAT

HE SAID HE HAD A HALF DOZEN IN EACH HAND - AND BOTH OF HIS HANDS WERE EMPTY

MY GOSH!

I TOLD MY FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR NEW INVENTION, SAPPO AND EACH OF US WANT ONE- HOW MUCH ARE THEY?

YOU'RE ALL PALS OF MINE, SO I'LL LET YOU HAVE 'EM FOR $100. APIECE

?

HERE'S THE MONEY FOR MINE

HERE IT IS, BILL - I THINK YOU'LL TAKE ABOUT A NUMBER FORTY-

GIVE ME YOUR HUNDRED, JIM- HERE'S A THIRTY-EIGHT FOR YOU

!

HE'S SELLING NOTHING AND GETTING MONEY FOR IT

ONE - TWO - THREE - FOUR - FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS

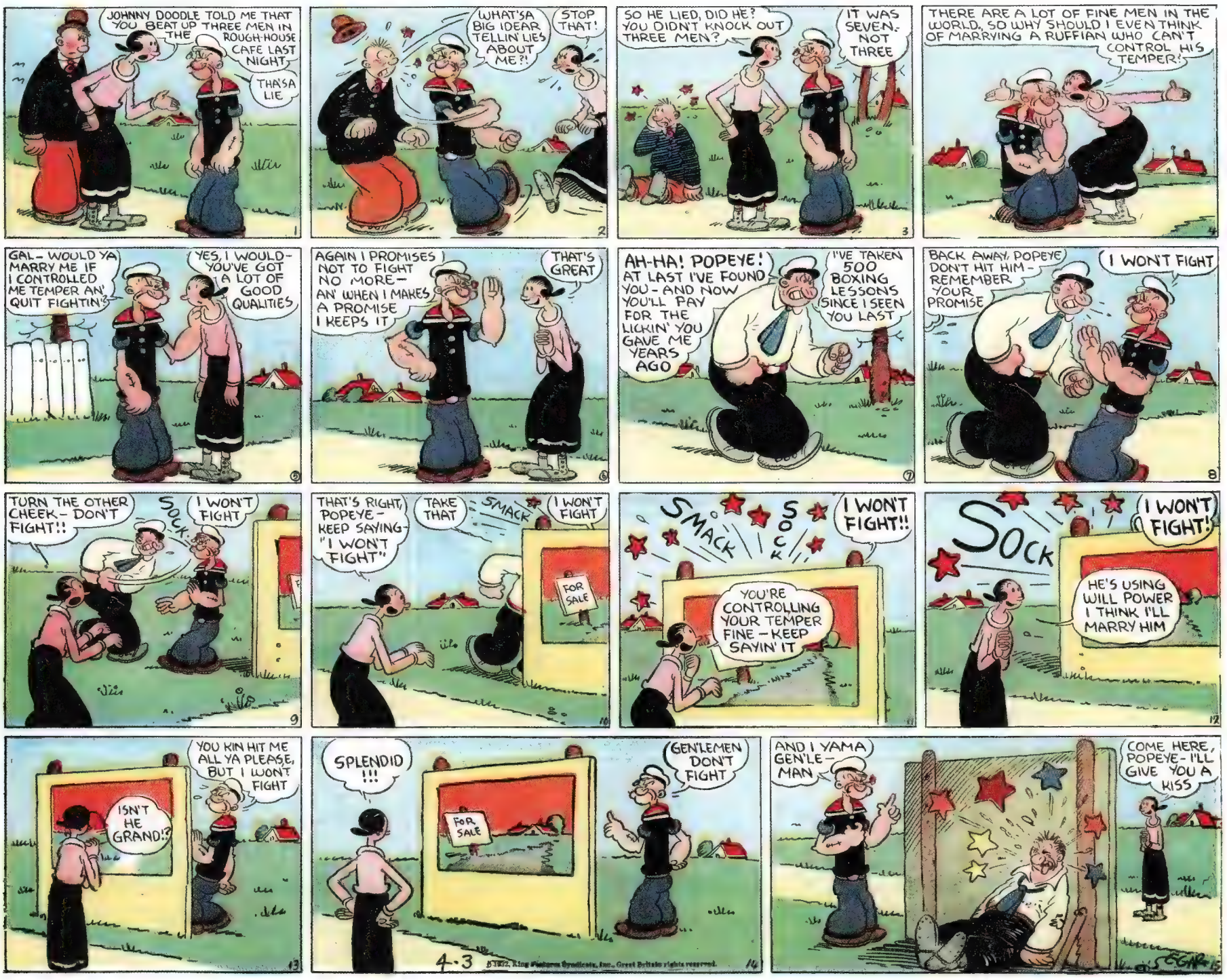
MAYBE I'M GOOFY

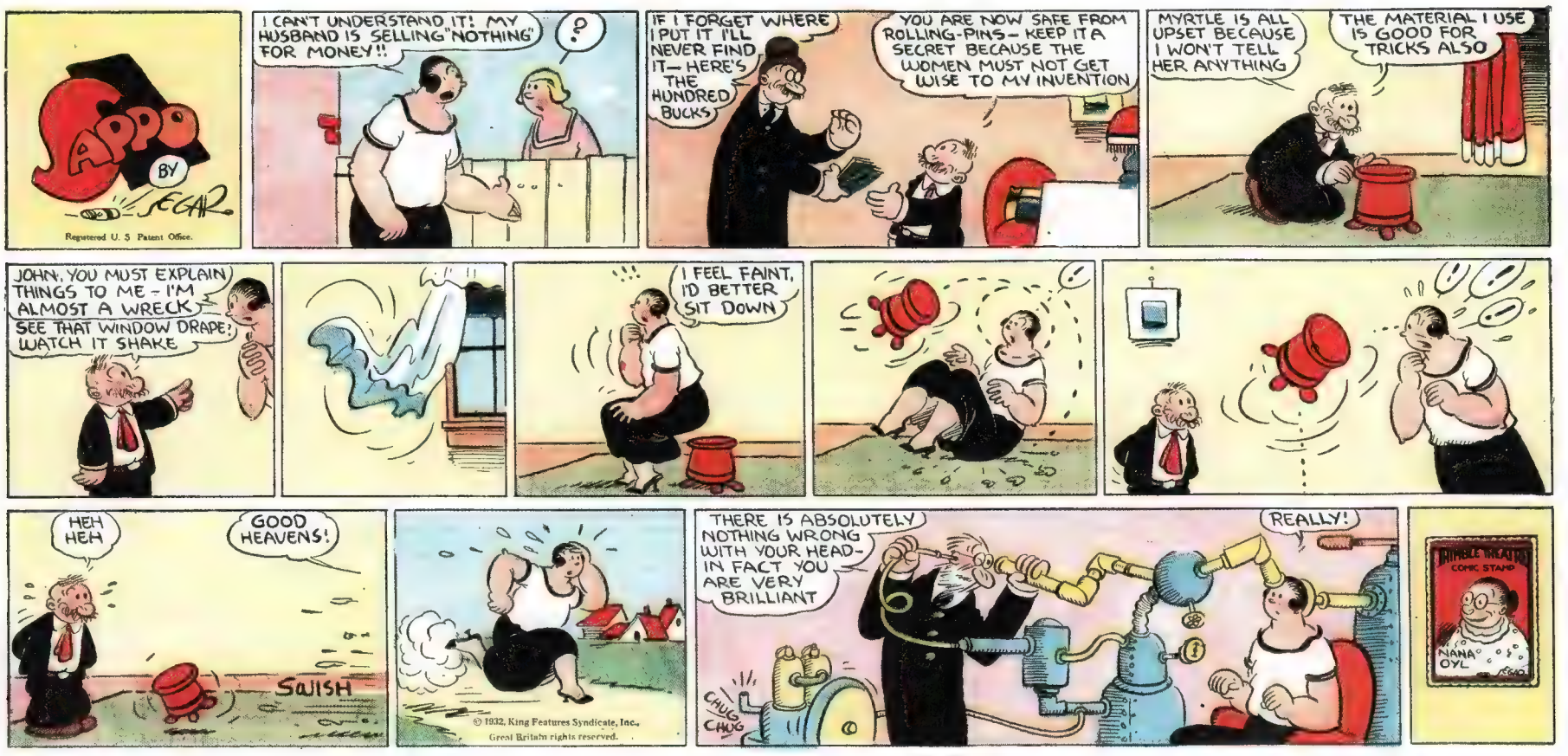
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP

COLE OYL

JEGAR

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JOHNNY DOODLE TOLD ME THAT YOU BEAT UP THREE MEN IN THE ROUGH-HOUSE CAFE LAST NIGHT
THA'SA LIE
WHAT'SA BIG IDEAR TELLIN' LIES ABOUT ME?!
STOP THAT!
SO HE LIED, DID HE? YOU DIDN'T KNOCK OUT THREE MEN?
IT WAS SEVEN. NOT THREE
THERE ARE A LOT OF FINE MEN IN THE WORLD, SO WHY SHOULD I EVEN THINK OF MARRYING A RUFFIAN WHO CAN'T CONTROL HIS TEMPER!
GAL- WOULD YA MARRY ME IF I CONTROLLED ME TEMPER AN' QUIT FIGHTIN'?
YES, I WOULD- YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF GOOD QUALITIES
AGAIN I PROMISES NOT TO FIGHT NO MORE- AN' WHEN I MAKES A PROMISE I KEEPS IT
THAT'S GREAT
AH-HA! POPEYE! AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU- AND NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR THE LICKIN' YOU GAVE ME YEARS AGO
I'VE TAKEN 500 BOXING LESSONS SINCE I SEEN YOU LAST
BACK AWAY, POPEYE DON'T HIT HIM- REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE
I WON'T FIGHT
TURN THE OTHER CHEEK- DON'T FIGHT!!
SOCK
I WON'T FIGHT
THAT'S RIGHT, POPEYE- KEEP SAYING "I WON'T FIGHT"
TAKE THAT
SMACK
I WON'T FIGHT
FOR SALE
SMACK
SOCK
I WON'T FIGHT!!
YOU'RE CONTROLLING YOUR TEMPER FINE- KEEP SAYIN' IT
SOCK
I WON'T FIGHT!
HE'S USING WILL POWER I THINK I'LL MARRY HIM
ISN'T HE GRAND!?
YOU KIN HIT ME ALL YA PLEASE, BUT I WON'T FIGHT
SPLENDID !!!
FOR SALE
GEN'LEMEN DON'T FIGHT
AND I YAMA GEN'LE- MAN
COME HERE, POPEYE- I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS
4-3
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POPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MY HUSBAND IS SELLING "NOTHING" FOR MONEY!!
?
IF I FORGET WHERE I PUT IT I'LL NEVER FIND IT- HERE'S THE HUNDRED BUCKS
YOU ARE NOW SAFE FROM ROLLING-PINS- KEEP IT A SECRET BECAUSE THE WOMEN MUST NOT GET WISE TO MY INVENTION
MYRTLE IS ALL UPSET BECAUSE I WON'T TELL HER ANYTHING
THE MATERIAL I USE IS GOOD FOR TRICKS ALSO
JOHN, YOU MUST EXPLAIN THINGS TO ME - I'M ALMOST A WRECK
SEE THAT WINDOW DRAPE? WATCH IT SHAKE
I FEEL FAINT, I'D BETTER SIT DOWN
HEH HEH
GOOD HEAVENS!
SWISH
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD- IN FACT YOU ARE VERY BRILLIANT
REALLY!
CHUG CHUG
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BIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
NANA OYL

AW. DON'T BE SILLY
I'LL TAKE YOU ON RIGHT NOW
WHO'S THE LITTLE TOUGH SWAB, ROUGH-HOUSE?
STRANGER TO ME, POPEYE – BEEN TRYIN' TO GET A FIGHT ALL MORNING

LETS YOU AND HIM FIGHT
YOU MEAN DIS GUY? SURE – SUITS ME SWELL!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

MIX IT UP, BOYS! THE LOSER MUST BUY SANDWICHES FOR US
CAREFUL, SON – DON'T HURT YER HAND
WANTA SCRAP?

WHAT!! NO FIGHT?
COLD FEET?
RUN ALONG, LITTLE MAN – I DON'T HIT INFINKS

WHAT! NO FIGHT?
YER A LITTLE SHRIMP AN' YA THINK YER TOUGH BECAUSE NOBODY'LL SMACK YA
OH, YEAH?

YA BIG WHITE-LIVERED EGG!
WHEN A RUNT THINKS HE'S HARD-BOILED HE'S A PEST
SAY, LISTEN

SAY- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT
THAT GUY'S SCARED TO DEATH OF ME
I'LL PET YOU'RE GOOD

SAY, LISTEN – I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
WHAT'S THAT?

STRANGER – I WONDER IF YOU'D LET A OLD FRIEND LIKE ME HAVE THE PRICE OF A HAMBURGER?
NO!

MY FRIEND, I AM EXTREMELY HUNGRY
HEY, BIG BOY – ONE HAMBURGER FOR MYSELF

IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE TO MAKE A WORLD – IF THE SHRIMP THINKS HE'S GOOD, LET HIM THINK IT – I WOULDN'T HIT HIM
SURE!

IF YOU WANT TO GET THAT SAILOR'S GOAT "BOP" HIM WITH A CUSPIDOR – DO IT NOW – I'LL WATCH YOUR HAMBURGER SO NO ONE WILL STEAL IT
OKAY

BOP

COME ON, FIGHT
GRR

ROUGH-HOUSE CAFE DE LUXE
SMACK

PLOP
4-10

MISTER WIMPY, I'LL BET YOU PUT HIM UP TO CROWNIN' ME SO YOU'D GET HIS SANRICH
HOW YOU TALK!
I KNOW WELL HE DID
SEGAR

POPPO BY SEGAR

JOHN! WHAT MAKES YOU STAY UP IN THE AIR LIKE THAT?!

HE'LL EITHER TELL ME ABOUT HIS MYSTERIOUS INVENTION OR TAKE A CRACK ON THE BEAN

FOR MERCY SAKE! I CAN'T HIT YOU
OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T

I'LL EXPLAIN – I HAVE INVENTED A STEEL WIRE SO SMALL IT'S INVISIBLE AND SO STRONG IT'S UNBREAKABLE – I MADE A CAGE AND WELDED THE WIRES TOGETHER

I'M STANDING ON ONE OF THE INVISIBLE CAGES AND I HAVE ONE OVER MY BODY

I'VE BEEN SELLING THESE WIRE BODY-PROTECTORS TO MEN WHO HAVE ROLLING-PIN SLINGERS FOR WIVES

I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING WORSE THAN BEING THE WIFE OF AN INVENTOR
I'M ALMOST A NERVOUS WRECK

JOHN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING NOW?!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO BREW A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE
PLOP
!

IM GETTING A BIG THRILL OUT OF COOKING THIS MEAL FOR POPEYE

MAYBE SOME DAY HE AND I WILL BE MARRIED

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SHOW HIM WHAT A GOOD COOK I AM

I WISH HE'D HURRY

IT'S A WONDERFUL DINNER, IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF — I HOPE HE COMPLIMENTS MY FOOD

'LO, OLIVE – I BRUNG ROUGH-HOUSE WITH ME – HE NEVER GETS INVITED OUT NO PLACE, SO I BRUNG HIM WITH ME

THE IDEAR IS ALL RIGHT, BUT THE SYSTIM AIN'T WORTH A ⊂⊃=!!

NOW LEMME TELL YA SOMETHING ABOUT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I THINK THE MASHED POTATOES ARE LOVELY–

AHEM

DON'T YOU THINK THE MASHED POTATOES ARE NICE?

YEAH, OKAY

THANK YOU

YA MEANS TO STAN' THERE AN' TALK TO ME LIKE AS IF I AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO SENSIBILIKY??

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT POLITICS? I SAY THEY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE PRICE OF BEEF

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THIS NATION IF US RESTAURANT MEN QUIT? WHO WOULD FEED THE PEOPLE?

US SAILORS ARE JUS' AS IMPORTINK AS RESTERNT MEN

US SAILORS RISKS OUR LIVES ON THE SEVEN SEAS AN' AIN'T WE LOADED TO CAPASIKY WITH HEAVY RESPONSIBILIKY?

THAT'S RIGHT. RESTAURANT MEN AND SAILORS ARE BOTH IMPORTANT

THE PEOPLE DON'T VOTE ENOUGH

I HOPE MY MEAL PLEASED YOU

SURE IT DID – I KIN EAT ANYTHING ON ACCOUNT OF I AIN'T PERTICKLER

AM I MAKING ANY MONEY? NO! THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THE HAMBURGERS I SELL!

NOTHIN' BETWEEN THE BUNS – THA'S RIGHT

2-2

NOW IF I WAS PRESIDINK – OR IF I WAS PRESIDENT

HONK 2-2-2

WELL, I'M A SWAB! SHE'S SOUN' ASLEEP!

C'MON, LET'S BLOW

HONK 2-2-2

WAKE UP!

DON'T YA KNOW IT'S BAD MANNERS TO SLEEP WEN YA GOT COMPNY?

4-17

I REPOLOGIZES FOR HER, ROUGH-HOUSE, ON ACCOUNT OF SHE'S A SWELL GAL, EVEN IF SHE AIN'T GOT NO ETIKET

AW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT

EGAD

APPO By SEGAR

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR WANTS YOU TO INVENT SOMETHING THAT WILL GET RID OF THE MICE IN HER HOUSE

THAT'LL BE EASY FOR ME – NO KIDDING – I CAN INVENT ALMOST ANYTHING

ALL FINISHED AND IT WILL DO THE TRICK, I'M SURE. I'LL TAKE IT OVER AND CLEAN OUT HER PESTS

YOU SEE, MRS. JONES – MY INVENTION IS NOT A TRAP. IT DOES NOT DESTROY MICE. IT SCARES THEM AWAY

IT MUST BE WOUNDERFUL TO BE SMART LIKE YOU

I'LL TURN IT ON

THE NOISE OF TEN MILLION CATS

MEEYOW YOOU PFST PFST MEYOW MEYORRRRR YEORRR YOW YEOWR MEEYOWRP PFST RRRR MEYOU

LEAVE IT RUN FOR AN HOUR

MEE?! YEOW

NO SENSE IN KILLING MICE WHEN YOU CAN DRIVE 'EM AWAY

OH, JOHN – MRS. JONES CALLED AND SAID THAT THE MICE WERE LEAVING HER HOUSE

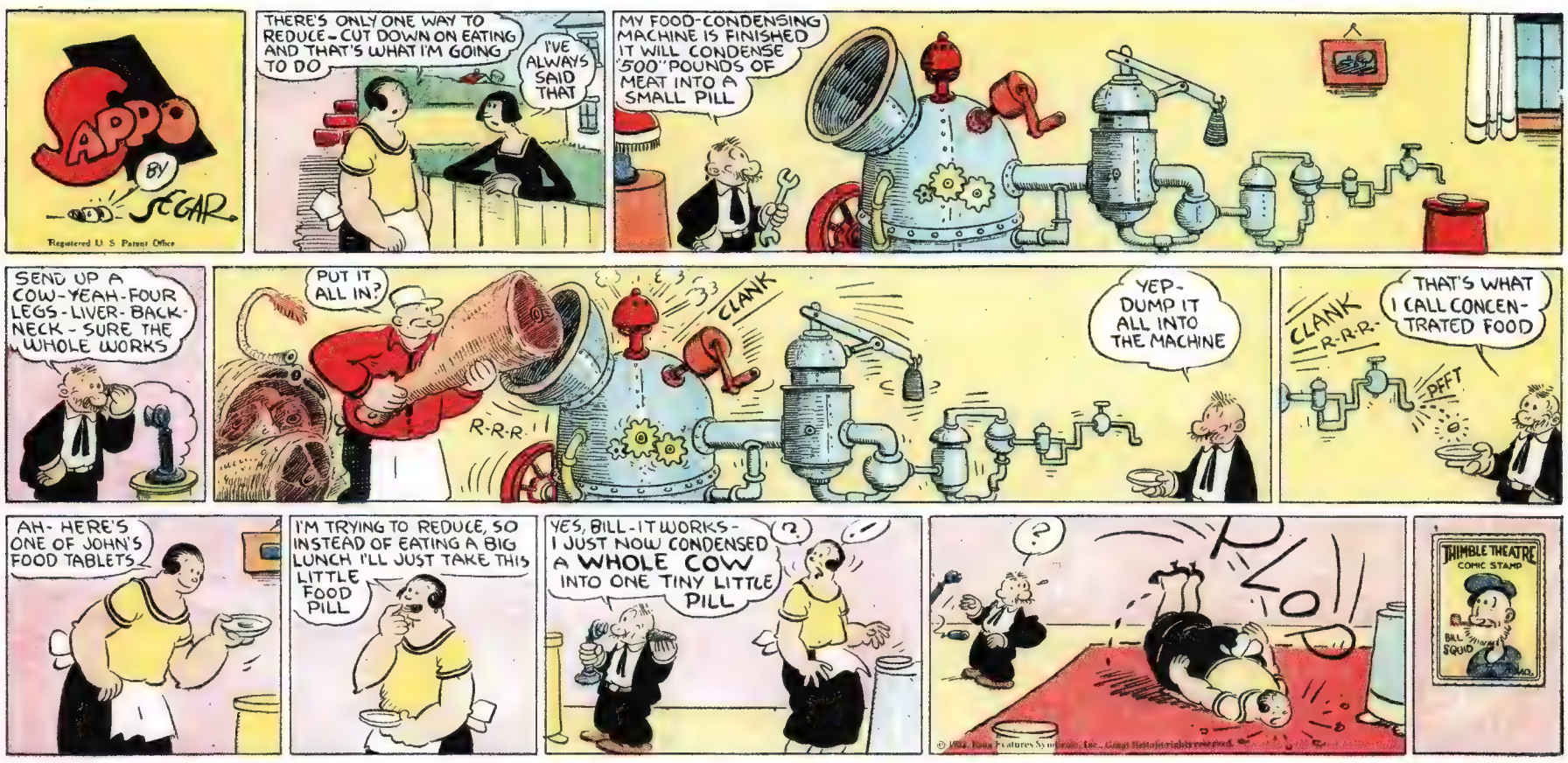
HA! I KNEW IT WOULD WORK!

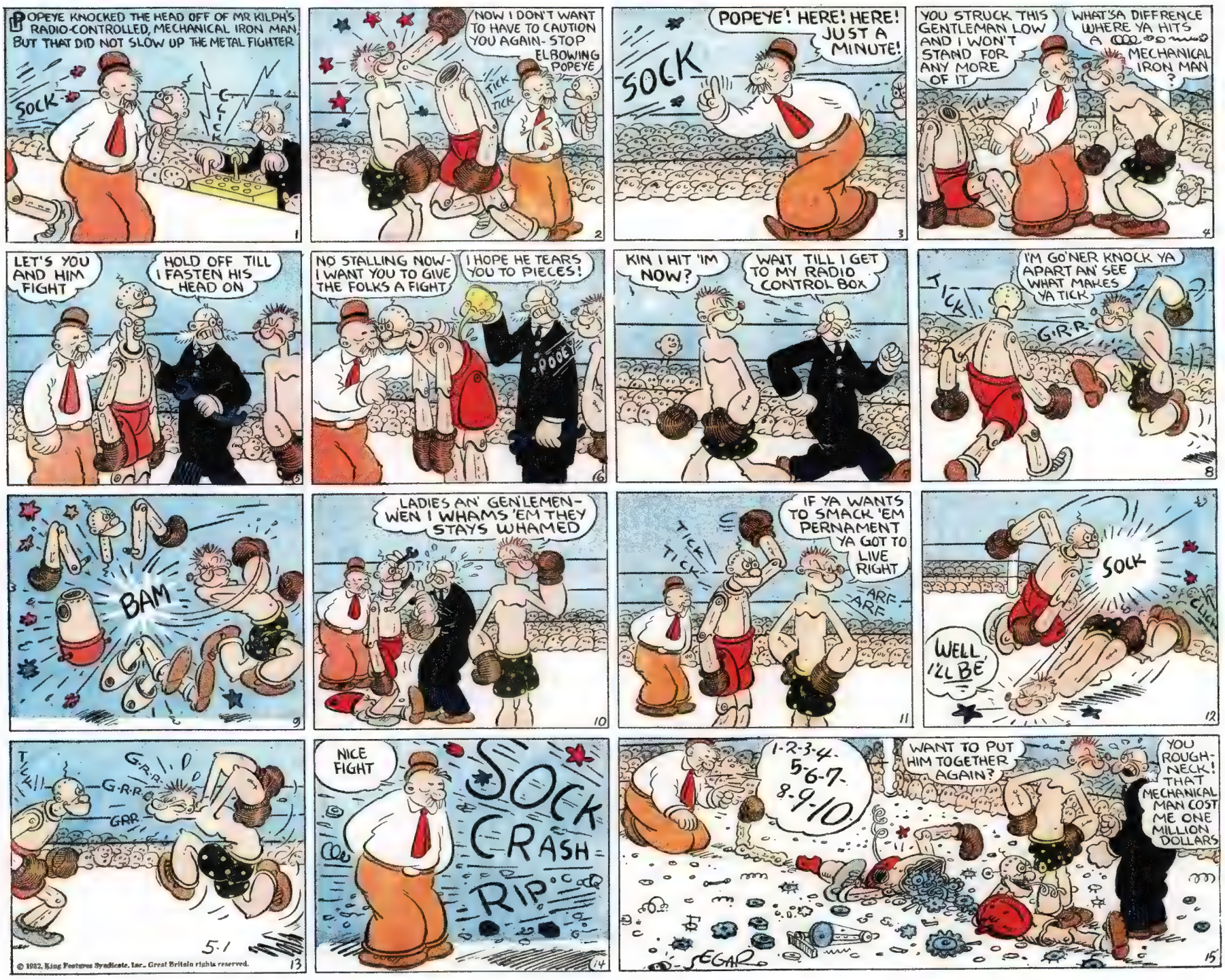
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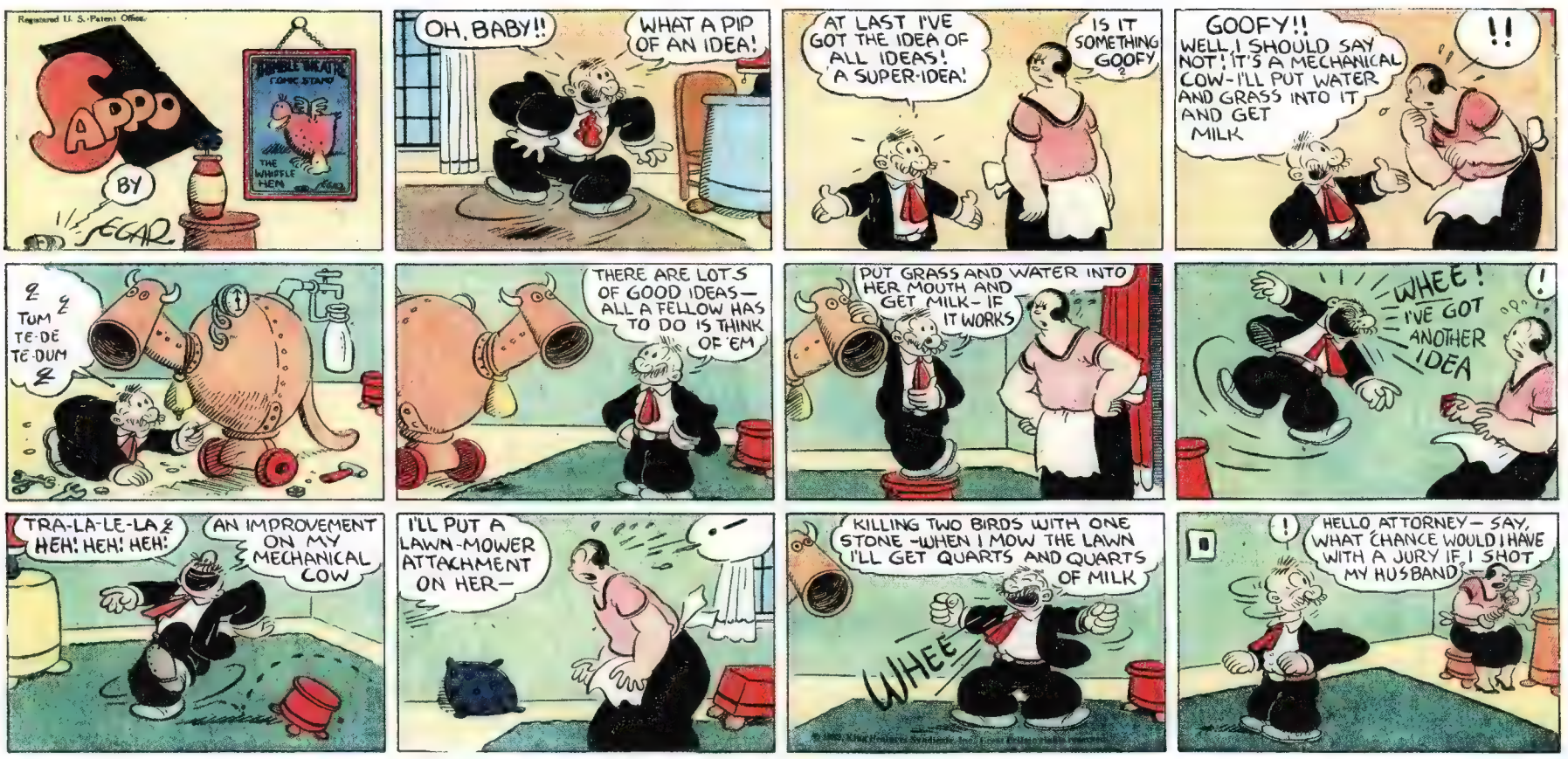
MISTER WIMPY

EGAD


POPEYE, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SIGN UP TO FIGHT MISTER KILPH'S MAN- I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON
YA THINK HE'S GOT SOME DIRTY WORK UP HIS SLEEVE?
1
I DON'T KNOW, BUT MY WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME THAT OLD MAN KILPH IS GOING TO TRICK YOU
AN' MY GEN'LEMAN'S INSTINK TELLS ME I KIN KNOCK THE SNOZZLE OFF'N ANY @@@ HOOMAN LIVIN'
2
I DIDN'T TELL'ER I YAM GONER FIGHT TO-DAY, NO SENSE IN WORRYIN' A LITTLE SWEE'PEA LIKE HER
SHE DON'T WANT ME TO GET HURT ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM THE ONLY SWEETNY SHE EVER HAD WIKH HAS PERSNAL MAGNACISM AN' SEX REPEAL
3
MISTER KILPH, I WANTS TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE SWAB I'M GO'NER FIGHT
CERTAINLY— I'LL PRESS THIS BUTTON AND HE'LL WALK RIGHT INTO THE ROOM
4
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
R.R.R. R.R.R.
TICK TICK
5
A RADIO CONTROLLED MECHANICAL IRON MAN!- I'LL SPEAK INTO THE "MIKE" AND HE'LL TELL YOU WHAT HE THINKS OF YOU
WELL, I'LL BE.@@@!!
TICK TICK
6
WHY YOU @@@=±&o I'LL KNOCK YOU BOUNCEY BOUNCEY
WHY YOU @@@=±&o I'LL KNOCK YOU BOUNCEY BOUNCEY
TICK TICK
7
YA CAN'T INSULK ME AN' YA BETTER UN'ERSTAN' THAT RIGHT NOW
CRACK
TICK
8
YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM- I DIDN'T HAVE HIS JAW SCREWED ON TIGHT- IF I'D PRESSED THIS BUTTON HE'D HAVE SMACKED YOU OVER
OOOEY
9
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- IN THIS CORNER- POPEYE, THE FIGHTING SAILOR- IN THAT CORNER- MR. KILPH'S RADIO CONTROLLED MECHANICAL MAN
ANNOUNCE ME AS REFEREE PLEASE
10
AND MISTER WIMPY IS THE REFEREE
BOOO
BOOOOOO
BOOO-BOOO
BOOO-BOOO
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!
BOOOOO
BOOO
11
LISTEN— I WANT A GOOD CLEAN SCRAP- NOW WHEN THE BELL RINGS- LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
TICK TICK
12
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
TICK TICK
13
BOP
TICK TICK
14
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 YOU'RE OUT!!
SWISH
TICK
TICK
CLICK
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK
4-24
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EGAR

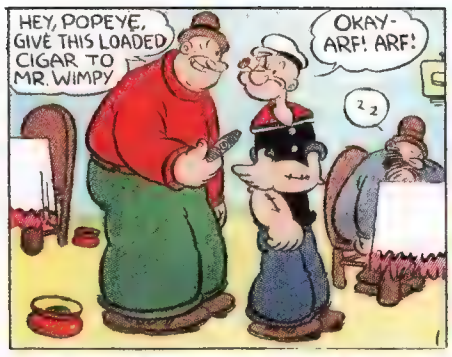

APPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REDUCE- CUT DOWN ON EATING AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO
I'VE ALWAYS SAID THAT
MY FOOD-CONDENSING MACHINE IS FINISHED IT WILL CONDENSE "500" POUNDS OF MEAT INTO A SMALL PILL
SEND UP A COW- YEAH- FOUR LEGS- LIVER- BACK- NECK- SURE THE WHOLE WORKS
PUT IT ALL IN?
R-R-R-
CLANK
YEP- DUMP IT ALL INTO THE MACHINE
CLANK
R-R-R-
PFFT
THAT'S WHAT I CALL CONCEN- TRATED FOOD
AH- HERE'S ONE OF JOHN'S FOOD TABLETS
I'M TRYING TO REDUCE, SO INSTEAD OF EATING A BIG LUNCH I'LL JUST TAKE THIS LITTLE FOOD PILL
YES, BILL- IT WORKS- I JUST NOW CONDENSED A WHOLE COW INTO ONE TINY LITTLE PILL
?
?
KO!
THIMBLE THEATRE
COMIC STAMP
BIL SQUID

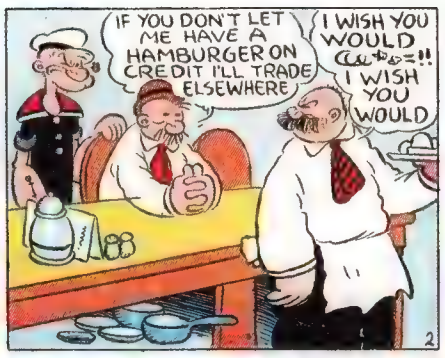

POPEYE KNOCKED THE HEAD OFF OF MR KILPH'S RADIO-CONTROLLED, MECHANICAL IRON MAN. BUT THAT DID NOT SLOW UP THE METAL FIGHTER
SOCK
CLICK
1
NOW I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO CAUTION YOU AGAIN- STOP ELBOWING POPEYE
TICK
TICK
2
POPEYE! HERE! HERE! JUST A MINUTE!
SOCK
3
YOU STRUCK THIS GENTLEMAN LOW AND I WON'T STAND FOR ANY MORE OF IT
WHAT'SA DIFFRENCE WHERE YA HITS A MECHANICAL IRON MAN?
TICK
4
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
HOLD OFF TILL I FASTEN HIS HEAD ON
5
NO STALLING NOW- I WANT YOU TO GIVE THE FOLKS A FIGHT
I HOPE HE TEARS YOU TO PIECES!
POOF
6
KIN I HIT 'IM NOW?
WAIT TILL I GET TO MY RADIO CONTROL BOX
7
I'M GO'NER KNOCK YA APART AN' SEE WHAT MAKES YA TICK
TICK
G-R-R
8
BAM
9
LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN- WEN I WHAMS 'EM THEY STAYS WHAMED
10
TICK
TICK
IF YA WANTS TO SMACK 'EM PERNAMENT YA GOT TO LIVE RIGHT
ARF
ARF
11
SOCK
CLICK
WELL I'LL BE
12
TICK
G-R-R-R
G-R-R-R
GRR
5-1
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13
NICE FIGHT
SOCK
CRASH
RIP
14
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10
WANT TO PUT HIM TOGETHER AGAIN?
YOU ROUGH-NECK! THAT MECHANICAL MAN COST ME ONE MILLION DOLLARS
SEGAR
15


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APPO
BY
SEGAR
THE WHIFFLE HEN
OH, BABY!!
WHAT A PIP OF AN IDEA!
AT LAST I'VE GOT THE IDEA OF ALL IDEAS! A SUPER-IDEA!
IS IT SOMETHING GOOFY?
GOOFY!!
WELL, I SHOULD SAY NOT! IT'S A MECHANICAL COW- I'LL PUT WATER AND GRASS INTO IT AND GET MILK
!!
TUM TE-DE TE-DUM
THERE ARE LOTS OF GOOD IDEAS— ALL A FELLOW HAS TO DO IS THINK OF 'EM
PUT GRASS AND WATER INTO HER MOUTH AND GET MILK- IF IT WORKS
WHEE! I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA
!
TRA-LA-LE-LA HEH! HEH! HEH!
AN IMPROVEMENT ON MY MECHANICAL COW
I'LL PUT A LAWN-MOWER ATTACHMENT ON HER—
KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE -WHEN I MOW THE LAWN I'LL GET QUARTS AND QUARTS OF MILK
WHEE
HELLO ATTORNEY— SAY, WHAT CHANCE WOULD I HAVE WITH A JURY IF I SHOT MY HUSBAND?

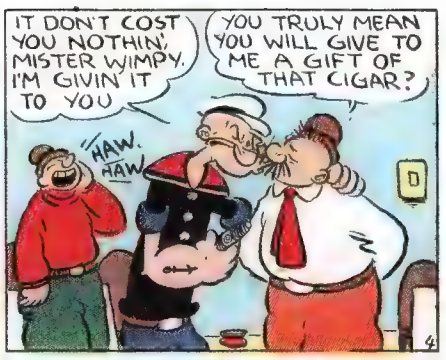

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SEE IN THAT VULGAR POPEYE FELLOW
OH, POPEYE'S OKAY IN A LOT OF WAYS
I'M A LOT BETTER-LOOKIN' THAN HE IS, AIN'T I, OLIVE? AIN'T I? AIN'T I?
YES, HENRY- YOU'RE BETTER LOOKING
YOU ARE THE NEAREST THING TO HEAVEN I'VE EVER SEEN - MAY I PUT MY ARMS AROUND YOU?
YES, HENRY
AHOY!! I BRUNG ROSES FOR ME LITTLE SWEE'PEA!
WELL, I WILL BE @@@!!!?
!
!
I YAM GO'NER SMACK 'IM - I YAM! I YAM! I YAM!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HIT HENRY- YOU'RE NOT! NOT! NOT! NOT!
LISTEN TO ME - IF YOU HIT HIM I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN
HOLD HIM TIGHT I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM!
G-R-R
G-R-
MY GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER GET YOU BOYS TO SHAKE HANDS - IT TOOK TWO HOURS OF TALKING
IF OLIVE SAYS NOT TO HIT YA WHY, THEN I WON'T HIT YA
HENRY - I'LL BET YA WON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT I KIN KNOCK STRONG MEN COLD WITHOUT TOUCHING 'EM
AW, YOU'RE TRYING TO KID ME
WANT TO SMELL A SWEET PIPE?
AWK
ARF! ARF!
I SAW WHAT YOU DID - YOU STUCK YOUR TERRIBLE OLD PIPE UNDER HIS NOSE AND HE FAINTED
GO HOME!
PLOP
I COME HERE TO SPEND A QUIET EVENIN' SETTIN' BY ME SWEETY AN' THA'S WHAT I YAM GO'NER DO
I WON'T SIT BY YOU!
WANT TO SMELL A SWEET PIPE?
AWK
A FRICKLE LITTLE SWEE'PEA, BUT I LOVES 'ER JUS'A SAME
SEGAR


POPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
JABBO
Registered U. S. Patent Office
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE YOU INVENTED THAT MECHANICAL MILK COW WHICH WAS A FLAT FAILURE
IF YOU DON'T STOP INVENTING YOU'LL GO NUTTY
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THE MATTER WITH MY MECHANICAL MILK COW — SHE WOULDN'T GIVE MILK
WOMAN - HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR SCIENCE? PROF. O.G. WOTASNOZZLE IS COMING TO SEE ME AND I WANT YOU TO QUIT KNOCKING THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
KNOCK KNOCK
THERE HE IS NOW - THE GREAT O.G. WOTASNOZZLE! I AM THRILLED!
I AM PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, A.B.-C.D.E.-F.G.H.I.J. K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R. S.T.U.V.W.X.Y.Z.
MY NAME'S JOHN SAPPO - Z.Y.X.W.V.U. T.S.R.Q.P.O.N.M. L. ETC- ETC-
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! I SEE ONE! I SEE ONE!
!
IT'S IT! IT'S IT! BLOW ME DOWN! IT'S IT!!
?
IT IS A "BACILIKUS PROBOSCASUS" THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF THEM IN THE WORLD!! AH - I HAVE NOT LIVED IN VAIN!
?
I HAVE SEARCHED OVER NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE MILES FOR ONE OF THOSE RARE GERMS - AND I FIND IT HERE ON YOUR BEEZER
HERE IS YOUR REWARD
!
ALL THAT MONEY FOR JUST ONE GERM — THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM!
MAYBE SO, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS ONE THOUSAND BUCKS
I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES THAT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING ON YOUR NOSE BUT FACE POWDER!
BUT - CAN'T YOU EVEN FIND A HUNDRED DOLLAR GERM?

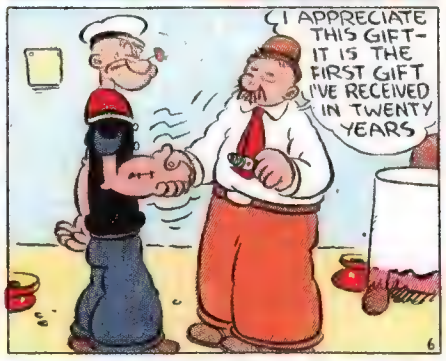

HEY, POPEYE, GIVE THIS LOADED CIGAR TO MR. WIMPY
OKAY- ARF! ARF!
1

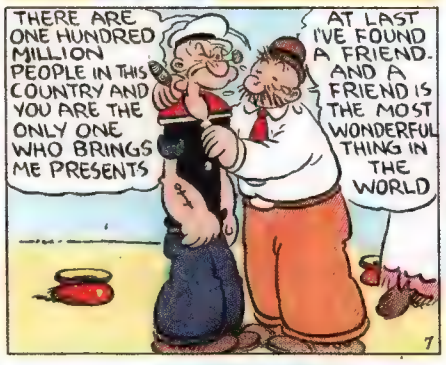

IF YOU DON'T LET ME HAVE A HAMBURGER ON CREDIT I'LL TRADE ELSEWHERE
I WISH YOU WOULD
I WISH YOU WOULD
2

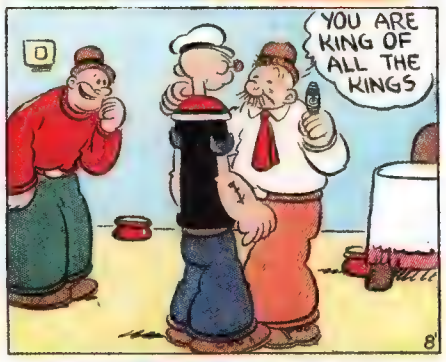

WOULD YA LIKE A NICE CIGAR, MISTER WIMPY?
HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST ME ON CREDIT, PLEASE?
3

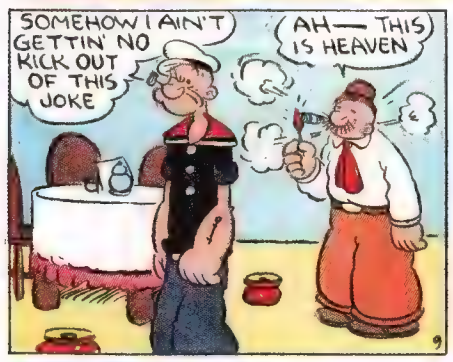

IT DON'T COST YOU NOTHIN', MISTER WIMPY. I'M GIVIN' IT TO YOU
YOU TRULY MEAN YOU WILL GIVE TO ME A GIFT OF THAT CIGAR?
HAW. HAW
4

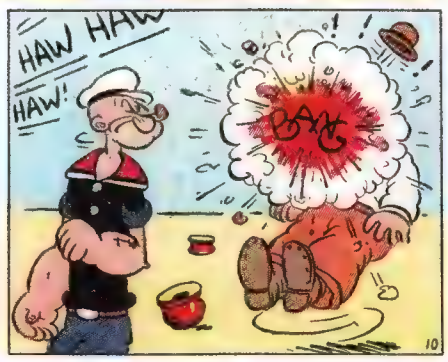

AW, THA'S ALL RIGHT
HAW HAW
THANK YOU, KIND SIR - THANK YOU - THANK YOU! WITH ALL MY HEART I THANK YOU!
5

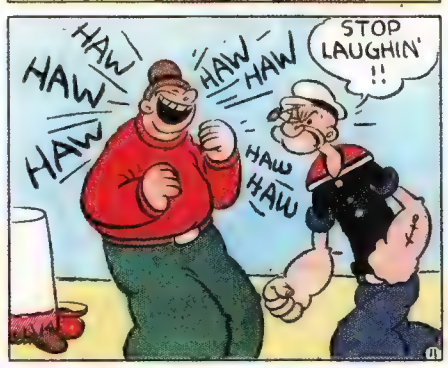

I APPRECIATE THIS GIFT - IT IS THE FIRST GIFT I'VE RECEIVED IN TWENTY YEARS
6

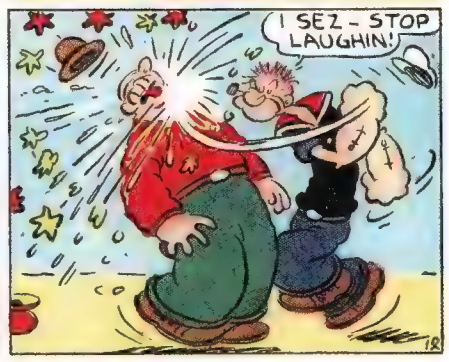

THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY AND YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO BRINGS ME PRESENTS
AT LAST I'VE FOUND A FRIEND. AND A FRIEND IS THE MOST WONDERFUL THING IN THE WORLD
7

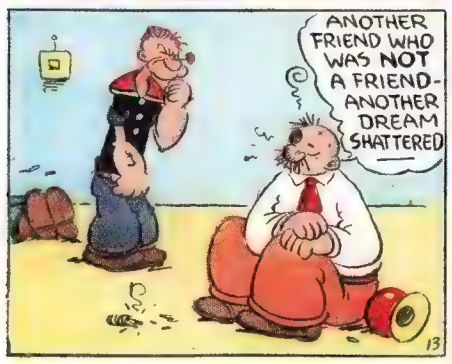

YOU ARE KING OF ALL THE KINGS
8

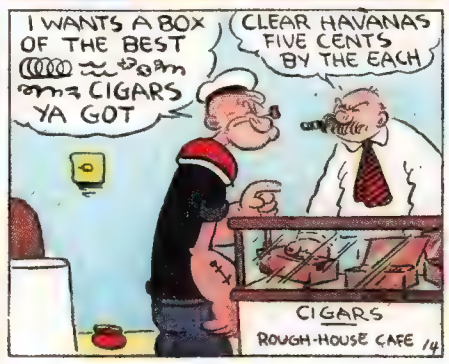

SOMEHOW I AIN'T GETTIN' NO KICK OUT OF THIS JOKE
AH— THIS IS HEAVEN
9


HAW HAW
HAW!
BANG
10

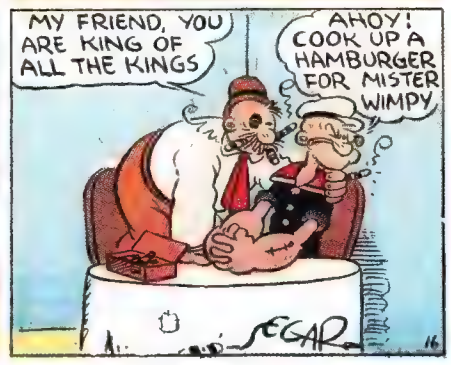

HAW
HAW
HAW HAW
HAW HAW
STOP LAUGHIN' !!
11

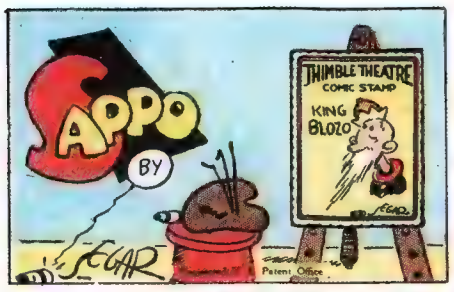

I SEZ - STOP LAUGHIN!
12

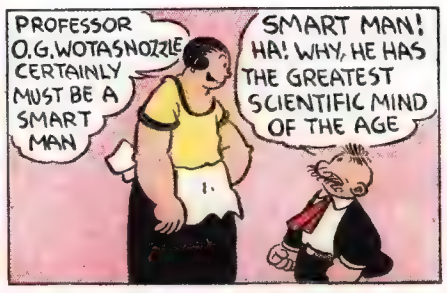

ANOTHER FRIEND WHO WAS NOT A FRIEND- ANOTHER DREAM SHATTERED
13


I WANTS A BOX OF THE BEST CIGARS YA GOT
CLEAR HAVANAS FIVE CENTS BY THE EACH
CIGARS
ROUGH-HOUSE CAFE
14

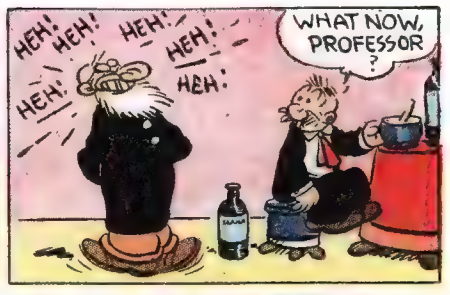

HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FROM ME PERSNALLY, MR. WIMPY
!
5-15 15

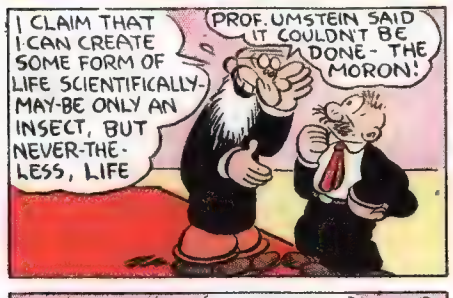

MY FRIEND, YOU ARE KING OF ALL THE KINGS
AHOY! COOK UP A HAMBURGER FOR MISTER WIMPY
SEGAR
16

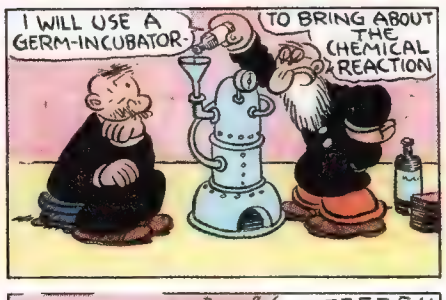

POPPO
BY
THIMBLE THEATRE
COMIC STRIP
KING BLOZO
SEGAR
Patent Office

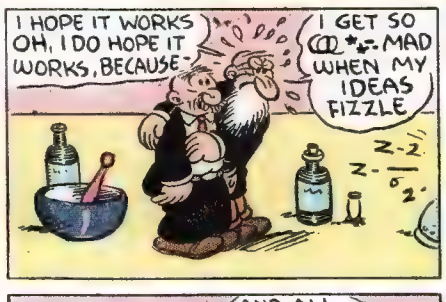

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE CERTAINLY MUST BE A SMART MAN
SMART MAN! HA! WHY, HE HAS THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MIND OF THE AGE


IDEA

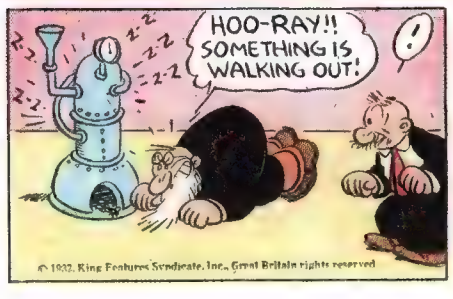

HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
WHAT NOW, PROFESSOR ?


I CLAIM THAT I CAN CREATE SOME FORM OF LIFE SCIENTIFICALLY- MAY-BE ONLY AN INSECT, BUT NEVER-THE-LESS, LIFE
PROF. UMSTEIN SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE - THE MORON!


I WILL USE A GERM-INCUBATOR-
TO BRING ABOUT THE CHEMICAL REACTION


I HOPE IT WORKS OH, I DO HOPE IT WORKS, BECAUSE-
I GET SO MAD WHEN MY IDEAS FIZZLE
Z-Z
Z-Z


PROF. O.G. WOTASNOZZLE IS TRYING TO PRODUCE LIFE ARTIFICIALLY- AND I THINK, HE'LL DO IT, TOO
OH, ISN'T SCIENCE MARVELOUS?


HOO-RAY!! SOMETHING IS WALKING OUT!
!
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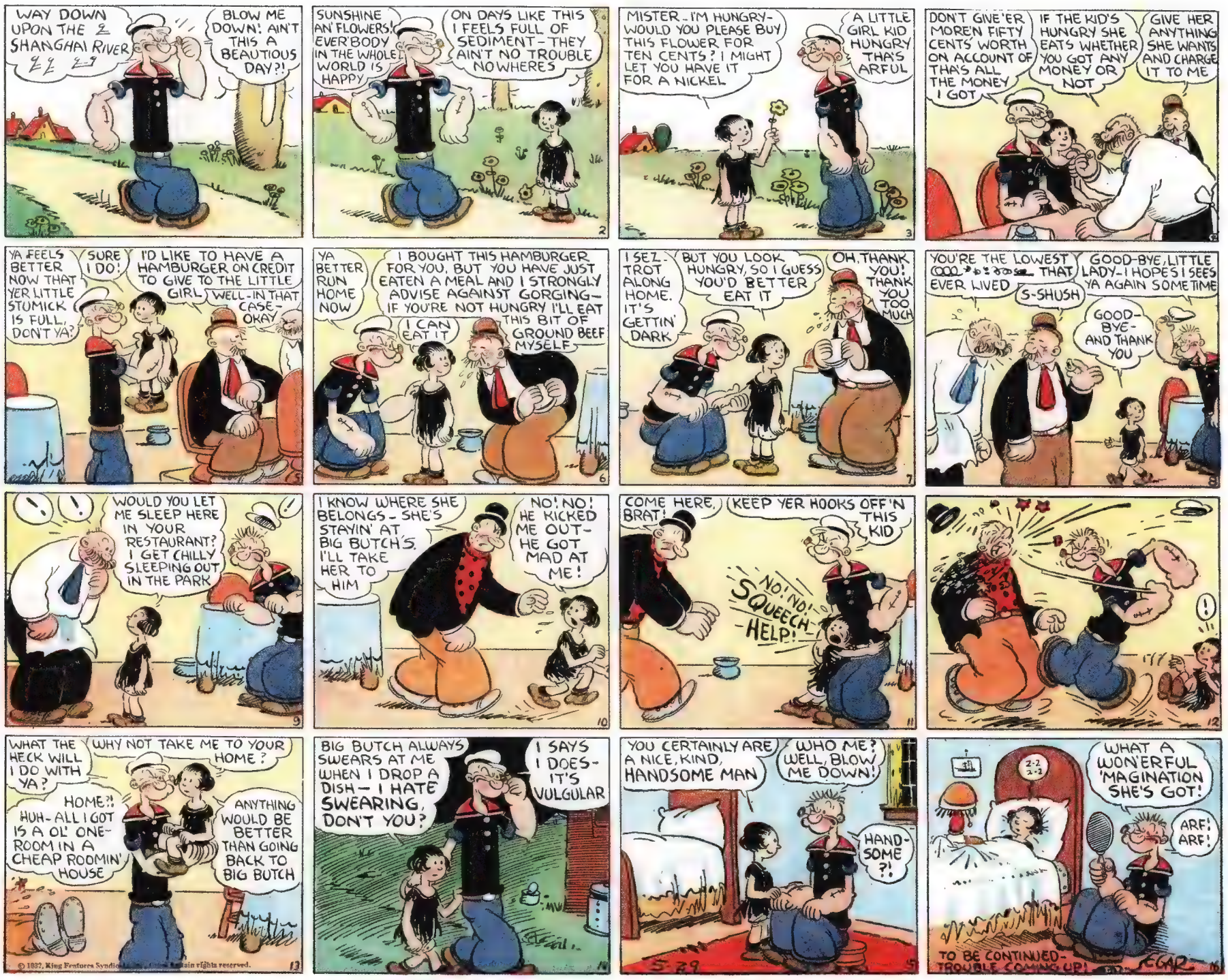

WHEEEEE!! TEN MILLION ROACHES

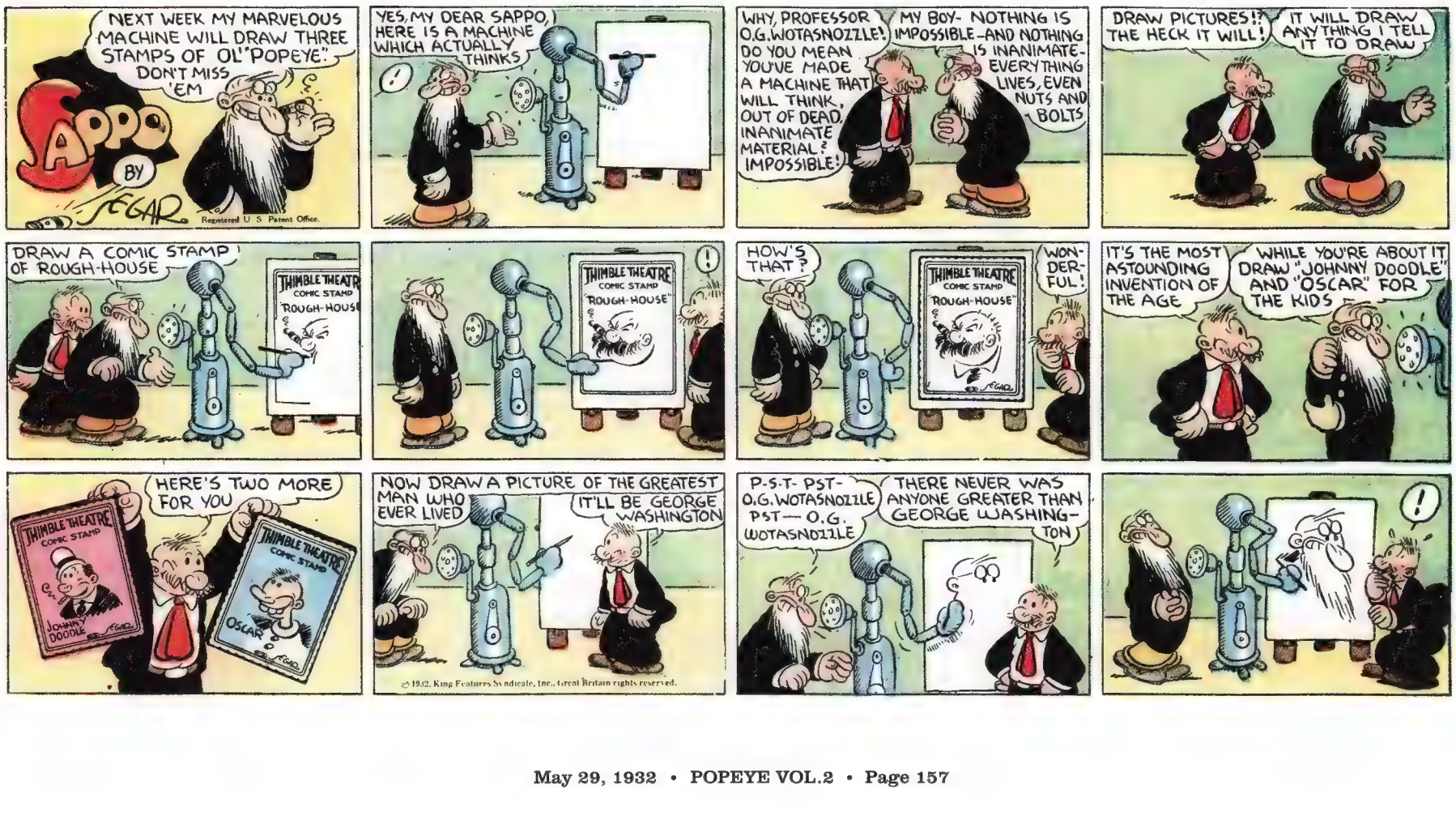

AND ALL HEADED FOR OUR KITCHEN SINK

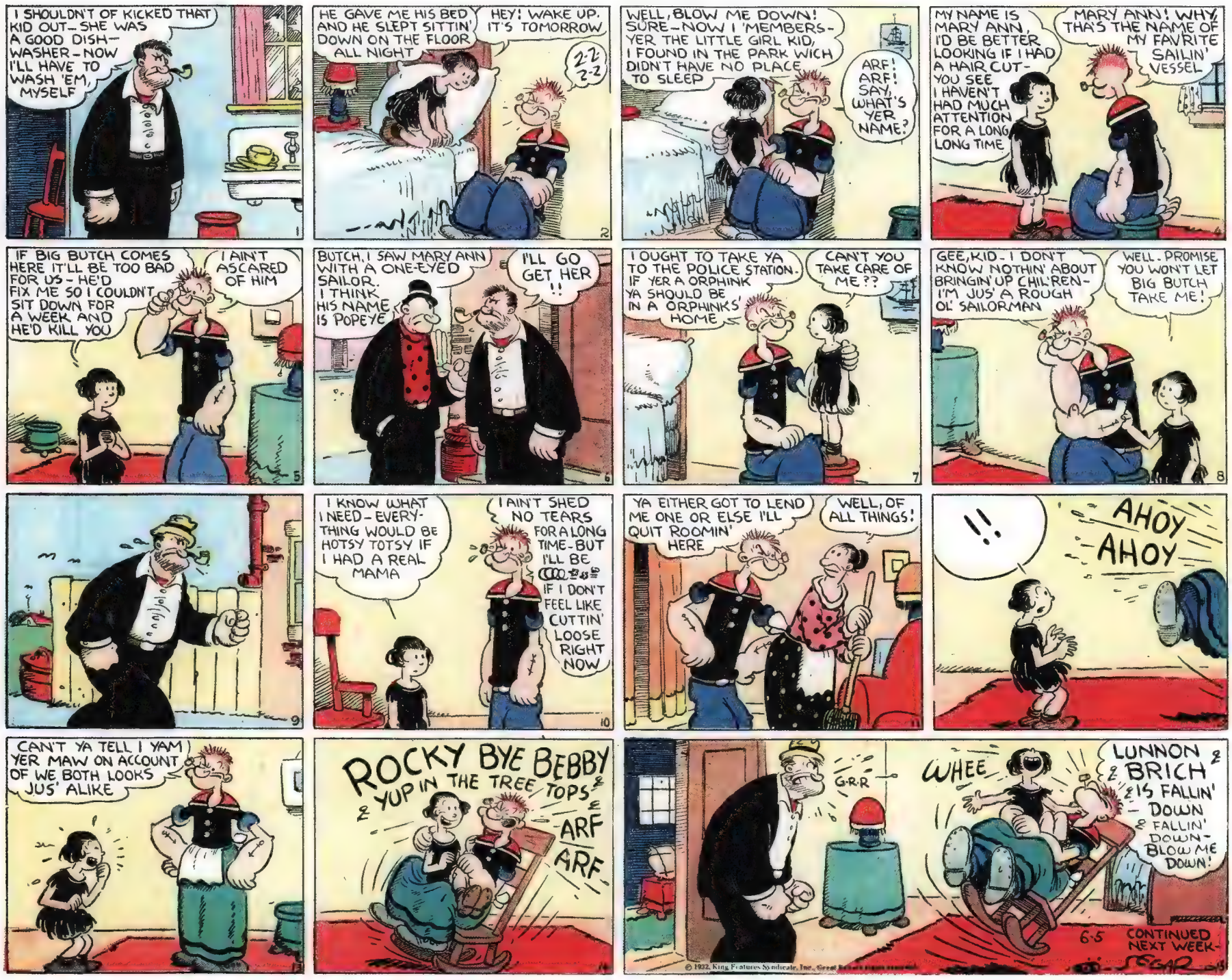

SUCCESS-MY FRIEND A GREAT SUCCESS

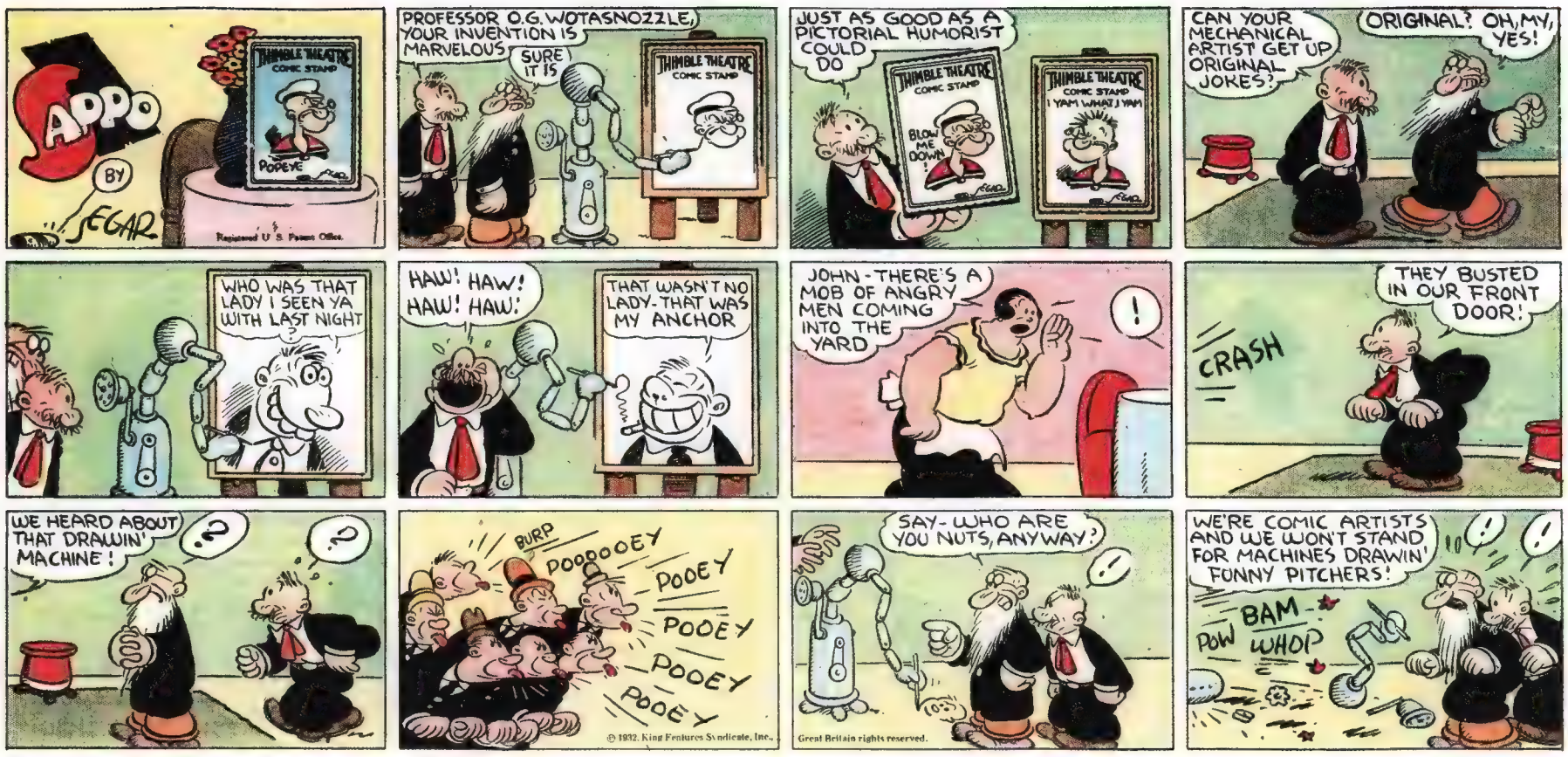

POPEYE, I'M GOING TO COOK A MEAL FOR JUST YOU AND ME. SO DON'T FORGET TO COME UP FOR DINNER
AIN'T THAT SWELL? BLOW ME DOWN, THA'S WON'ERFUL!
SO YOUR SWEETHEART IS COOKING A MEAL FOR HERSELF AND YOU— YOU ARE EXTREMELY LUCKY- I NEVER GET INVITED OUT- I HAVEN'T ANY FRIENDS - NO LADY FRIENDS - NO SWEET-HEARTS
Z-Z-Z
I'VE COOKED A DANDY MEAL - AND JUST FOR TWO - POPEYE AND ME
I BRUNG MISTER WIMPY ALONG, OLIVE, ON ACCOUNT OF I FEELS SORRY FOR HIM
UGH! ER- AH~!
EVERY TIME I INVITE POPEYE UP TO EAT ONE OF MY MEALS HE BRINGS SOME LOAFER WITH HIM
STOP WORRYIN', MISTER WIMPY- IT'S FREE
HOW MUCH WILL THIS MEAL COST ME, PLEASE? I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY WITH ME
FREE! HAH! THAT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL WORD IN OUR LANGUAGE
AIN'T YA GOT NO MANNERS? TAKE OFF YER HAT
GOOD SOUP
SLUP SLUP
ARF! ARF! I GETS A BIG KICK OUT OF OL' WIMPY
HAVE A SLICE OF BREAD?
THANKS
!
YA TREATED MR. WIMPY LIKE A COLD SHOULDER ALL EVENIN' - WHY DON'T YA BE NICE TO HIM?
ALL RIGHT! I WILL BE NICE TO HIM
?
TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF - YOU'RE SUCH AN INTERESTING MAN
HEY— CUT THAT OUT!
DO YOU MIND IF I HOLD YOUR HAND, MR. WIMPY?
YOU MAY HOLD BOTH MY HANDS!
WELL - YOU SAID TO BE NICE TO HIM, DIDN'T YOU?
I DIDN'T SAY TO BE SO EXTER NICE — CAN'T YA JUS' BE MEDIOCUM ?
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
I GUESS THAT TAUGHT HIM A LESSON
AH, AT LAST WE ARE ALONE! LET'S SIT DOWN AND HOLD MY HAND
SLAM
SAP! DID YOU THINK I WAS SERIOUS ?!
!
ROUGH-HOUSE - I'LL JUS' BE IF I KIN UNERSTAN' WIMMIN!
EGAR
YOU AND ME BOTH!
?


SAPPO
BY
SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
WELL, PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, HOW ABOUT GOING FISHING?
I HAVE NO TIME FOR FISHING
I WILL SPEND MY TIME CATCHING BUTTERFLIES - I WISH TO PICKLE A FEW SPECIMENS IN ALCOHOL
OKAY
I'VE TURNED OVER A HUNDRED ROCKS AND HAVEN'T FOUND A WORM
GEE, BUT I'M HUNGRY FOR FISH!
CAN'T EVEN FIND A BUG FOR BAIT
I'VE COVERED TEN SQUARE MILES AND THIS IS THE FIRST BUTTERFLY I'VE SEEN
WELL - I FINALLY CAUGHT A BUTTERFLY
PUFF
PUFF
FINE! LET ME HAVE IT
SURE, I'M USING IT FOR BAIT
SURE, I AM
WELL I'LL BE I'LL BE I'LL BE !!
MEAT ON THE TABLE!
I'LL GO HOME AND COOK IT RIGHT NOW
PRCF - I'M SORRY I HAD TO USE YOUR ONLY BUTTERFLY FOR BAIT
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. SAPPO -
!
I PICKLED YOUR ONLY FISH
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WAY DOWN UPON THE SHANGHAI RIVER
BLOW ME DOWN! AIN'T THIS A BEAUTIOUS DAY?!
SUNSHINE AN' FLOWERS! EVER'BODY IN THE WHOLE WORLD IS HAPPY
ON DAYS LIKE THIS I FEELS FULL OF SEDIMENT - THEY AIN'T NO TROUBLE NOWHERES
MISTER - I'M HUNGRY - WOULD YOU PLEASE BUY THIS FLOWER FOR TEN CENTS? I MIGHT LET YOU HAVE IT FOR A NICKEL
A LITTLE GIRL KID HUNGRY THA'S ARFUL
DON'T GIVE 'ER MORE'N FIFTY CENTS' WORTH ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S ALL THE MONEY I GOT
IF THE KID'S HUNGRY SHE EATS WHETHER YOU GOT ANY MONEY OR NOT
GIVE HER ANYTHING SHE WANTS AND CHARGE IT TO ME
YA FEELS BETTER NOW THAT YER LITTLE STOMICK IS FULL, DON'T YA?
SURE I DO!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A HAMBURGER ON CREDIT TO GIVE TO THE LITTLE GIRL
WELL - IN THAT CASE - OKAY
YA BETTER RUN HOME NOW
I BOUGHT THIS HAMBURGER FOR YOU, BUT YOU HAVE JUST EATEN A MEAL AND I STRONGLY ADVISE AGAINST GORGING - IF YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY I'LL EAT THIS BIT OF GROUND BEEF MYSELF
I CAN EAT IT
I SEZ - TROT ALONG HOME. IT'S GETTIN' DARK
BUT YOU LOOK HUNGRY, SO I GUESS YOU'D BETTER EAT IT
OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU TOO MUCH
YOU'RE THE LOWEST THAT EVER LIVED
S-SHUSH
GOOD-BYE, LITTLE LADY - I HOPE I SEES YA AGAIN SOMETIME
GOOD-BYE - AND THANK YOU
WOULD YOU LET ME SLEEP HERE IN YOUR RESTAURANT? I GET CHILLY SLEEPING OUT IN THE PARK
I KNOW WHERE SHE BELONGS - SHE'S STAYIN' AT BIG BUTCH'S. I'LL TAKE HER TO HIM
NO! NO! HE KICKED ME OUT - HE GOT MAD AT ME!
COME HERE, BRAT!
KEEP YER HOOKS OFF'N THIS KID
NO! NO! SQUEECH - HELP!
WHAT THE HECK WILL I DO WITH YA?
WHY NOT TAKE ME TO YOUR HOME?
HOME?! HUH - ALL I GOT IS A OL' ONE-ROOM IN A CHEAP ROOMIN' HOUSE
ANYTHING WOULD BE BETTER THAN GOING BACK TO BIG BUTCH
BIG BUTCH ALWAYS SWEARS AT ME WHEN I DROP A DISH - I HATE SWEARING, DON'T YOU?
I SAYS I DOES - IT'S VULGULAR
YOU CERTAINLY ARE A NICE, KIND, HANDSOME MAN
WHO ME? WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
HAND-SOME?!
WHAT A WON'ERFUL 'MAGINATION SHE'S GOT!
ARF! ARF!
TO BE CONTINUED - TROUBLE COMING UP!
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NEXT WEEK MY MARVELOUS MACHINE WILL DRAW THREE STAMPS OF OL' "POPEYE". DON'T MISS 'EM
SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
YES, MY DEAR SAPPO, HERE IS A MACHINE WHICH ACTUALLY THINKS
WHY, PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE! DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE MADE A MACHINE THAT WILL THINK, OUT OF DEAD, INANIMATE MATERIAL? IMPOSSIBLE!
MY BOY - NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE - AND NOTHING IS INANIMATE - EVERYTHING LIVES, EVEN NUTS AND BOLTS
DRAW PICTURES!? THE HECK IT WILL!
IT WILL DRAW ANYTHING I TELL IT TO DRAW
DRAW A COMIC STAMP OF ROUGH-HOUSE
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP "ROUGH-HOUSE"
HOW'S THAT?
WON-DER-FUL!
IT'S THE MOST ASTOUNDING INVENTION OF THE AGE
WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT DRAW "JOHNNY DOODLE" AND "OSCAR" FOR THE KIDS
HERE'S TWO MORE FOR YOU
JOHNNY DOODLE
OSCAR
NOW DRAW A PICTURE OF THE GREATEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED
IT'LL BE GEORGE WASHINGTON
P-S-T- PST- O.G. WOTASNOZZLE PST — O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
THERE NEVER WAS ANYONE GREATER THAN GEORGE WASHING-TON
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I SHOULDN'T OF KICKED THAT KID OUT-SHE WAS A GOOD DISH-WASHER-NOW I'LL HAVE TO WASH 'EM, MYSELF
HE GAVE ME HIS BED AND HE SLEPT SITTIN' DOWN ON THE FLOOR ALL NIGHT
HEY! WAKE UP. IT'S TOMORROW
2-2 2-2
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! SURE-NOW I 'MEMBERS-YER THE LITTLE GIRL KID, I FOUND IN THE PARK WICH DIDN'T HAVE NO PLACE TO SLEEP
ARF! ARF! SAY, WHAT'S YER NAME?
MY NAME IS MARY ANN, I'D BE BETTER LOOKING IF I HAD A HAIR CUT-YOU SEE I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH ATTENTION FOR A LONG, LONG TIME
MARY ANN! WHY, THA'S THE NAME OF MY FAVRITE SAILIN' VESSEL
IF BIG BUTCH COMES HERE IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR US-HE'D FIX ME SO I COULDN'T SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK AND HE'D KILL YOU
I AIN'T ASCARED OF HIM
BUTCH, I SAW MARY ANN WITH A ONE-EYED SAILOR. I THINK HIS NAME IS POPEYE
I'LL GO GET HER !!
I OUGHT TO TAKE YA TO THE POLICE STATION. IF YER A ORPHINK YA SHOULD BE IN A ORPHINKS' HOME
CAN'T YOU TAKE CARE OF ME??
GEE, KID-I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT BRINGIN' UP CHIL'REN-I'M JUS' A ROUGH OL' SAILORMAN
WELL. PROMISE YOU WON'T LET BIG BUTCH TAKE ME!
I KNOW WHAT I NEED-EVERY-THING WOULD BE HOTSY TOTSY IF I HAD A REAL MAMA
I AIN'T SHED NO TEARS FOR A LONG TIME-BUT I'LL BE IF I DON'T FEEL LIKE CUTTIN' LOOSE RIGHT NOW
YA EITHER GOT TO LEND ME ONE OR ELSE I'LL QUIT ROOMIN' HERE
WELL, OF ALL THINGS!
!!
AHOY AHOY
CAN'T YA TELL I YAM YER MAW ON ACCOUNT OF WE BOTH LOOKS JUS' ALIKE
ROCKY BYE BEBBY
YUP IN THE TREE TOPS
ARF ARF
G-R-R
WHEE
LUNNON & BRICH IS FALLIN' - DOWN & FALLIN' DOWN-BLOW ME DOWN!
6-5
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK-
SEGAR
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APPO
BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
POPEYE
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, YOUR INVENTION IS MARVELOUS
SURE IT IS
JUST AS GOOD AS A PICTORIAL HUMORIST COULD DO
BLOW ME DOWN
I YAM WHAT I YAM
CAN YOUR MECHANICAL ARTIST GET UP ORIGINAL JOKES?
ORIGINAL? OH, MY, YES!
WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YA WITH LAST NIGHT?
HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!
THAT WASN'T NO LADY-THAT WAS MY ANCHOR
JOHN-THERE'S A MOB OF ANGRY MEN COMING INTO THE YARD
!
CRASH
THEY BUSTED IN OUR FRONT DOOR!
WE HEARD ABOUT THAT DRAWIN' MACHINE!
? ?
BURP
POOOOOEY
POOEY
POOEY
POOEY
POOEY
© 1932, King Features Syndicate, Inc.
SAY-WHO ARE YOU NUTS, ANYWAY?
!
WE'RE COMIC ARTISTS AND WE WON'T STAND FOR MACHINES DRAWIN' FUNNY PITCHERS!
! !
BAM
POW
WHOP
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CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK
SO!
WELL?
OH! IT'S HIM! IT'S BIG BUTCH! HELP!
MARY ANN! COME WITH ME!
I SEZ KEEP YER HOOKS OFF'N THIS LITTLE KID- YA AIN'T GOT NO RIGHTS TO HER- UNERSTAN?
I GOT LOST AND HAPPENED TO WALK INTO HIS HOUSE- HIM AND HIS WIFE NEARLY WORKED ME TO DEATH- AND HE SPANKED ME TOO MUCH
LISTEN, GRANDMA IF YA WASN'T A WOMAN I'D KNOCK YOU KICKING
DON'T LET THAT INERFERE WITH YER PLANS
SEX DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'
FEMALES IS MORE DEADLIER THAN MALES, ANYHOW!
GRANMA'S GOT QUITE A SOCK, AIN'T SHE, MARY ANN?
SAY! YOU AIN'T NO WOMAN!
HE'S JUST PLAYING MAMA TO PLEASE ME
THA'S RIGHT- I AIN'T NO WOMAN ON ACCOUNT OF I YAM A MAN-
AN' A GOOD MAN TOO
I'LL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE AND TEAR YOU APART
I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU CLEAN INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK
G-R-R-R-R
G-R-R-R
LEF'
BOP
RIGHT
UGH
SWISH
SPLAT
LEF'
HEY, POPEYE! HERE COMES A COP!! YOU'LL GET PUT IN JAIL FOR FIGHTING
RIGHT
HERE! HERE! GRANDMA- WHAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE ABOUT
TOP OF THE MORNIN' TO YA ORFICER
YA SEE - ME HUSBIN' SAYS I YAM GETTIN' OL' AN' UGLY- HE LIKES YOUNG BLONDS AN' BRUNECKS- SO I SMACKED 'IM COLD
SERVES HIM RIGHT- KNOCK 'IM AROUND ALL YOU PLEASE, GRANDMA
ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF! ARF!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
SEGAR
6-12

POPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP
MISTER WOLPH
HEY! PROF. O.G. WOTASNOZZLE! LOOK AT MY NEW FISHING OUTFIT- I PAID A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR IT
A WASTE OF MONEY- WHY, I CAN CATCH MORE FISH WITH A NEEDLE AND THREAD THAN YOU CAN WITH THAT OUTFIT
BRAINS, MY BOY- BRAINS AND SCIENCE ALWAYS WIN OUT
ALL THE SCIENCE IN THE WORLD CAN'T BEAT ME CATCHING FISH WITH THIS NEW ROD AND REEL
I WILL STRING A FEW DOZEN ANGLE WORMS ONTO THIS THREAD AND SHOW YOU HOW A SCIENTIFIC MAN CATCHES FISH - YOUR OLD-FASHIONED METHOD HAS FAILED SO FAR
A FISH WILL THINK THIS IS ONE LONG WORM
WHEN A FISH SEES A HOOK HE WON'T TAKE THE BAIT UNLESS HE'S UNUSUALLY HUNGRY
HOOEY!
AH - A FISH IS SWALLOWING MY STRING OF WORMS - WATCH CLOSELY
SCIENCE, MY BOY!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
COO-KOO! COO-KOO
COO-KOO
COO-KOO
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LO, OLIVE, HOW DO YA LIKE ME LITTLE GIRL KID ?
SO YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED ALL THE TIME, HAH?!! IS SHE REALLY YOUR DAUGHTER ?
SURE- HE'S MY PAPA

YOU DECEIVER! TAKE YOUR CHILD AND GET OUT OF HERE
LISTEN, HONEY, YA DON'T WANT TO SAY THINGS LIKE THAT ON ACCOUNT OF YA WILL GET ME FOOT IN IT

NO. HE ISN'T REALLY MY DADDY- I WISH HE WAS THOUGH BECAUSE HE'S THE NICEST MAN I'VE EVER MET
ARF! ARF!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE QUITE GOOD ENOUGH TO BE HIS SWEETHEART- THE FINEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR POPEYE
HAVE YOU GOT HER TRAINED TO SAY CUTE THINGS LIKE THAT?
NO, OLIVE - SHE MEANS IT- SHE REALLY THINKS I YAM A GOOD MAN

I'M GOIN' OUT AN' TRY TO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY SO'S I KIN SEN'ER TO A SWELL BOARDIN' SCHOOL
ISN'T HE HAND-SOME !!

MAYBE I'LL HANG FOR IT- BUT—
I'M GOING TO PUT THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR OUT

AHOY, MISTER GIMBLER- YER JUS' THE MAN I WANTS TO SEE ON ACCOUNT OF I CRAVES A RING FIGHT WITH "KID PANTHER," YER BEST PUG
I'M NOT MAD AT YOU, SON- WHY SHOULD I LET YOU GET KILLED?

NO- I AIN'T FEEDIN' NO "SETUPS" TO THE PANTHER
BUT, MISTER GIMBLER, I YAM A SWELL FIGHTER- I KIN HIT AN' I KIN TAKE A SMACK ON THE KONK LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS

WHAT'S THE IDEA?! SLAMMING THIS FELLOW LIKE THAT!!
SHUT UP OR I'LL SLAM YOU!
JUS' WAIT'LL I COMES TO

CRACK-

NEVER IN MY LIFE DID I EVER SEE A MAN SNAP OUT OF IT THE WAY YOU DID - I'LL GIVE YOU A PANTHER AND YOU'LL MAKE SOME REAL MONEY
FIGHT WITH THE
THANKS, MISTER GIMBLER

BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM GO'NER GET A CRACK AT KID PANTHER IN THE RING
HEY, MARY ANN, I GOT GOOD NEWS

MISS OYL INVITED ME TO DINNER. WASN'T THAT NICE OF HER?
WHAT!! NO SPINACH ?

LITTLE CHIL'REN SHOULD OUGHTER HAVE FOOD WICH MAKES HELTY BONES AN' MUSKLES
6-19

EAT YER SPINACH NOW- MARY ANN - THEN YA WON'T NEED NO BLASTED CASTOR OIL
!
SEGAR

POPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
JACK SMORK
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

I'M GOING FOR A SWIM, PROF. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME? BY THE WAY- I'M THE CHAMP FLOATER AROUND THESE PARTS
BAH- I CAN'T EVEN SWIM, BUT I CAN BEAT YOU FLOATING

I'LL BET YOU FIFTY BUCKS YOU CAN'T
OKAY- I HAVE FIFTY WHICH SAYS I CAN BEAT YOU FLOATING

MY DEAR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, I ADMIT THAT YOUR SCIENTIFIC ABILITY IS GREATER THAN MINE - BUT WHEN IT COMES TO OUT-DOOR SPORTS- HA! IT'S DIFFERENT

I CAN FLOAT LIKE THIS FOR AN HOUR

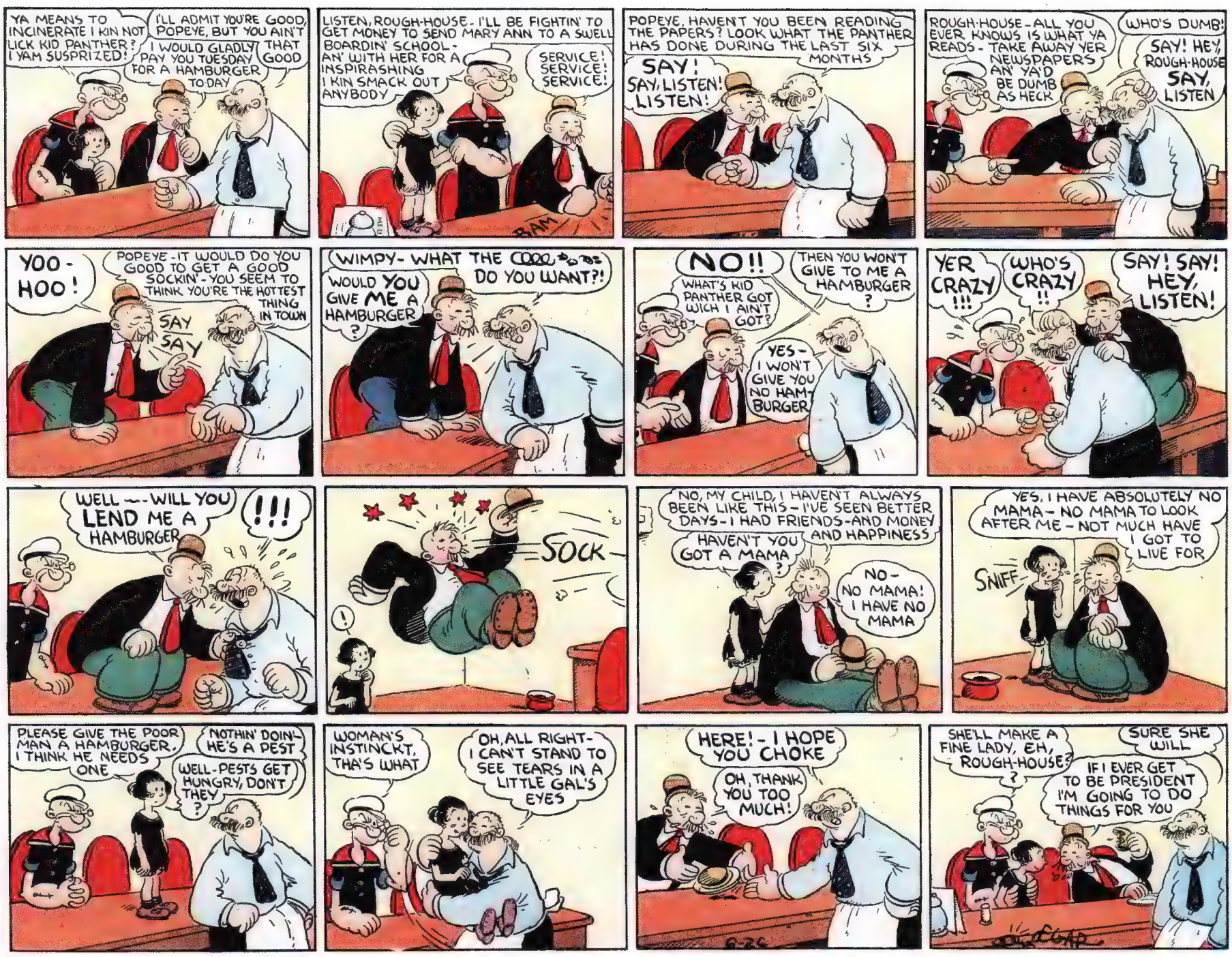
I WILL NOW TAKE ONE OF MY HARMLESS GAS TABLETS

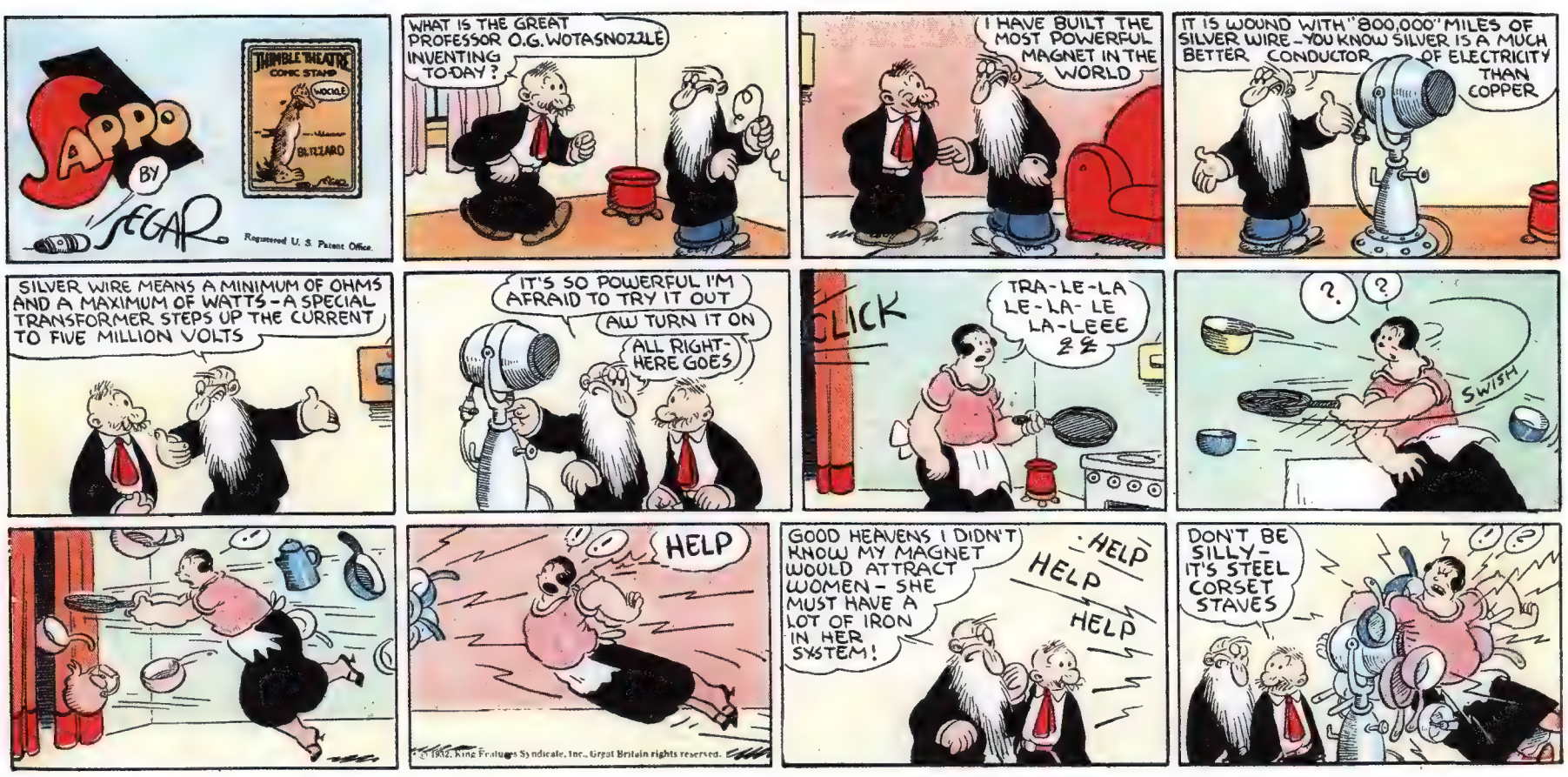
COME ON IN IF YOU'RE COMING

?

WAKE ME NEXT TUESDAY
!

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YA MEANS TO INCINERATE I KIN NOT LICK KID PANTHER? I YAM SUSPRIZED!
I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE GOOD, POPEYE, BUT YOU AIN'T THAT GOOD
I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
LISTEN, ROUGH-HOUSE - I'LL BE FIGHTIN' TO GET MONEY TO SEND MARY ANN TO A SWELL BOARDIN' SCHOOL - AN' WITH HER FOR A INSPIRASHING I KIN SMACK OUT ANYBODY
SERVICE! SERVICE! SERVICE!
BAM
POPEYE, HAVEN'T YOU BEEN READING THE PAPERS? LOOK WHAT THE PANTHER HAS DONE DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS
SAY! SAY, LISTEN! LISTEN!
ROUGH-HOUSE - ALL YOU EVER KNOWS IS WHAT YA READS - TAKE AWAY YER NEWSPAPERS AN' YA'D BE DUMB AS HECK
WHO'S DUMB!
SAY! HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE SAY, LISTEN
YOO-HOO!
POPEYE - IT WOULD DO YOU GOOD TO GET A GOOD SOCKIN' - YOU SEEM TO THINK YOU'RE THE HOTTEST THING IN TOWN
SAY SAY
WIMPY - WHAT THE DO YOU WANT?!
WOULD YOU GIVE ME A HAMBURGER ?
NO!!
WHAT'S KID PANTHER GOT WICH I AIN'T GOT?
THEN YOU WON'T GIVE TO ME A HAMBURGER ?
YES - I WON'T GIVE YOU NO HAM-BURGER
YER CRAZY !!!
WHO'S CRAZY !!
SAY! SAY! HEY, LISTEN!
WELL --- WILL YOU LEND ME A HAMBURGER !!!
SOCK
NO, MY CHILD, I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THIS - I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS - I HAD FRIENDS - AND MONEY AND HAPPINESS
HAVEN'T YOU GOT A MAMA ?
NO - NO MAMA! I HAVE NO MAMA
YES, I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO MAMA - NO MAMA TO LOOK AFTER ME - NOT MUCH HAVE I GOT TO LIVE FOR
SNIFF
PLEASE GIVE THE POOR MAN A HAMBURGER. I THINK HE NEEDS ONE
NOTHIN' DOIN' - HE'S A PEST
WELL - PESTS GET HUNGRY, DON'T THEY ?
WOMAN'S INSTINCKT, THA'S WHAT
OH, ALL RIGHT - I CAN'T STAND TO SEE TEARS IN A LITTLE GAL'S EYES
HERE! - I HOPE YOU CHOKE
OH, THANK YOU TOO MUCH!
SHE'LL MAKE A FINE LADY, EH, ROUGH-HOUSE ?
SURE SHE WILL
IF I EVER GET TO BE PRESIDENT I'M GOING TO DO THINGS FOR YOU
CLAP


POPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP
WOOZLE
BLIZZARD
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
WHAT IS THE GREAT PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE INVENTING TO-DAY?
I HAVE BUILT THE MOST POWERFUL MAGNET IN THE WORLD
IT IS WOUND WITH "800,000" MILES OF SILVER WIRE - YOU KNOW SILVER IS A MUCH BETTER CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRICITY THAN COPPER
SILVER WIRE MEANS A MINIMUM OF OHMS AND A MAXIMUM OF WATTS - A SPECIAL TRANSFORMER STEPS UP THE CURRENT TO FIVE MILLION VOLTS
IT'S SO POWERFUL I'M AFRAID TO TRY IT OUT
AW TURN IT ON
ALL RIGHT - HERE GOES
CLICK
TRA-LE-LA LE-LA-LE LA-LEEE
? ?
SWISH
HELP
GOOD HEAVENS I DIDN'T KNOW MY MAGNET WOULD ATTRACT WOMEN - SHE MUST HAVE A LOT OF IRON IN HER SYSTEM!
HELP HELP HELP
DON'T BE SILLY - IT'S STEEL CORSET STAVES
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TAKE CARE OF MARY ANN FOR ME, OLIVE, I'M GOING OVER AND SEE MISTER GIMBLER
I'M GONER SIGN UP TO FIGHT "KID PANTHER"
OKAY, POPEYE
BEFORE I GIVE POPEYE A FIGHT WITH "KID PANTHER" I MUST MAKE SURE HE'S A SCRAPPER - I WANT YOU FELLOWS TO GANG HIM WHEN HE COMES ALONG - I MUST SEE IF HE'S GAME
HEY, THERE, RUNT, WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN YOU UP!
WHO, ME?
GOOD NIGHT! WHAT A SOCK
COME ON, MEN - DIS BABY'S TOUGH - LE'S ALL SOCK 'IM AT ONCE - MISTER GIMBLER WANTS TO SEE IF HE CAN TAKE IT
SMACK
BLOW ME DOWN! I CAN'T LICK TWENY MEN
HEY! GET OUT OF MY SPINACH PATCH!
WELL, I'M A SWAB!! IS THIS SPINACH?!
CERTAINLY - DID YOU THINK IT WAS CABBAGE?
GOOD HEAVENS! ARE YOU A HORSE?!
SPINACH IS FULL OF VITAMIN "A" AN' THA'S WHAT MAKES HOOMANS STRONG AN' HELTY
YUM YUM
HELP! POLICE! HE ATE UP MOST OF MY NICE SPINACH - SAY - YOU MUST BE A LUNATIC
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THA'S ALL I YAM
WE KNOCKED HIM CLEAN OVER A FENCE AND HE AIN'T COME BACK YET - I GUESS HE'S AFRAID MAYBE HE ISN'T AS HOT AS I THOUGHT
GRR
WOP SOCK WHOP BOP BOP POW SMACK WOP BOP
SPLAT
SAY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ANYWAY?
I GOT TOO MUCH VITAMIN "A"
COME, GO WITH ME!
I'LL CARRY YA, ORFICER ON ACCOUNT OF I GOT SO MUCH VITALIKY I WANTS TO USE UP SOME OF MY EMERGY
A COMPLETE PRIZE FIGHT NEXT WEEK
7-3
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SEGAR

SAPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP
MARY ANN
PROFESSOR O.G.WOTASNOZZLE, YOUR MAGNET MUST BE THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD
YES, MY DEAR SAPPO - IT IS WOUND WITH "800,000" MILES OF SILVER WIRE - BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET
I HAVE NEVER TURNED ON THE FULL FIVE MILLION VOLTS WHICH MY TRANSFORMER PRODUCES!! I DON'T DARE - WHY, IT MIGHT PULL THE TACKS OUT OF OUR SHOES
REALLY ?!!
HEH - HEH
AW, COME ON, PROF - LETS TURN IT ON FULL
NO, SIR - I WON'T - I WON'T DO IT - NO, SIREE - I WON'T DO IT
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO - WE'LL TAKE IT OUTSIDE AND TURN ON JUST THREE MILLION VOLTS
AW - THREE MILLION ISN'T MUCH
THE HECK IT AIN'T! - SAY, IF YOU HAD THREE MILLION VOLTS RUNNING UP YOUR BACK I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T ACT NONCHALANT
SNAP ON THE SWITCH I'VE GOT IT SPIKED DOWN
IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL A TRAIN OFF THE TRACK
HENRY - DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A CAR YET
WHY, THE DANG THING'S GONE CRAZY
? ?
CRASH
! !
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MARY ANN, IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL BE IN THE RING FIGHTIN' THE TERRIBLE "KID PANTHER." IF I WINS, I'LL GET ENOUGH MONEY TO SEND YOU TO A SWELL BOARDIN' SCHOOL

YOU'LL WIN, POPEYE- BECAUSE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING

I GETS "$10,000" - IF I WINS THIS FIGHT- AN' NOTHIN' IF I LOSES- OLIVE- IN CASE I DON'T WIN I WANTS YA TO PUT MARYANN IN A ORPHINKS' HOME - I WON'T BE BACK IF I LOSES, ON ACCOUNT OF I COULDN'T LOOK 'ER IN THE FACE

ALL RIGHT POPEYE

I KNOW YOU CAN LICK A DOZEN MEN IN A STREET FIGHT, BUT A PROFESSIONAL LIKE MY "PANTHER" IN THE RING IS DIFFERENT — I DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK I'M FEEDING "SET-UPS" TO MY FUTURE CHAMP- SO FIGHT HARD

OKAY, MISTER GIMBLER I'LL DO ME BEST

AT THE SOUND OF THE GONG THE UNDEFEATED PANTHER RUSHES OUT LIKE A WILD JUNGLE BEAST

G-R-R

COME ON - LE'S SEE YA HIT ME — HIT ME! COME ON - HIT ME! HA! HA! HIT ME!

GRRR!

G-R-R-R

G-R-R

MARY ANN NEEDS NEW SHOES

SMACK

WHAT THU~! WELL I'LL BE~ mm

AN SHE NEEDS SOCKS-

SWISH

AN' UN'ERWEAR

SPLAT

AN' HATS

SPLAT

AN' DRESSES

SMACK

AN' A EDJAMA- CATION

CRACK

HEY, MISTER GIMBLER- DISH UP THE TEN THOUSING- I'M IN A HURRY

ONE- ~TWO-

WHOMP

HEY- WAIT A MINUTE- LISTEN- YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD YOU ARE- COME BACK HERE - I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION- DOLLAR CONTRACT

THAT KIN WAIT - I GOT SUMPIN IMPORTINK TO DO NOW

7-10

I'LL TAKE ALL THESE - AN' SAY, HAVE YA GOT A HUNNERD PAIRS OF CHIL'REN'S SHOES ?

!

CAN'T YA GO FASTER ?

NOT WITH A LOAD LIKE THIS

SEGAR

AND - FOR HEAVENS' SAKE - WHY DID YOU BUY A GROSS OF SILK UNDER- WEAR ?

OH, I JUS' FIGGERED I'D BUY 'ER ENOUGH TO LAST ABOUT TWEN'Y YEARS

POPPO BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP GENERAL BUNZO

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, HERE'S A REAL INVENTION — I'LL BET THE INVENTOR WILL CLEAN UP PLENTY ON THIS

DON'T TALK FOR A MINUTE, I'M GETTING AN IDEA

PRESS YOUR TIE 5¢

WHOOPS!! WHOOPS!!

MY DEAR SAPPO — I, TOO, WILL INVENT A PRESSING MACHINE

BUT, PROF. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STEAL HIS IDEA, ARE YOU?

DON'T BE SILLISH

DROP 25¢ HERE

DROP PANTS HERE

AND I'LL BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT

PANTS PRESSED WHILE 'U' WAIT

HOO-RAY! IT'S WORKING!

HEY! NIX- NIX!

I SEZ YA GOTTA WEAR TROUSERS ON THE STREET

I AM O.G. WOTASNOZZLE YOU CAN'T DO THIS !!

IT WON'T WORK! NOBODY BUT SAPS WOULD STAND IN THE STREET IN HIS SHORTS TO GET HIS PANTS PRESSED

CELL NO. 13131313

WELL — THERE ARE A LOTTA SAPS IN THIS WORLD, AIN'T THEY? AIN'T THEY? AIN'T THEY?

?

?

G'WAN- GET IN THERE! ALL OF YOU

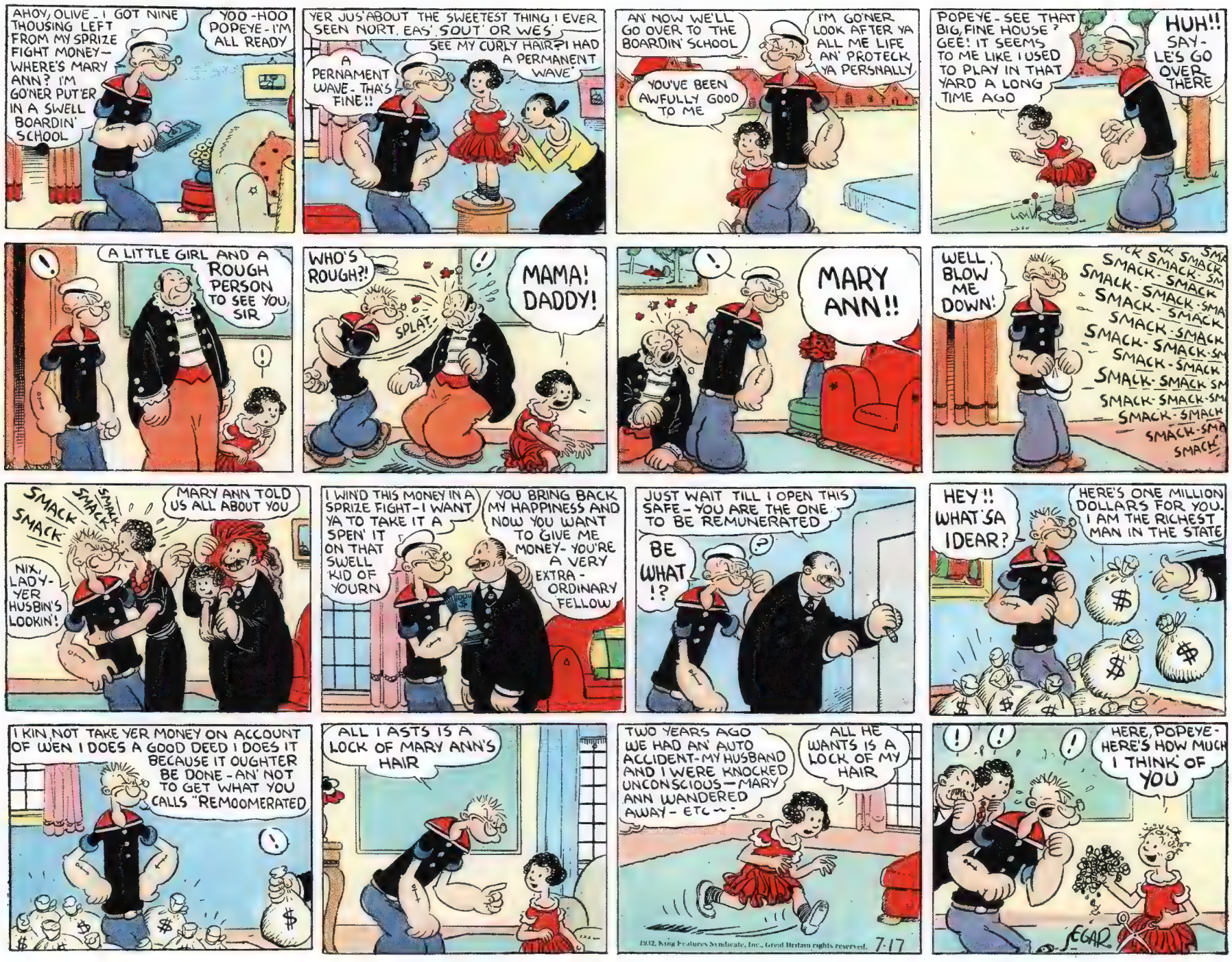
CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP

AH- SUCCESS

PLOP

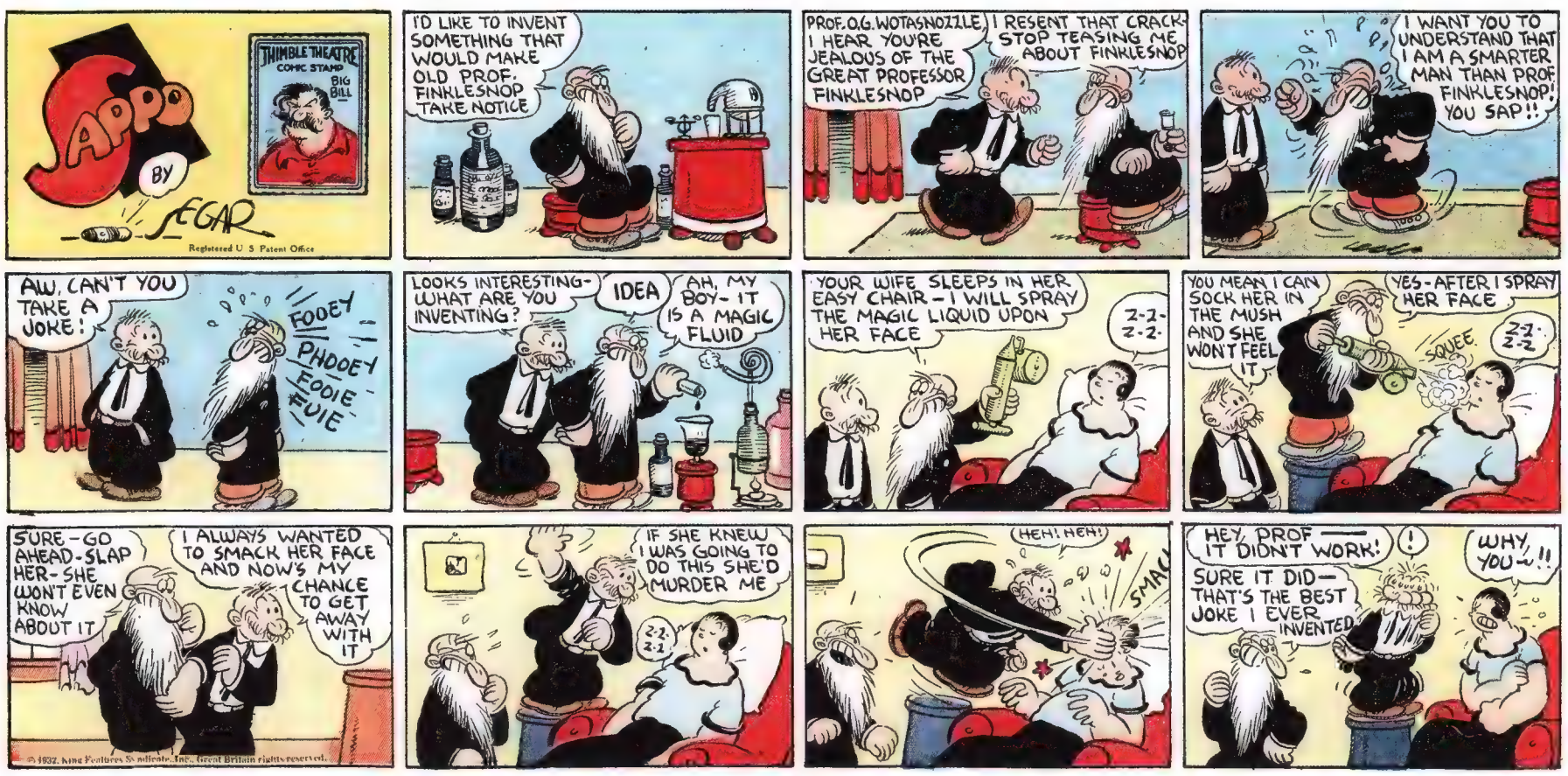
CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP

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AHOY, OLIVE - I GOT NINE THOUSING LEFT FROM MY SPRIZE FIGHT MONEY— WHERE'S MARY ANN? I'M GO'NER PUT'ER IN A SWELL BOARDIN' SCHOOL
YOO-HOO POPEYE - I'M ALL READY
YER JUS'ABOUT THE SWEETEST THING I EVER SEEN NORT, EAS', SOUT' OR WES'
SEE MY CURLY HAIR? I HAD A PERMANENT WAVE'
A PERNAMENT WAVE - THA'S FINE!!
AN' NOW WE'LL GO OVER TO THE BOARDIN' SCHOOL
I'M GO'NER LOOK AFTER YA ALL ME LIFE AN' PROTECK YA PERSNALLY
YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY GOOD TO ME
POPEYE - SEE THAT BIG, FINE HOUSE? GEE! IT SEEMS TO ME LIKE I USED TO PLAY IN THAT YARD A LONG TIME AGO
HUH!! SAY - LE'S GO OVER THERE
A LITTLE GIRL AND A ROUGH PERSON TO SEE YOU, SIR
WHO'S ROUGH?!
SPLAT!
MAMA! DADDY!
MARY ANN!!
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
SMACK - SMACK - SMACK
MARY ANN TOLD US ALL ABOUT YOU
SMACK - SMACK - SMACK
NIX, LADY - YER HUSBIN'S LOOKIN'!
I WIND THIS MONEY IN A SPRIZE FIGHT - I WANT YA TO TAKE IT A SPEN' IT ON THAT SWELL KID OF YOURN
YOU BRING BACK MY HAPPINESS AND NOW YOU WANT TO GIVE ME MONEY - YOU'RE A VERY EXTRA - ORDINARY FELLOW
JUST WAIT TILL I OPEN THIS SAFE - YOU ARE THE ONE TO BE REMUNERATED
BE WHAT!?
HEY!! WHAT'SA IDEAR?
HERE'S ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR YOU. I AM THE RICHEST MAN IN THE STATE
I KIN NOT TAKE YER MONEY ON ACCOUNT OF WEN I DOES A GOOD DEED I DOES IT BECAUSE IT OUGHTER BE DONE - AN' NOT TO GET WHAT YOU CALLS "REMOOMERATED
ALL I ASTS IS A LOCK OF MARY ANN'S HAIR
TWO YEARS AGO WE HAD AN' AUTO ACCIDENT - MY HUSBAND AND I WERE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS — MARY ANN WANDERED AWAY - ETC ~ ~
ALL HE WANTS IS A LOCK OF MY HAIR
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HERE, POPEYE - HERE'S HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU
SEGAR


SAPPO BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STRIP MR. HOLSTER
I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE GOOD PROF. O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, BUT PROF. FINKLESNOP IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
FINKLESNOP! HAH!- POOEY!
BAH! ALL HE EVER DID WAS TAKE APART AN ATOM
HE TOOK AN ATOM APART, EH?
YEAH
AND THEN THE BIG SAP COULDN'T GET IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN
YAH-HAW HAW!
DID HE EVER DO ANYTHING PRACTICAL LIKE WHAT I'M DOING? - PHOOEY - DON'T TALK FINKLESNOP TO ME
WHAT ARE YOU INVENTING?
THAT BOTTLE CONTAINS A FLUID WHICH WILL MAKE DISHES UNBREAKABLE — WHY DIDN'T FINKLESNOP THINK OF IT? - HAH! - WHY?
THAT'S THE WIFES BEST CHINA
WELL — THIS IS MY BEST INVENTION
SQUEE
WHEN THE LIQUID DRIES JUST DROP THE WHOLE BUNCH
I HOPE TO HEAVEN YOU KNOW YOUR STUFF
TRA - LA - LA LA - LE - LA
LA - LE - LA LA - LA - LA
CRASH
SAY!
WHAT ARE YOU BEEFING ABOUT? — THINK OF MY MORTIFICATION


POPEYE, THE PAPER SAYS THAT MISTER GIMBLER FIRED KID PANTHER" BECAUSE YOU LICKED HIM
THA'S TOO BAD-I FEELS SORRY FOR THE "KID"
HE WAS SUSPOSED TO BE A GOOD MAN TILL I WHOPPED HIM A FEW- THA'S THE TROUBLE WITH SPRIZE-FIGHTIN'- IT'S TOUGH ON THE SWAB WICH LOSES
HERE'S SOMETHING ON THE SPORT PAGE ABOUT HIM
IT SAYS" THE PANTHER IS DESPONDENT-SITS IN THE PARK AND BROODS OVER HIS ILL LUCK DAY AFTER DAY"
SPORTS
I GOT SUCH A KIND HEART I YAM GONER FIND HIM AN' SYMPTHITIZE WITH HIM
YOU'RE A BIG MAN AT HEART, POPEYE
THERE HE IS NOW!
I'LL CHEER HIM UP- AHOY! AHOY!
HOW'RE YA, OL' SOCK!! SAY- YER LOOKIN' SWELL
?
?
WELL- I DON'T FEEL SWELL
I WAS JUS' LUCKY THAT DAY WEN I KNOCKED YA OUT- YOU KIN LICK ME EASY
OH, YEAH?- HA!- YOU HIT ME LIKE I NEVER WAS HIT BEFORE I CAN'T LICK YOU
HE'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN POPEYE GETS THROUGH CHEERING HIM UP
DON'T BE SO BLUE- YER A BETTER SCRAPPER THAN I YAM
I AM NOT!
LISTEN, PANTHER, I SEZ YA KIN LICK ME!
AW, YOU'RE CRAZY, I CAN'T
WHO'S CRAZY?! I SAYS YA KIN!
I CAN'T!
YA MEANS TO STAN' THERE AN' CALL ME A LIAR?
YES!
I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT FROM A COP
I SEZ YA KIN LICK ME
HERE! HERE!
I CAN'T
STOP THAT! STOP THAT!
HEY!
STOP IT!
BOP
SMACK
SPLAT
SOCK
SPLAT
7-24
SAY WHAT I TOLD YA TO OR I'LL WHOP YA AGAIN!
OH. ALL RIGHT- I CAN LICK YOU
OF ALL THE SILLY FOOLISHNESS!!
WELL, ANYWAY, YA NOTICE I WIN'D THE ARGYMINT
SEGAR 16


POPPO
BY SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE
COMIC STAMP
BIG BILL
Registered U. S. Patent Office
I'D LIKE TO INVENT SOMETHING THAT WOULD MAKE OLD PROF. FINKLESNOP TAKE NOTICE
PROF. O.G. WOTASNOZZLE, I HEAR YOU'RE JEALOUS OF THE GREAT PROFESSOR FINKLESNOP
I RESENT THAT CRACK- STOP TEASING ME ABOUT FINKLESNOP
I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I AM A SMARTER MAN THAN PROF. FINKLESNOP! YOU SAP!!
AW, CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE!
FOOEY
PHOOEY
FOOIE
FUIE
LOOKS INTERESTING- WHAT ARE YOU INVENTING?
IDEA
AH, MY BOY- IT IS A MAGIC FLUID
YOUR WIFE SLEEPS IN HER EASY CHAIR - I WILL SPRAY THE MAGIC LIQUID UPON HER FACE
Z-Z-Z-Z-
YOU MEAN I CAN SOCK HER IN THE MUSH AND SHE WON'T FEEL IT
YES- AFTER I SPRAY HER FACE
SQUEE.
Z-Z-Z-Z-
SURE- GO AHEAD- SLAP HER- SHE WON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT
I ALWAYS WANTED TO SMACK HER FACE AND NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY WITH IT
IF SHE KNEW I WAS GOING TO DO THIS SHE'D MURDER ME
Z-Z-Z-Z-
HEH! HEH!
SMAC
HEY, PROF — IT DIDN'T WORK!
!
SURE IT DID— THAT'S THE BEST JOKE I EVER INVENTED
WHY YOU~!!
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I FEELS LIBEROUS TO-DAY GUESS I'LL GO OUT AN DO UP A FEW GOOD DEEDS

BETTER SAVE THE MONEY YOU MADE ON YOUR LAST PRIZE FIGHT

PUT IT IN THE BANK, POPEYE

CAN'T HAVE NO FUN WITH MONEY IN THE BANK

I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY

LISTEN, WIMPY—GET AWAY FROM THIS COUNTER! I'M SICK OF SEEING YOUR FACE

MENU

NO MONEY- NO CREDIT- NO HAMBURGERS- WOE AM I-

IF YOU'VE GOT TO HANG AROUND HERE GO SIT AT A TABLE OUT OF MY SIGHT

AHOY, ROUGH-HOUSE, YA OL' KICK IN THE PANTS - KNOW OF ANY GOOD DEEDS WICH NEEDS DOIN'

I GOT LIBEROUSIKY IN ME HEART TO-DAY

HAMBURGERS

I SUSPOSE WIMPY'S DREAMIN' ABOUT HAMBURGERS. I GOT A IDEAR

Z-2-2-
2-2-2-

FOR ONCET IN HIS LIFE HE'S GONER GET ALL THE SANWICHES HE KIN EAT— A WHOLE PLATTER FULL I'LL STAN' THE EXPENTS

COOK UP

OKE

MAYBE THIS WON'T BE SUCHA GOOD DEED ON ACCOUNT OF I'LL BET HE MAKES HIS SELF SICK

Z-Z-Z- Z-Z-Z

ARF! ARF!

SNIFF SNIFF

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

I YAMA SWAB IF HE AIN'T EATIN 'EM IN HIS SLEEP- DIDN'T EVEN WAKE UP

PROBABLY THINKS IT'S A DREAM

YEAH- THINKS IT'S A DREAM AN' IS TRYIN' TO EAT 'EM ALL BEFORE HE SNAPS OUT OF IT

HO- HUM- ARDOUGH-

DISGUSTING!

LOOK AT THAT "BAY WINDOW" I WON'ER IF THEY'LL MAKE HIM SICK

SURE THEY WILL- I'LL BET HE'LL NEVER WANT TO LOOK A HAMBURGER IN THE FACE AGAIN

GENTLEMEN- I HAD A MOST DELIGHTFUL DREAM- I DREAMED OF LUSCIOUS GROUND BEEF SANDWICHES

AND— I AWAKENED WITH A TERRIFIC APPETITE SO—

I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY

CRASH

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POPPO

BY SEGAR

THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP

POPEYE'S "HORSH"

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HEH HEH HEH

IT'S GREAT TO BE SMART LIKE ME

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNUZZLE, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO BED? IT'S THREE A.M.

BED? HAH!! NOT UNTIL I'VE SHOWN YOU THE INVENTION I'VE JUST COMPLETED

IT IS A DEVICE FOR ERADICATING BURGLARS

WHEN THE VERY SENSITIVE EYE WHICH IS MADE OF HUNDREDS OF LIGHT-SENSITIVE CELLS SEES A BURGLAR THE PHONOGRAPH BEGINS TO WORK ON HIS CONSCIENCE—

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF YOU DOG

THEN THE MACHINE RUSHES TOWARD THE BURGLAR-THIS POWERFUL METAL CLAW GRABS HIM

R-R-R-

AND THEN THE CLUB SWINGS WITH THE FORCE OF A PILE-DRIVER, STRIKES HIM A CRUSHING BLOW UPON THE KONK

R-R R-R-

THE GUN THEN SHOOTS HIM IN SIX VITAL PLACES - BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG BANG

R-R R-R-

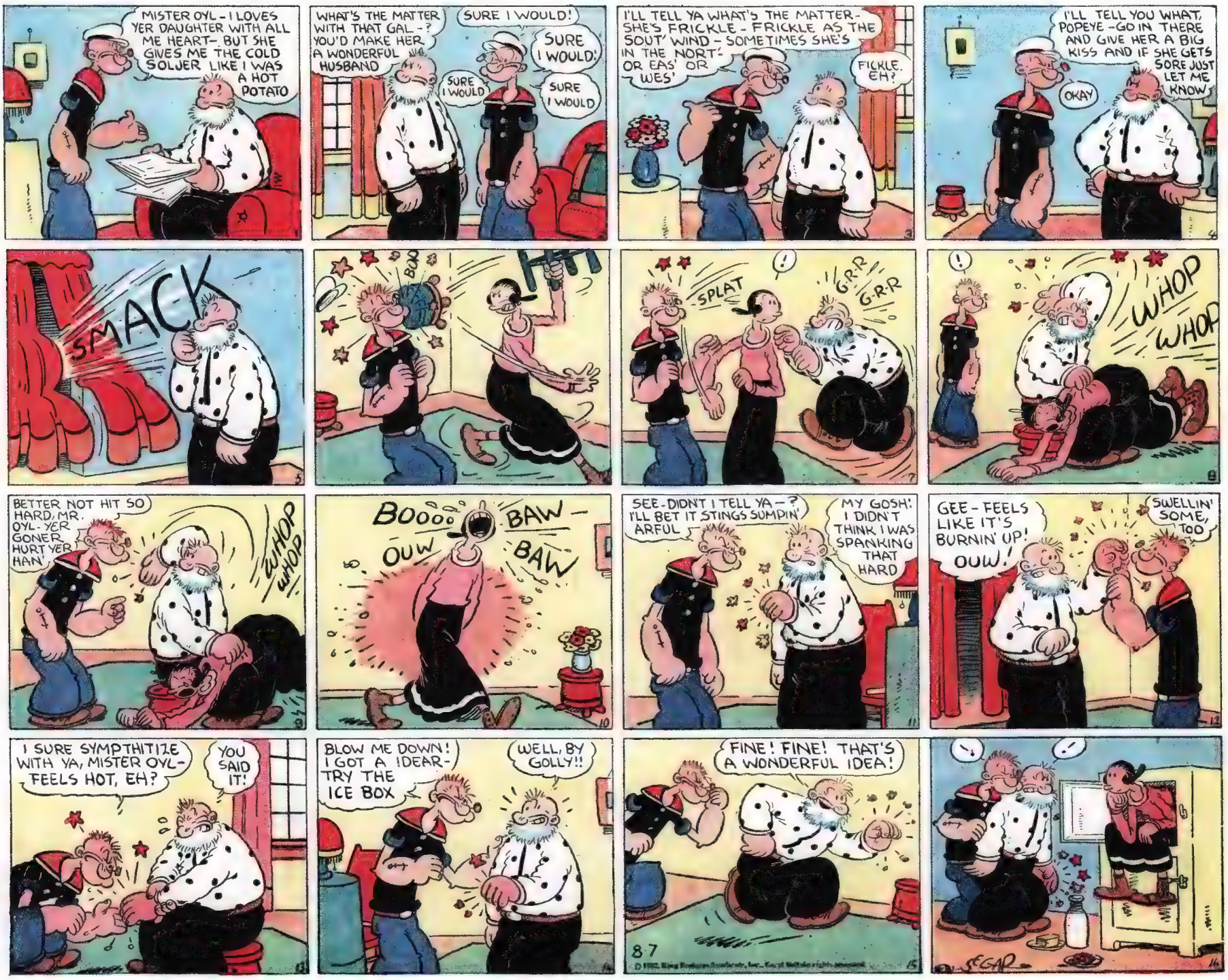
THEN THE KNIFE HACKS HIM INTO HAMBURGER-HEH! HEH! AND THE WHISK BROOM SWEEPS HIM UP— HEH!

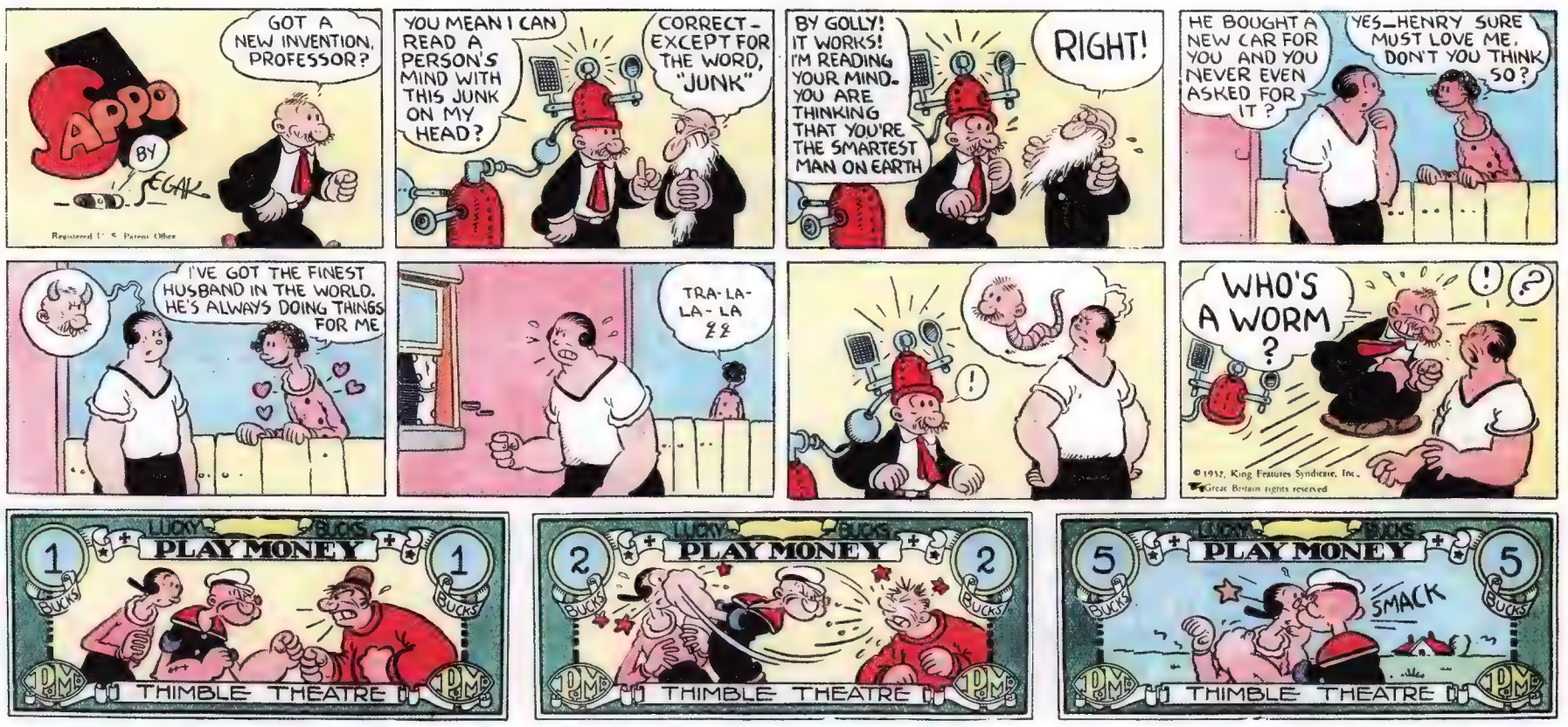
HEH HEH

GOOD NIGHT!

I'M GOING STRAIGHT

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MISTER OYL - I LOVES YER DAUGHTER WITH ALL ME HEART- BUT SHE GIVES ME THE COLD SOLJER LIKE I WAS A HOT POTATO
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT GAL - ? YOU'D MAKE HER A WONDERFUL HUSBAND
SURE I WOULD!
SURE I WOULD
SURE I WOULD!
SURE I WOULD
I'LL TELL YA WHAT'S THE MATTER - SHE'S FRICKLE - FRICKLE AS THE SOUT' WIND - SOMETIMES SHE'S IN THE NORT' OR EAS' OR WES'
FICKLE, EH?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, POPEYE - GO IN THERE AND GIVE HER A BIG KISS AND IF SHE GETS SORE JUST LET ME KNOW
OKAY
SMACK
BOO
HM
SPLAT
!
G-R-R
G-R-R
!
WHOP
WHOP
BETTER NOT HIT SO HARD, MR. OYL - YER GONER HURT YER HAN'
WHOP WHOP
BOOOO
BAW -
OUW
BAW
SEE - DIDN'T I TELL YA - ? I'LL BET IT STINGS SUMPIN' ARFUL
MY GOSH! I DIDN'T THINK I WAS SPANKING THAT HARD
GEE - FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNIN' UP!
OUW!
SWELLIN' SOME, TOO
I SURE SYMPTHITIZE WITH YA, MISTER OYL - FEELS HOT, EH?
YOU SAID IT!
BLOW ME DOWN! I GOT A !DEAR - TRY THE ICE BOX
WELL, BY GOLLY!!
FINE! FINE! THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!
8-7
SEGAR


APPO
BY SEGAR
GOT A NEW INVENTION, PROFESSOR?
YOU MEAN I CAN READ A PERSON'S MIND WITH THIS JUNK ON MY HEAD?
CORRECT - EXCEPT FOR THE WORD, "JUNK"
BY GOLLY! IT WORKS! I'M READING YOUR MIND. YOU ARE THINKING THAT YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN ON EARTH
RIGHT!
HE BOUGHT A NEW CAR FOR YOU AND YOU NEVER EVEN ASKED FOR IT ?
YES - HENRY SURE MUST LOVE ME, DON'T YOU THINK SO?
I'VE GOT THE FINEST HUSBAND IN THE WORLD. HE'S ALWAYS DOING THINGS FOR ME
TRA-LA-LA-LA
WHO'S A WORM ?
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 1 1 THIMBLE THEATRE
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 2 2 THIMBLE THEATRE
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 5 5 SMACK THIMBLE THEATRE

IT'S SUCH A WON'ERFUL DAY I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AN' FEAST ME EYE ON NATCHER

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! I SURE PICKED THE RIGHT DAY TO VISIK THE BEACH

BIG BEAUTY CONTEST TODAY

CONTESTANTS MUSTN'T BE OVER

IT MUST BE WON'ERFUL TO BE A WOMIN ON ACCOUNT OF THEY'S SO BEAUTIOUS

SPECIALLY BRUNECKS

LE'S SEE WHO'S GONER BE IN THE CONTEST - H-M-M--

WELL, PICK ME FOR A SWEE'PEA!

WE NEED ANOTHER MAN - DO YOU WANT TO BE ONE OF THE CONTEST JUDGES?

I SEZ I DOES!

NUMBER ONE - MISS GIFFLESNIFFER

PUNK!

"NO. 1"

I CHOOSE HER

O.K.

NUMBER FOUR - MISS GILSNIZZLE

POOIE!

"NO. 4"

I CHOOSE HER

O.K.

NUMBER EIGHT - MISS OKAYDOKIE

ARFUL!

NO. 8

I CHOOSE HER

O.K.

NUMBER TWELVE - MISS PLATTYNUMB

TURRIBLE!

"NO. 12"

I CHOOSE HER

O.K.

NUMBER THIRTEEN - MISS OYL

"NO. 13"

WHEE

CLAP CLAP

WHEE

WHOOPEE! EVER'BODY CLAP ON ACCOUNT OF OLIVE OYL WINS THE SPRIZE!

YOU'RE GOOFY!

SHE DON'T:

SHE DON'T WIN!

I SAY SHE DO!

AN' THA'S WHAT PROVES IT

SPLAT

SMACK

HERE'S THE SPRIZE, HONEY - THEY CAN'T CHEAT YA WHILE I YAM AROUN'

RIGHT'S RIGHT, AIN'T IT?

AIN'T IT?

SURE IT IS, POPEYE - SURE IT IS

8-14

SEGAR

SURE, I'LL PLAY YOU A GAME - YOU MAY BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIST, BUT I'M THE BEST POKER PLAYER

APPO

BY SEGAR

Registered U. S. Patent Office

YOU DON'T MIND MY WEARING THIS BIG HAT WHILE WE PLAY, DO YOU?

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU WEAR

GOOD NIGHT! I EVEN LOSE WHEN I DEAL 'EM MYSELF

HEH! HEH! HEH!

HEY!! I SAW YOU SLIP YOURSELF AN ACE OFF THE BOTTOM

AH-ER-EXCUSE ME

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S A CHEAT

A COMMON CHEAT! SO THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, EH?

DON'T WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE HOUSE PROFESSOR

MIND-READING MACHINE!! WELL, I'LL BE ——!

LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 1 1 BUCKS

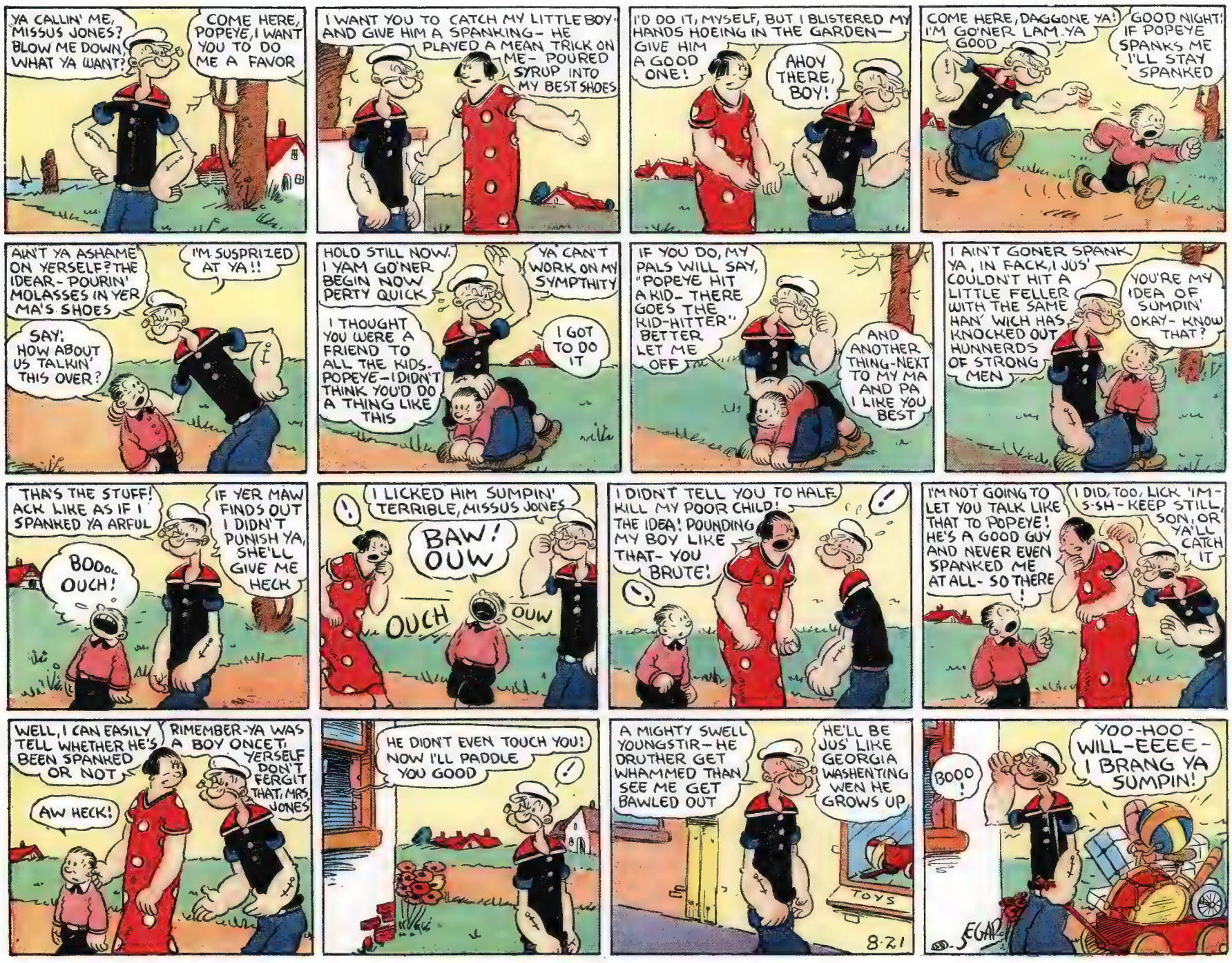
THIMBLE THEATRE

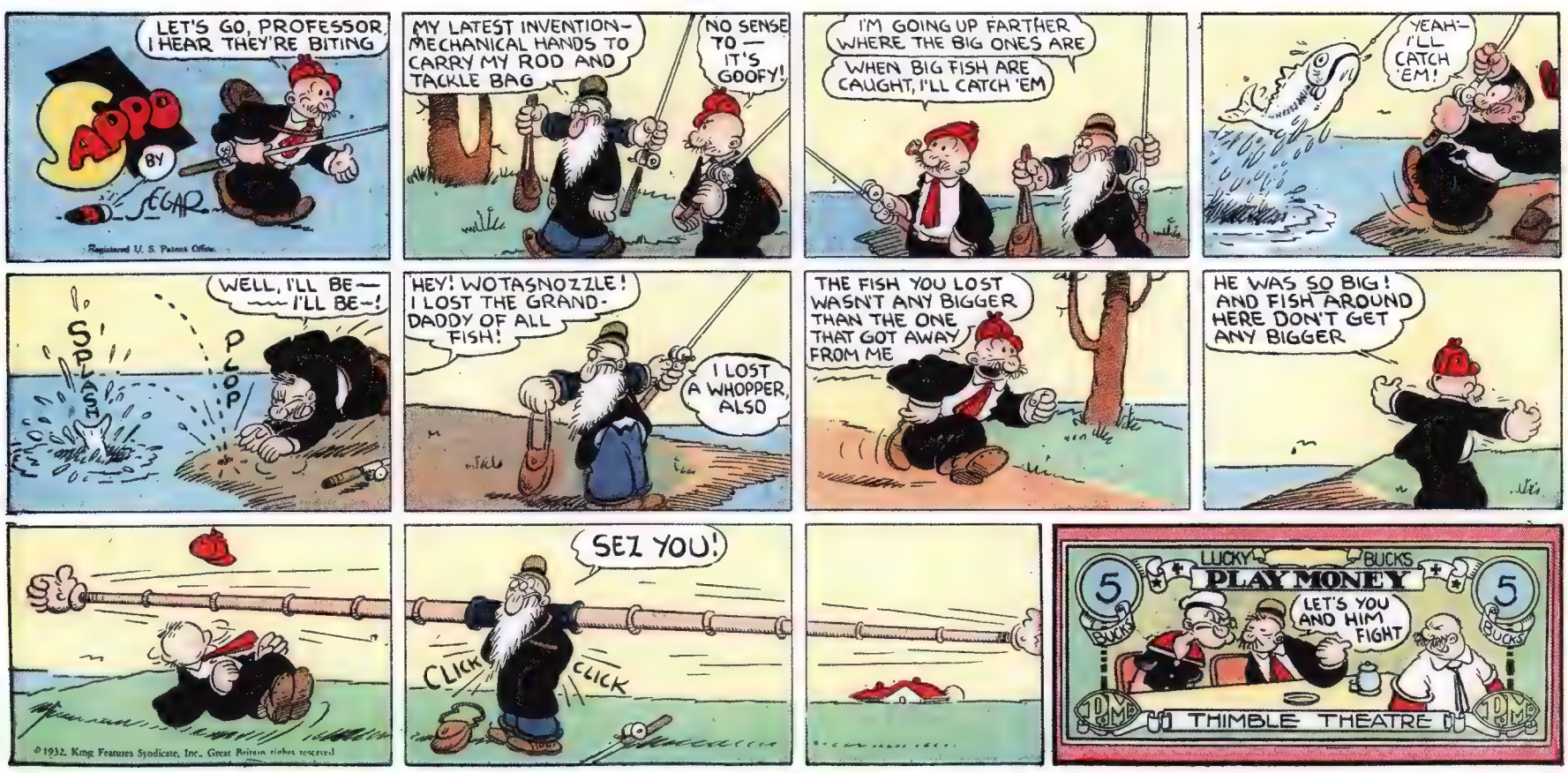
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 2 2 BUCKS

THIMBLE THEATRE

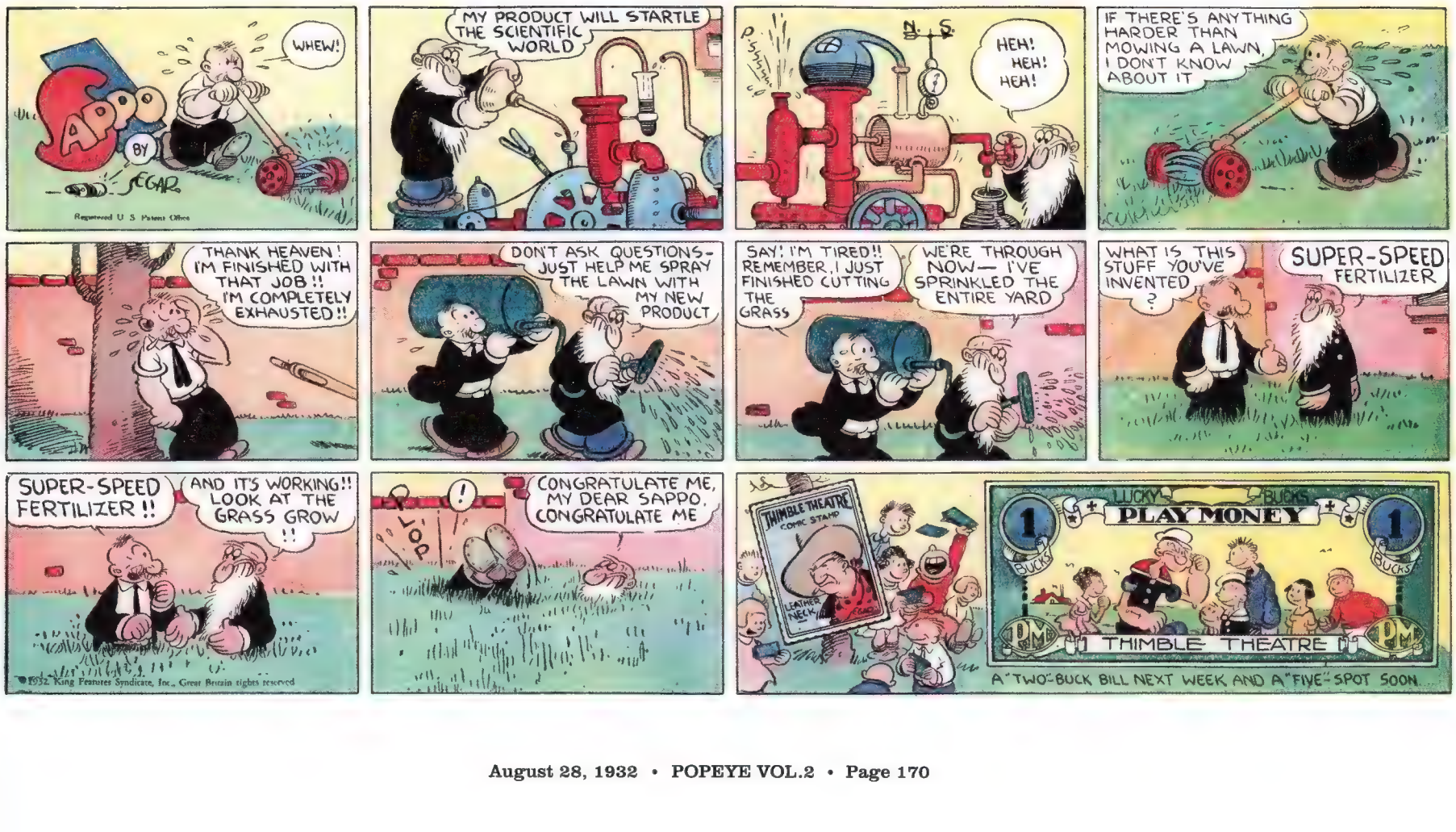
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY 5 5 BUCKS

THIMBLE THEATRE

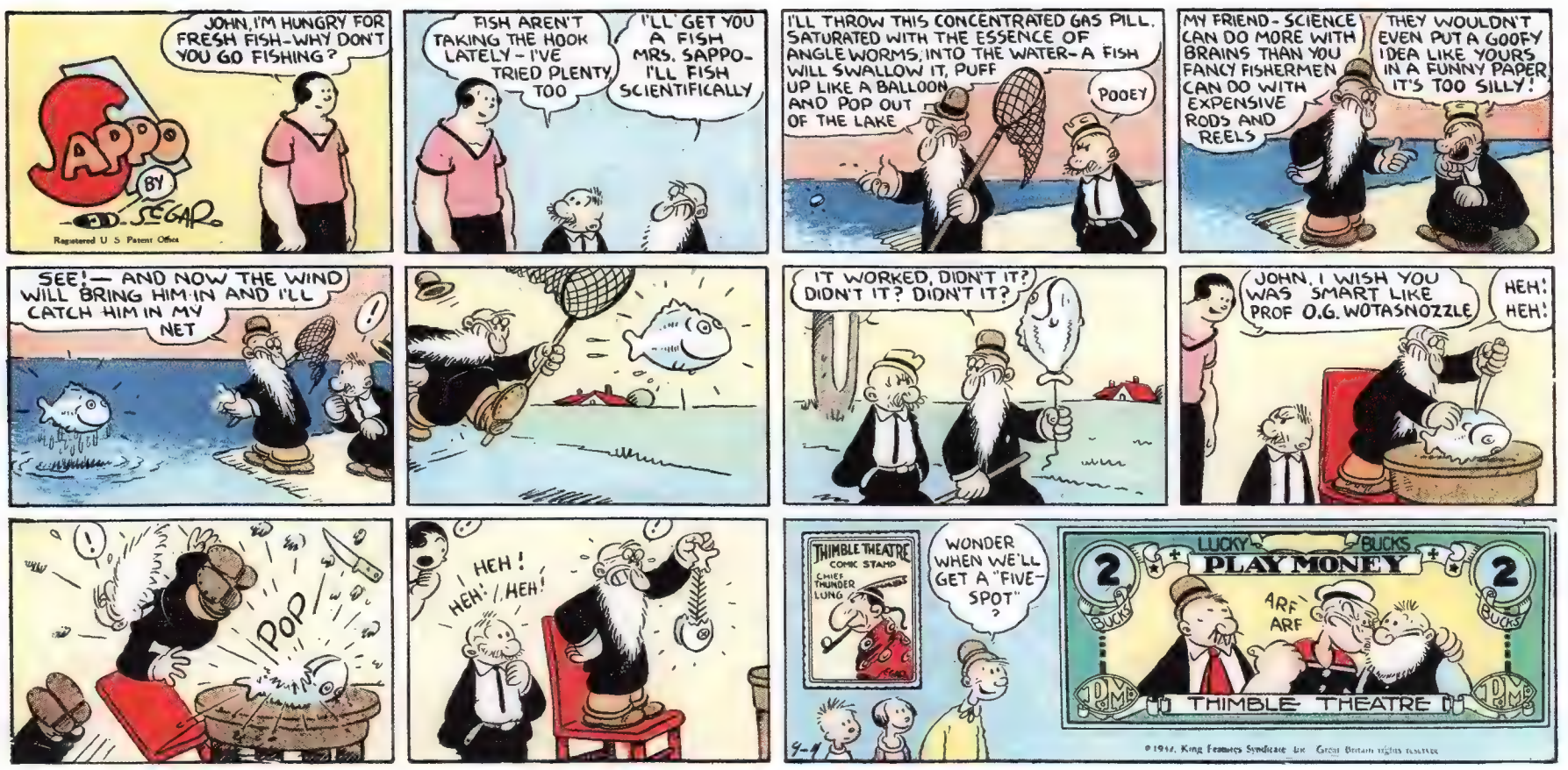

YA CALLIN' ME, MISSUS JONES? BLOW ME DOWN, WHAT YA WANT?
COME HERE, POPEYE, I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR
I WANT YOU TO CATCH MY LITTLE BOY AND GIVE HIM A SPANKING- HE PLAYED A MEAN TRICK ON ME- POURED SYRUP INTO MY BEST SHOES
I'D DO IT, MYSELF, BUT I BLISTERED MY HANDS HOEING IN THE GARDEN— GIVE HIM A GOOD ONE!
AHOY THERE, BOY!
COME HERE, DAGGONE YA! I'M GO'NER LAM YA GOOD
GOOD NIGHT! IF POPEYE SPANKS ME I'LL STAY SPANKED
AIN'T YA ASHAME ON YERSELF? THE IDEAR- POURIN' MOLASSES IN YER MA'S SHOES
I'M SUSPRIZED AT YA!!
SAY! HOW ABOUT US TALKIN' THIS OVER?
HOLD STILL NOW. I YAM GO'NER BEGIN NOW PERTY QUICK
YA CAN'T WORK ON MY SYMPTHITY
I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FRIEND TO ALL THE KIDS. POPEYE- I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO A THING LIKE THIS
I GOT TO DO IT
IF YOU DO, MY PALS WILL SAY, "POPEYE HIT A KID- THERE GOES THE KID-HITTER" BETTER LET ME OFF
AND ANOTHER THING- NEXT TO MY MA AND PA I LIKE YOU BEST
I AIN'T GONER SPANK YA, IN FACK, I JUS' COULDN'T HIT A LITTLE FELLER WITH THE SAME HAN' WICH HAS KNOCKED OUT HUNNERDS OF STRONG MEN
YOU'RE MY IDEA OF SUMPIN' OKAY- KNOW THAT?
THA'S THE STUFF! ACK LIKE AS IF I SPANKED YA ARFUL
IF YER MAW FINDS OUT I DIDN'T PUNISH YA, SHE'LL GIVE ME HECK
BOOOO OUCH!
I LICKED HIM SUMPIN' TERRIBLE, MISSUS JONES
BAW! OUW
OUCH
OUW
I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO HALF-KILL MY POOR CHILD! THE IDEA! POUNDING MY BOY LIKE THAT- YOU BRUTE!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU TALK LIKE THAT TO POPEYE! HE'S A GOOD GUY AND NEVER EVEN SPANKED ME AT ALL- SO THERE!
I DID, TOO, LICK 'IM- S-SH- KEEP STILL, SON, OR YA'LL CATCH IT
WELL, I CAN EASILY TELL WHETHER HE'S BEEN SPANKED OR NOT
RIMEMBER- YA WAS A BOY ONCE! YERSELF DON'T FERGIT THAT, MRS. JONES
AW HECK!
HE DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH YOU! NOW I'LL PADDLE YOU GOOD
A MIGHTY SWELL YOUNGSTIR— HE DRUTHER GET WHAMMED THAN SEE ME GET BAWLED OUT
HE'LL BE JUS' LIKE GEORGIA WASHENTING WEN HE GROWS UP
TOYS
8-21
BOOO!
YOO-HOO- WILL-EEEE- I BRANG YA SUMPIN!
EGAR

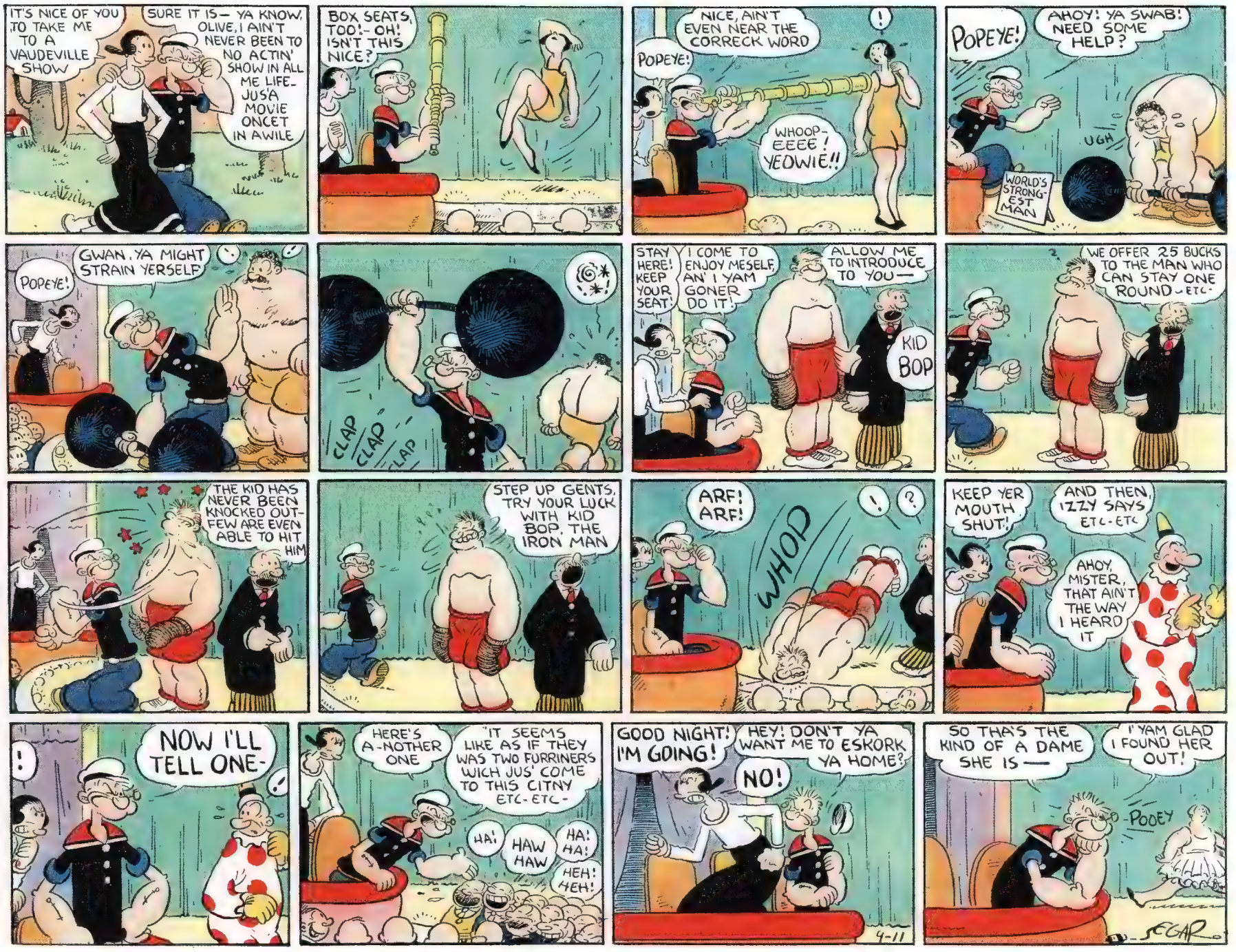

LET'S GO, PROFESSOR I HEAR THEY'RE BITING
ADPO
BY
EGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
MY LATEST INVENTION- MECHANICAL HANDS TO CARRY MY ROD AND TACKLE BAG
NO SENSE TO— IT'S GOOFY!
I'M GOING UP FARTHER WHERE THE BIG ONES ARE
WHEN BIG FISH ARE CAUGHT, I'LL CATCH 'EM
YEAH- I'LL CATCH 'EM!
WELL, I'LL BE— —I'LL BE—!
SPLASH
PLOP
HEY! WOTASNOZZLE! I LOST THE GRAND-DADDY OF ALL FISH!
I LOST A WHOPPER, ALSO
THE FISH YOU LOST WASN'T ANY BIGGER THAN THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY FROM ME
HE WAS SO BIG! AND FISH AROUND HERE DON'T GET ANY BIGGER
SEE YOU!
CLICK
CLICK
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
5
5
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
10 G MEN
THIMBLE THEATRE
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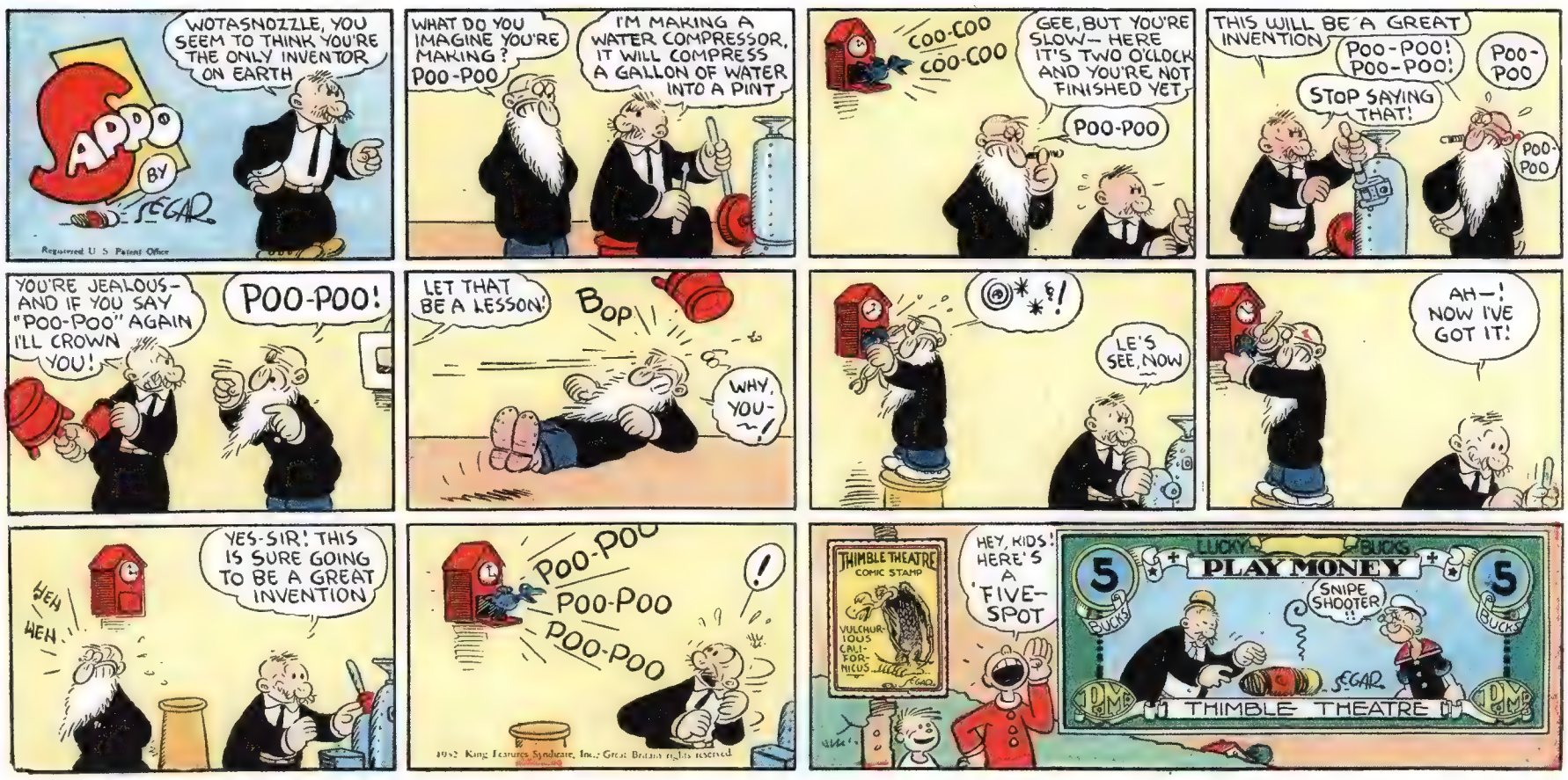

I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
NO MORE CREDIT TILL YOU PAY WHAT YOU OWE ME
I WISH TO HEAVEN HE'D DIE OR KEEP OUT OF HERE!
WHY DON'T YA FEED HIM FISH? MAYBE HE MIGHT GET A BONE IN HIS THROAT
RUN THE PLACE FOR ME, POPEYE, I'M GOING TO LUNCH
OKAY, ROUGH-HOUSE
LISTEN, MY FRIEND - LISTEN, SAY, LISTEN!
SAY OL' PAL -
I WOULD GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TO-DAY
I CAN'T DO IT, MISTER WIMPY
WELL, THEN - IF YOU WILL GIVE TO ME TO-DAY A HAMBURGER I WILL PAY YOU THEN MONDAY OF A CERTAINTY
AW, BE STILL
HOW ABOUT AN OLD MOLDY HAMBURGER, IF THERE IS ANY?
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ONE WHILE YOU'RE BACK THERE, IF THERE IS ANY
!
WHILE YOU'RE BACK THERE SEE IF THERE'S ANY STALE CAKE - SEE IF THERE IS WHILE YOU'RE BACK THERE
CLINK CLINK
THANKS FOR LOOKING AFTER THINGS, POPEYE
MISTER WIMPY, I WANTS A FEW WORDS WITH YA PERSNALLY OUTSIDE IN PRIVICK
BEG PARDON?
ME?
AIN'T YA ASHAMED AT YERSELF? I SEEN WHAT YA DONE
YOU PROBABLY MEAN SOMEBODY ELSE
I AM THE WRONG PARTY
DON'T TRY TO LIE TO ME! I'LL KNOCK YA OUT FROM BETWEEN YER EARS
I AM SOMEBODY ELSE! WHY I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN ALL MY LIFE - I AM INNOCENT
YER NOT INNERCENT, YER GUILTLY AS [illegible] GUILTLY JUS' LIKE A [illegible] CRINIMAL THA'S WHAT
OH, ALL RIGHT THEN I'LL SPLIT WITH YOU - HERE'S THIRTY CENTS - NOW, MY MAN - BE ON YOUR WAY
YA BLASTED IJIOT! I AIN'T LOOKIN FOR SHUSH MONEY - I'M TRYIN' TO DO YA A FLAVOR! I SEZ, GO GIVE IT BACK TO HIM
BUT I ONLY TOOK SIXTY CENTS - HE CAN'T SUE ME FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR
GO GIVE THE SIXTY CENTS BACK TO ROUGH-HOUSE - YER ASHAMED FOR WHAT YA DONE, AIN'T YA?
YES, I AM - YOU HAVE MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT
THA'S THE IDEAR
I WILL GO GIVE TO HIM THE MONEY I TOOK
8-28
HONISTY IS THE BEST POLITSY
HERE ROUGH-HOUSE -
HERE IS THE SIXTY CENTS I OWE YOU
SEGAR


WHEW!
APPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U.S. Patent Office
MY PRODUCT WILL STARTLE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD
N. S.
HEH! HEH! HEH!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING HARDER THAN MOWING A LAWN, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT
THANK HEAVEN! I'M FINISHED WITH THAT JOB!! I'M COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED!!
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS - JUST HELP ME SPRAY THE LAWN WITH MY NEW PRODUCT
SAY! I'M TIRED!! REMEMBER, I JUST FINISHED CUTTING THE GRASS
WE'RE THROUGH NOW — I'VE SPRINKLED THE ENTIRE YARD
WHAT IS THIS STUFF YOU'VE INVENTED?
SUPER-SPEED FERTILIZER
SUPER-SPEED FERTILIZER!!
AND IT'S WORKING!! LOOK AT THE GRASS GROW!!
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LOP
CONGRATULATE ME, MY DEAR SAPPO, CONGRATULATE ME
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
LEATHER NECK
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
1 BUCKS
THIMBLE THEATRE
A "TWO-BUCK BILL NEXT WEEK AND A "FIVE-SPOT SOON


WRITIN' POEKRY IS THE HARDES' THING I KNOWS OF ON ACCOUNT OF SO MANY WORDS DON'T SOUND ALIKE
IF OLIVE OYL WASN'T SUCH A SWELL GAL I WOULDN'T WASTE TIME ON'ER LIKE THIS
SAY'
HEY!
WHAT DO YOU WANT, WIMPY?
BUILD ME A HAMBURGER
THIS POME SHOWS ME PERSNAL SEDIMENT PERFICKLY
AT FIRST I DIDN'T THINK I COULD DO SUCH A GOOD JOB
WHAT!! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY CREDIT ISN'T GOOD HERE?
IT AIN'T WORTH A !!
AHOY, EVERBODY! I YAM GO'NER READ YA A POME WICH I WROTE ABOUT MY SWEETIE, OLIVE OYL
P. ZUPE WITH BIB 10¢
"I LOVES YA LIKE THE OCEAN GREEN, A SWELLER GAL I NEVER SEEN. I THINKS YA ARE A SWEE'PEA QUEEN ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S HOW I LOVES YA— ETC-ETC---
HAW! HAW!
THAT'S GREAT, POPEYE! FUNNIEST THING I EVER HEARD! HAW: HAW:
HAW HAW
IT AIN'T SUSPOSED TO BE FUNNY
SPLAT
IS THEY ANYBODY ELSE WICH THINKS ME SERIOUS POME IS HOOMEROUS?
MY FRIEND- WOULD YOU PLEASE READ TO ME THE SECOND AND THIRD VERSE OF YOUR MOST LOVELY POEM? PLEASE DO THIS FOR ME, MY FRIEND
YA LIKES IT, MISTER WIMPY?
"YER EYES IS BLACK LIKE SKIES IS BLUE, TO ME I HOPES YA'LL STICK LIKE GLUE, YER NICER THAN A OYSKER STEW, ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S HOW I LOVES YA"
SNIFF
YOUR EXQUISITE POETRY HAS TOUCHED ME, IT IS BEAUTIFULLY SENTIMENTAL
SURE IT'S SEDIMENTAL! I PUT ME HEART IN IT- THA'S WHY IT'S GOOD
THERE ARE TWO THINGS IN THIS WORLD OF WHICH I AM VERY FOND- POETRY AND HAMBURGERS
"YER ABSOLUKELY HOTSY TOT, AN' CLASS YA GOT A ARFUL LOT, OTHER GALS IS NOT SO HOT, ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S HOW I LOVES YA"
YOU, MY FRIEND, HAVE GIVEN ME POETRY— BUT WHO— WHO WILL GIVE ME HAM-BURGERS?
YA LIKES ME POEKRY, SO I WILL BUY YOU HAMBURGERS
OH!— THANK YOU TOO MUCH!
"YER GENTLE LIKE A OCEAN BREEZE, JUS' LEMME HUG YA WITH A SQUEEZE, TO ME YA AIN'T NO PIECE OF CHEESE, ON ACCOUNT OF THA'S HOW I LOVES YA,
MY GOOD MAN, CONSTRUCT FOR ME ANOTHER SANDWICH
PAT PAT PAT PAT
EGAR


JOHN, I'M HUNGRY FOR FRESH FISH- WHY DON'T YOU GO FISHING?
SAPPO BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
FISH AREN'T TAKING THE HOOK LATELY- I'VE TRIED PLENTY TOO
I'LL GET YOU A FISH MRS. SAPPO- I'LL FISH SCIENTIFICALLY
I'LL THROW THIS CONCENTRATED GAS PILL, SATURATED WITH THE ESSENCE OF ANGLE WORMS, INTO THE WATER- A FISH WILL SWALLOW IT, PUFF UP LIKE A BALLOON AND POP OUT OF THE LAKE
POOEY
MY FRIEND- SCIENCE CAN DO MORE WITH BRAINS THAN YOU FANCY FISHERMEN CAN DO WITH EXPENSIVE RODS AND REELS
THEY WOULDN'T EVEN PUT A GOOFY IDEA LIKE YOURS IN A FUNNY PAPER IT'S TOO SILLY!
SEE!— AND NOW THE WIND WILL BRING HIM IN AND I'LL CATCH HIM IN MY NET
IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT? DIDN'T IT? DIDN'T IT?
JOHN, I WISH YOU WAS SMART LIKE PROF O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
HEH! HEH!
POP
HEH! HEH! HEH!
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
CHIEF THUNDER LUNG
WONDER WHEN WE'LL GET A "FIVE-SPOT"?
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
2
ARF ARF
THIMBLE THEATRE
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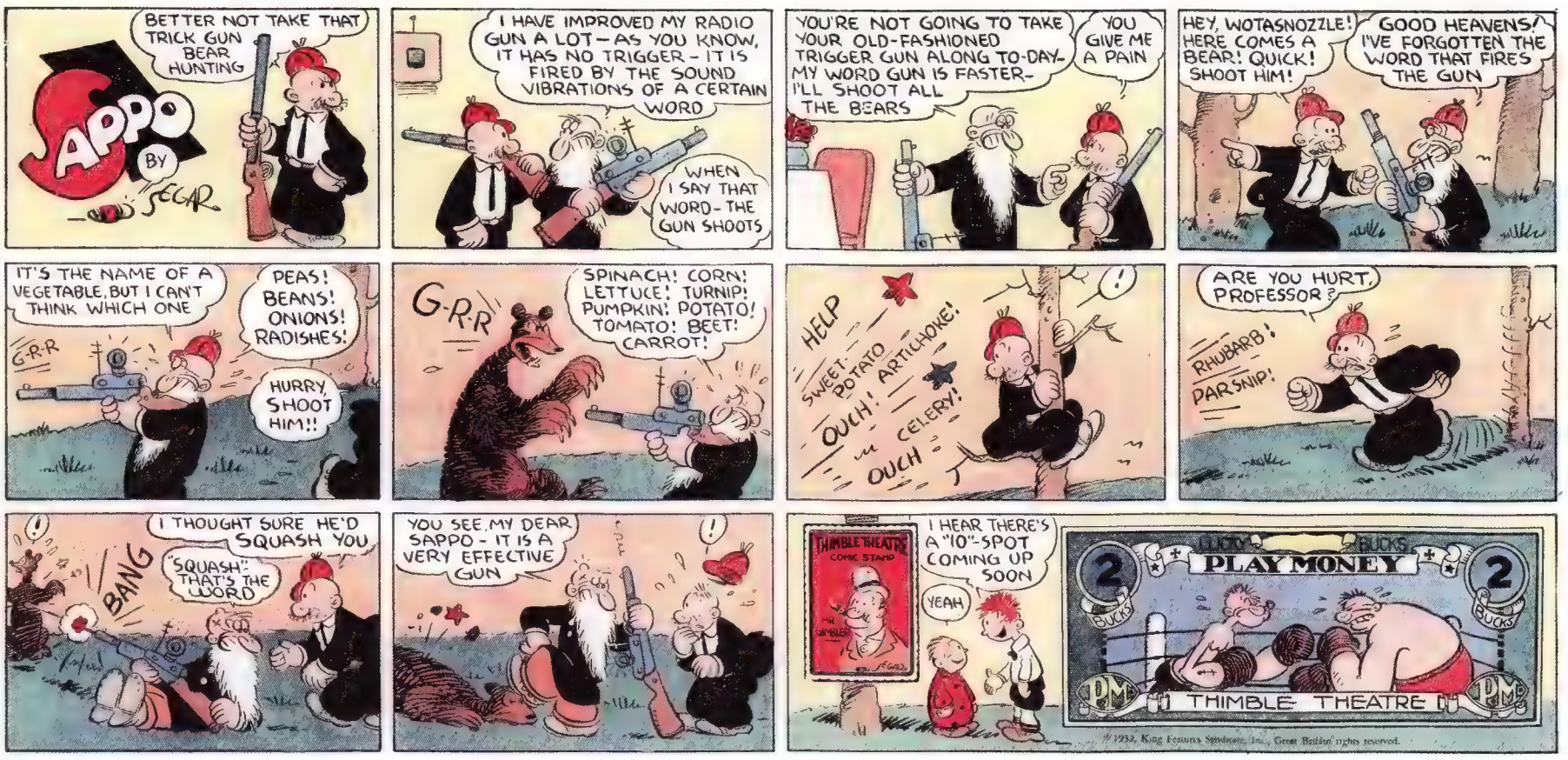

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO TAKE ME TO A VAUDEVILLE SHOW
SURE IT IS— YA KNOW, OLIVE, I AIN'T NEVER BEEN TO NO ACTIN' SHOW IN ALL ME LIFE- JUS'A MOVIE ONCET IN AWILE
BOX SEATS, TOO!- OH! ISN'T THIS NICE?
POPEYE!
NICE, AIN'T EVEN NEAR THE CORRECK WORD
WHOOP-EEEE! YEOWIE!!
POPEYE!
AHOY! YA SWAB! NEED SOME HELP?
UGH
WORLD'S STRONG-EST MAN
POPEYE!
GWAN, YA MIGHT STRAIN YERSELF
CLAP CLAP CLAP
STAY HERE! KEEP YOUR SEAT!
I COME TO ENJOY MESELF, AN' I YAM GONER DO IT!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU—
KID BOP
WE OFFER 25 BUCKS TO THE MAN WHO CAN STAY ONE ROUND - ETC -
THE KID HAS NEVER BEEN KNOCKED OUT- FEW ARE EVEN ABLE TO HIT HIM
STEP UP GENTS, TRY YOUR LUCK WITH KID BOP, THE IRON MAN
ARF! ARF!
WHOP
KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT!
AND THEN, IZZY SAYS ETC - ETC
AHOY, MISTER, THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEARD IT
NOW I'LL TELL ONE-
HERE'S A-NOTHER ONE
"IT SEEMS LIKE AS IF THEY WAS TWO FURRINERS WICH JUS' COME TO THIS CITNY ETC - ETC -
HA! HAW HAW
HA! HA!
HEH! HEH!
GOOD NIGHT! I'M GOING!
HEY! DON'T YA WANT ME TO ESKORK YA HOME?
NO!
4-11
SO THA'S THE KIND OF A DAME SHE IS—
I YAM GLAD I FOUND HER OUT!
POOEY
SEGAR

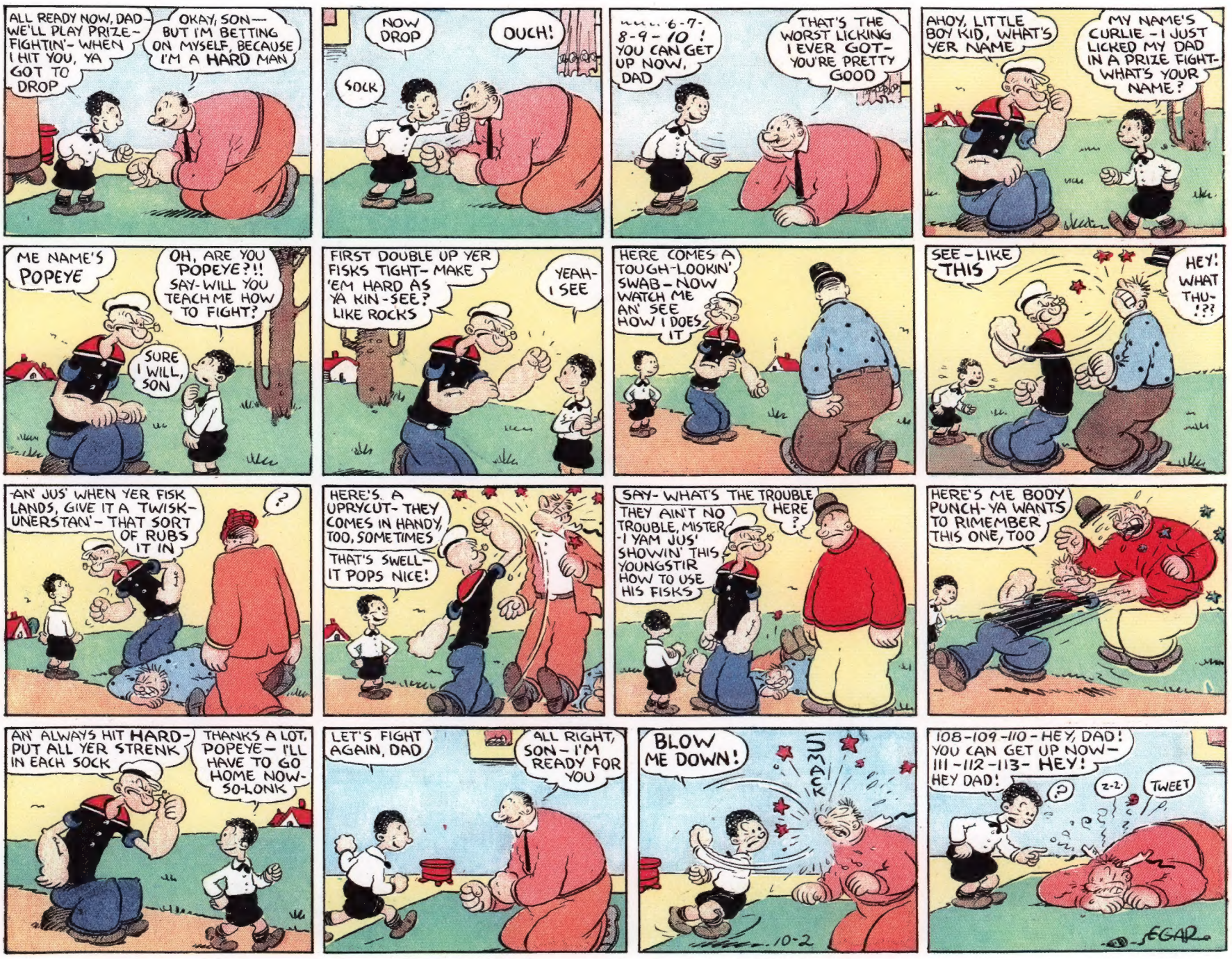

WOTASNOZZLE, YOU SEEM TO THINK, YOU'RE THE ONLY INVENTOR ON EARTH
APPO
BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHAT DO YOU IMAGINE YOU'RE MAKING?
POO-POO
I'M MAKING A WATER COMPRESSOR, IT WILL COMPRESS A GALLON OF WATER INTO A PINT
COO-COO COO-COO
GEE, BUT YOU'RE SLOW— HERE IT'S TWO O'CLOCK AND YOU'RE NOT FINISHED YET
POO-POO
THIS WILL BE A GREAT INVENTION
POO-POO! POO-POO!
STOP SAYING THAT!
POO-POO
POO-POO
YOU'RE JEALOUS- AND IF YOU SAY "POO-POO" AGAIN I'LL CROWN YOU!
POO-POO!
LET THAT BE A LESSON!
BOP
WHY, YOU-~!
LE'S SEE, NOW
AH—! NOW I'VE GOT IT!
YES-SIR! THIS IS SURE GOING TO BE A GREAT INVENTION
HEH HEH
POO-POO
POO-POO
POO-POO
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THIMBLE THEATRE
COMIC STAMP
VULCHUR-IOUS CALI-FOR-NICUS
HEY, KIDS! HERE'S A FIVE-SPOT
LUCKY BUCKS
PLAY MONEY
SNIPE SHOOTER
5
5
DIME
DIME
SEGAR
THIMBLE THEATRE

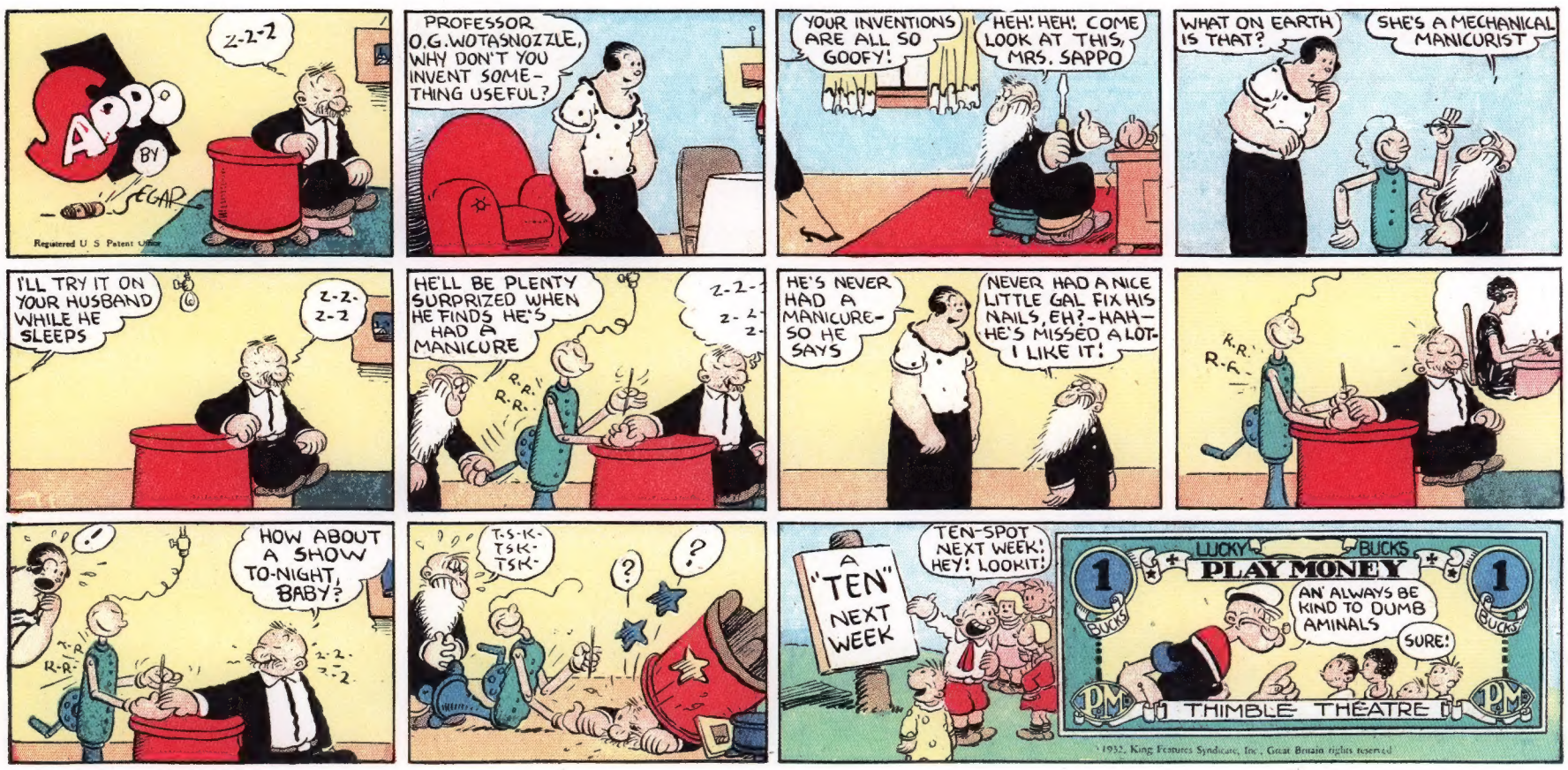

I BRANG MISTER WIMPY ALONG TO YER PARTY, OLIVE – I SYMPTHITIZES WITH HIM ON ACCOUNT OF HE NEVER GETS INVITED OUT
DOES HE KNOW HOW TO ACT, POPEYE?
I'LL SHOW HIM HOW TO ACK – I'LL LEARN HIM TO BE A GEN'LEMAN
WE HAVE SOME VERY NICE PEOPLE HERE TO-NIGHT
ETC-ETC- AND DON'T SAY "AIN'T" MORE'N WUNST IN THE SAME SENTENENCE
WILL YOU EXTEND TO ME AN EXTREMELY PLEASURABLE PRIVILEGE? MAY I DANCE WITH ONE SO FAIR OF SKIN AND BROWN OF EYE?
ER— OH, MY YES!
AHOY, YA FAT HEAD! YA DROPPED SUMPIN!
MY FRIEND, I AM A POOR MAN – I HAVE NOTHING TO DROP – YOU PROBABLY MEAN SOMEONE ELSE
MY TROUSERS?
YAS, YER PANTS!!
GOOD HEAVENS!! WELL – I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT! YOU SEE, I AM HUNGRY, AND MY BELT IS UP TO ITS LAST NOTCH – AHEM – NOW IF I HAD A FEW HAMBURGERS TO FILL ME OUT
HEY, ROUGH-HOUSE, BUILD HIM UP WITH HAMBURGERS TO ABOUT A "44" WAIST
THANK YOU TOO MUCH
YA KNOW, ROUGH-HOUSE, THIS SWAB AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO ETTYKIT!! HE ACKS LIKE AS IF HE WAS BRANGED UP IN A BARN OR SUMPIN
WHICH DO YOU WANT ON 'EM, WIMPY, PICKLE, ONION OR LETTUCE?
ON EACH, SIR – I'LL HAVE PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE BOTH
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DANCE?
I DIDN'T LEARN – IT JUS' COMES NACHERIL
PST – MY FRIEND, THEY'VE SLIPPED AGAIN
NICE PARTY
YEAH – GIVE 'IM A FEW MORE HAMBURGERS
YA THINK HE'S DOIN' THAT JUS' TO GET SANWICHES?
OF COURSE, HE IS – I'LL BET IT HAPPENS AGAIN
WELL, I'LL BE ——!
HEAVENS! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'VE SLIPPED AGAIN!
WAIT HERE, MR. WIMPY, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK
TELL HIM TO PUT PICKLE, ONION AND LETTUCE BOTH ON 'EM
NICE PARTY, ISN'T IT, YOU'RE HAVING?
IT WAS A NICE PARTY!
WHAT!! NO HAMBURGERS?!!
SEGAR


ALL SET, PROFESSOR, LET'S GO DUCK HUNTING
APPO BY SEGAR
Registered U. S. Patent Office.
I HAVE INVENTED A ROBOT GUN – IT HAS NO TRIGGER
BUT HOW CAN YOU SHOOT A GUN THAT HAS NO TRIGGER?
IT IS FIRED BY A CERTAIN COMBINATION OF SOUND VIBRATIONS
WHEN I SPEAK A CERTAIN WORD THE VIBRATIONS OPERATE A RELAY THAT FIRES THE GUN
WHAT'S THE WORD THAT MAKES IT SHOOT?
IF I MENTIONED THE WORD, IT WOULD GO OFF, SO I'LL TELL YOU IN WRITING
THAT'S IT, EH?
CABBAGE
I COULD HAVE SET THE MECHANISM FOR ANY WORD, THIS JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE FIRST ONE I THOUGHT OF – DON'T SPEAK IT
GOOD IDEA
SURE IT IS – YOU CAN SAY A WORD QUICKER THAN YOU CAN PULL A TRIGGER
OH, JOHN, WILL YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?
GO TO THE STORE AND BUY A HEAD OF ——
CABBAGE
WE'LL BOTH GO HUNTING, MY DEAR PROFESSOR, BUT – YOU WILL GO THAT WAY, AND I WILL GO THIS WAY
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
THE SEA HAG
I'LL BET THERE'S A "TWO-BUCKER" IN THE BAG FOR NEXT WEEK
BUCKS
LUCKY EDDIE'S PLAYMONEY
1 BUCKS
-AN' DON'T FORGET TO EAT YER SPINACH
1 DIME
THIMBLE THEATRE
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IF YOU DON'T PAY ME THAT THIRTY CENTS I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDE
I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY IF YOU WILL NOT BOTHER ME TO-DAY
1
I SEZ - LAY OFF N WIMPY!
I'LL CRACK DOWN ON YOU, TOO!
LET'S YOU AND HIM FIGHT
2
SPLAT
3
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, TOO MUCH
4
MY FRIEND - IF I HAD ONE MILLION DOLLARS I'D GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, IF I HAD IT
PLOP
5
YER LAND LADY PUT YA OUT BECAUSE YA OWES 'ER A YEARS RENT, EH?
YESSIR - SHE'S PECULIAR - EVERY DAY I TOLD HER I'D PAY TOMORROW BUT SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME
6
YA KIN SPEN' THE NIGHT WITH ME - YA MIGHT KETCH COLD SLEEPIN' OUT
MY FRIEND - IF I HAD TWO MILLION DOLLARS I'D GIVE IT ALL TO YOU, IF I HAD IT
7
TO ME YOU ARE KING OF ALL THE KINGS
YOU ARE THE GEM OF THE OCEAN
AW, DRY UP, LE'S GET SOME SLEEP
8
Z Z Z
A FINE MAN LIKE POPEYE DESERVES ALL THAT IS FINE IN LIFE!
9
TWO HOURS LATER
SAY! SAY, LISTEN!
10
SAY! HEY!
SAY:
11
PLEASE - PLEASE OPEN YOUR EYE!
HEY!
12
I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH SUCH HEAVY SLEEPERS!! WAKE UP!
BOP
13
WHAT THE COR**= DO YOU WANT, WIMPY?
I MUST TELL YOU THAT TWO MILLION IS NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU
14
I AM NOT A CHEAP-SKATE, MY FRIEND, AND SO I SAY - IF I HAD FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS, I'D GIVE IT ALL TO YOU - IF I HAD IT
IS THAT WHAT YOU WOKE ME UP FOR?!!
9-25
15
IF YOU WILL LEND TO ME A RAW HAMBURGER TO PUT UPON MY EYE, I WILL, MOST OF A CERTAINTY RETURN IT IN GOOD CONDITION
!
16
E.C. SEGAR


SAPPO BY SEGAR
BETTER NOT TAKE THAT TRICK GUN BEAR HUNTING
I HAVE IMPROVED MY RADIO GUN A LOT - AS YOU KNOW, IT HAS NO TRIGGER - IT IS FIRED BY THE SOUND VIBRATIONS OF A CERTAIN WORD
WHEN I SAY THAT WORD - THE GUN SHOOTS
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED TRIGGER GUN ALONG TO-DAY - MY WORD GUN IS FASTER - I'LL SHOOT ALL THE BEARS
YOU GIVE ME A PAIN
HEY, WOTASNOZZLE! HERE COMES A BEAR! QUICK! SHOOT HIM!
GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT FIRES THE GUN
IT'S THE NAME OF A VEGETABLE, BUT I CAN'T THINK WHICH ONE
PEAS! BEANS! ONIONS! RADISHES!
G-R-R
HURRY, SHOOT HIM!!
G-R-R
SPINACH! CORN! LETTUCE! TURNIP! PUMPKIN! POTATO! TOMATO! BEET! CARROT!
HELP
SWEET POTATO
OUCH! ARTICHOKE!
CELERY!
OUCH
ARE YOU HURT, PROFESSOR?
RHUBARB!
PARSNIP!
BANG
I THOUGHT SURE HE'D SQUASH YOU
"SQUASH" - THAT'S THE WORD
YOU SEE, MY DEAR SAPPO - IT IS A VERY EFFECTIVE GUN
THIMBLE THEATRE COMIC STAMP
I HEAR THERE'S A "10"-SPOT COMING UP SOON
YEAH
PLAY MONEY
2 BUCKS
THIMBLE THEATRE
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ALL READY NOW, DAD- WE'LL PLAY PRIZE-FIGHTIN'- WHEN I HIT YOU, YA GOT TO DROP
OKAY, SON— BUT I'M BETTING ON MYSELF, BECAUSE I'M A HARD MAN
NOW DROP
SOCK
OUCH!
6-7-8-9-10! YOU CAN GET UP NOW, DAD
THAT'S THE WORST LICKING I EVER GOT- YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD
AHOY, LITTLE BOY KID, WHAT'S YER NAME
MY NAME'S CURLIE - I JUST LICKED MY DAD IN A PRIZE FIGHT- WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
ME NAME'S POPEYE
OH, ARE YOU POPEYE?!! SAY- WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO FIGHT?
SURE I WILL, SON
FIRST DOUBLE UP YER FISKS TIGHT- MAKE 'EM HARD AS YA KIN - SEE? LIKE ROCKS
YEAH- I SEE
HERE COMES A TOUGH-LOOKIN' SWAB - NOW WATCH ME AN' SEE HOW I DOES IT
SEE - LIKE THIS
HEY! WHAT THU-!??
AN' JUS' WHEN YER FISK LANDS, GIVE IT A TWISK- UNERSTAN' - THAT SORT OF RUBS IT IN
?
HERE'S A UPRYCUT- THEY COMES IN HANDY, TOO, SOMETIMES
THAT'S SWELL- IT POPS NICE!
SAY- WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?
THEY AIN'T NO TROUBLE, MISTER - I YAM JUS' SHOWIN' THIS YOUNGSTIR HOW TO USE HIS FISKS
HERE'S ME BODY PUNCH- YA WANTS TO RIMEMBER THIS ONE, TOO
AN' ALWAYS HIT HARD- PUT ALL YER STRENK IN EACH SOCK
THANKS A LOT, POPEYE - I'LL HAVE TO GO HOME NOW- SO-LONK
LET'S FIGHT AGAIN, DAD
ALL RIGHT, SON - I'M READY FOR YOU
BLOW ME DOWN!
KDMUI
10-2
108-109-110 - HEY, DAD! YOU CAN GET UP NOW- 111-112-113- HEY! HEY DAD!
?
Z-Z
TWEET
SEGAR


Z-Z-Z
ADDO BY SEGAR
Registered U S Patent Office
PROFESSOR O.G.WOTASNOZZLE, WHY DON'T YOU INVENT SOME-THING USEFUL?
YOUR INVENTIONS ARE ALL SO GOOFY!
HEH! HEH! COME LOOK AT THIS, MRS. SAPPO
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?
SHE'S A MECHANICAL MANICURIST
I'LL TRY IT ON YOUR HUSBAND WHILE HE SLEEPS
Z-Z-Z-Z
HE'LL BE PLENTY SURPRIZED WHEN HE FINDS HE'S HAD A MANICURE
R-R-R-R
HE'S NEVER HAD A MANICURE- SO HE SAYS
NEVER HAD A NICE LITTLE GAL FIX HIS NAILS, EH?- HAH- HE'S MISSED A LOT- I LIKE IT!
R-R-R-R
HOW ABOUT A SHOW TO-NIGHT, BABY?
T-S-K-T-S-K-T-S-K-
A "TEN" NEXT WEEK
TEN-SPOT NEXT WEEK! HEY! LOOKIT!
LUCKY BUCKS PLAY MONEY
AN' ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB AMINALS
SURE!
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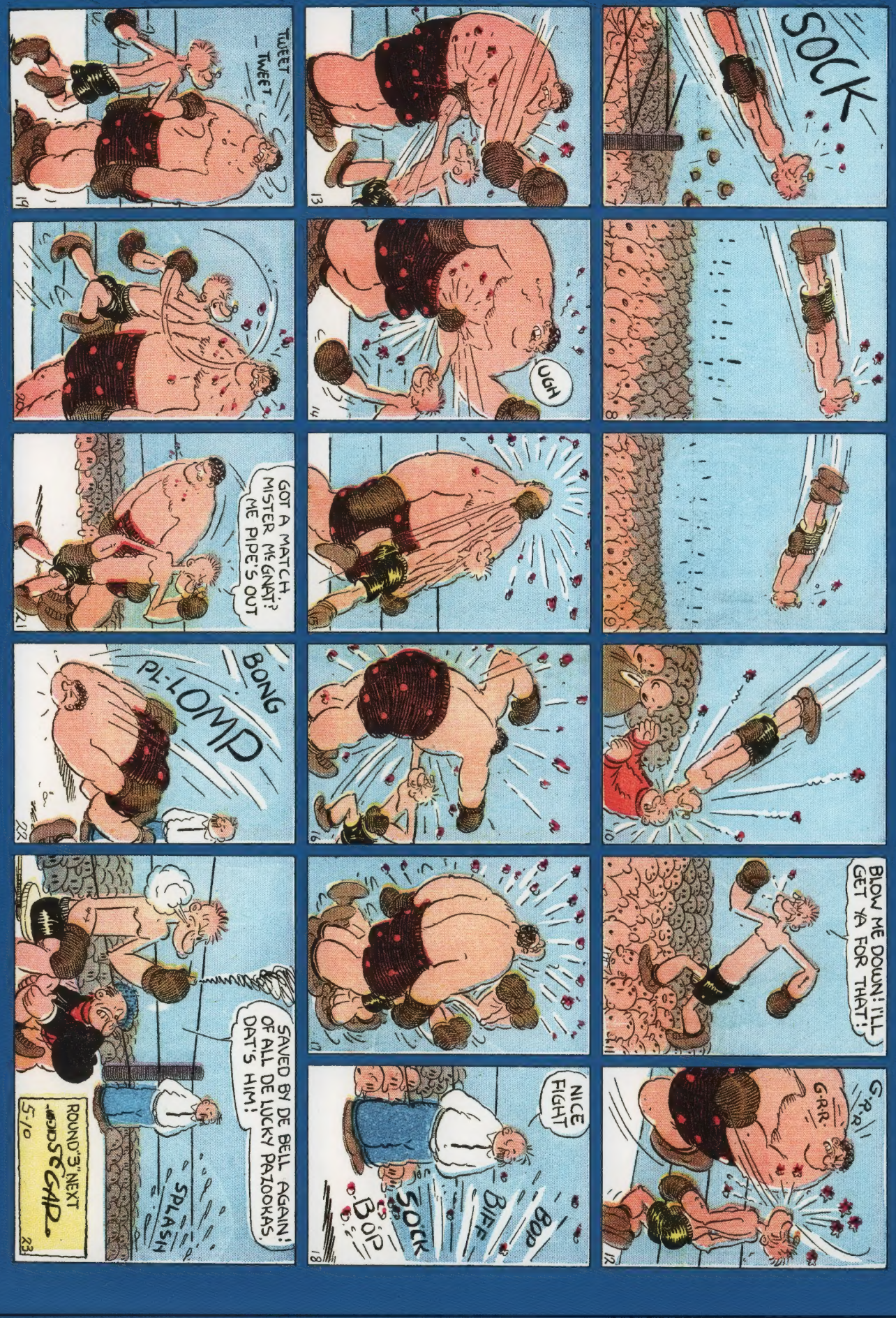
This book is dedicated to the memory of Jay Kennedy.

—B.B., K.T. and G.G.G.

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All the strips in this volume have been shot from printed newspaper tearsheets that are over three quarters of a century old. While much effort has been devoted to finding the cleanest copies and extensive retouching and color correcting has been done, many do retain traces of their somewhat compromised origins. We hope this does not mitigate your enjoyment of these classics.

—THE PUBLISHERS





★★★

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